Liberty

FEBRUARY 6, 194

10¢

Book: BALCON
EMPIRE
Italy from
the Inside

LIBERTY

LOOK OUT
FOR ENEMY
MONEY!

LIBERTY

BLOOD
SUBSTITUTES
A War Wonder
of Science

LIBERTY

WHY IT CAN'
HAPPEN HERE
by
CHARLES A. BEAR

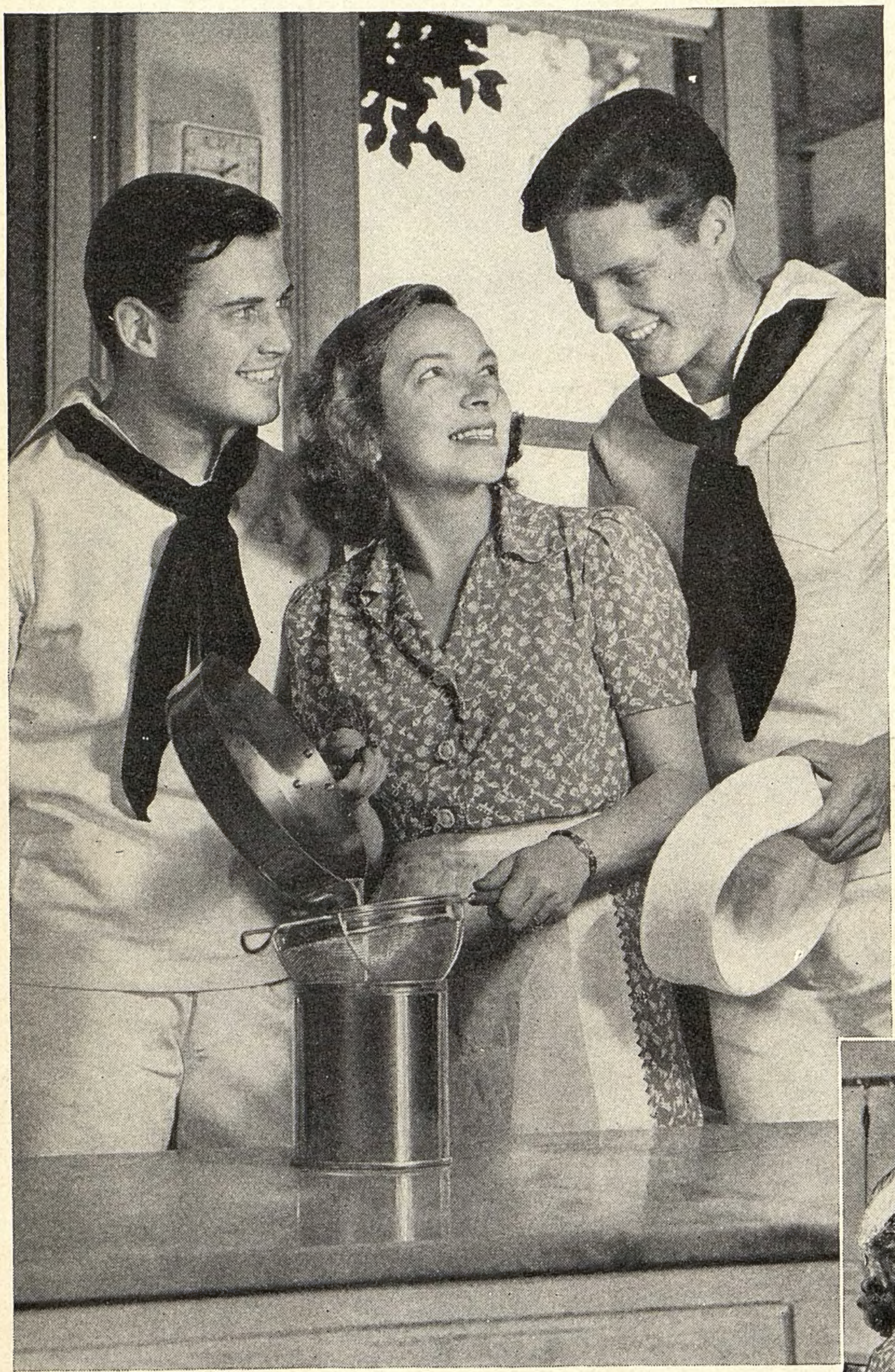
LIBERTY

TEEN-AGE
TORNADO
Leaves from a
Mother's Noteboo

LIBERTY

FICTION
"OLD SARGE"
MOVIES

HELEN HAYES shows the Navy how she saves *waste kitchen fats* to help stop the Japs



How do you save it? In the kitchen of her Nyack, New York, home Helen Hayes shows some visiting sailors. Every kind of waste kitchen fat—after you've got the cooking good from it—is strained into a clean, wide-mouthed can. Bacon grease, drippings, used vegetable shortening—everything. Don't use glass or paper bags. Keep in a cool, dark place.

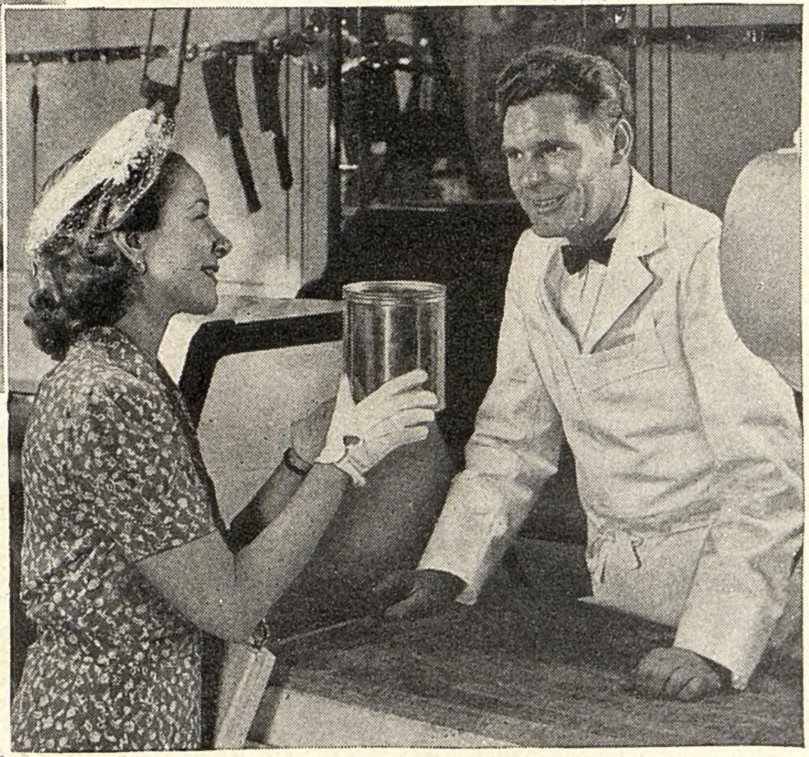
"I AM sure I don't know as much about making explosives as most soldiers and sailors do about the stage.

"But lately I've learned these things: that kitchen fats make glycerine, and glycerine makes the powder charge that drives millions of shells from the guns of the United Nations.

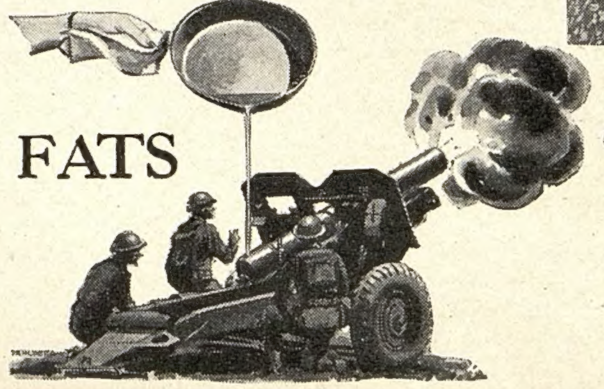
"I'm told that a single pound of kitchen grease will make two anti-aircraft shells. So you can bet that not one drop of waste fat in my house ever goes down the drain. Instead, I send it back to my meat dealer—and on its way to the war. I'm making it a wartime habit—are you?"

Helen Hayes

"Take it to your meat dealer," says Miss Hayes, "after you've collected a pound or more. He is co-operating patriotically, and will pay you for your fats and start them on their way to the war. But help him by delivering early in the week."



SAVE WASTE FATS



TO MAKE EXPLOSIVES

COPYRIGHT ARMY AIR FORCES AID SOCIETY

Telephone wire coming up

Here's a bomber-gunner hurrying to load his 50-calibre gun. . . .

In peace, a lot of that copper would have gone into new telephone lines. Now it's needed for shooting and winning the war.

That's why we can't build new lines right now. That's why we're saying—"Please don't place Long Distance calls to war-busy centers unless it's absolutely necessary."

Thanks for all your help and we hope you will keep remembering.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

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PAUL HUNTER, PUBLISHER

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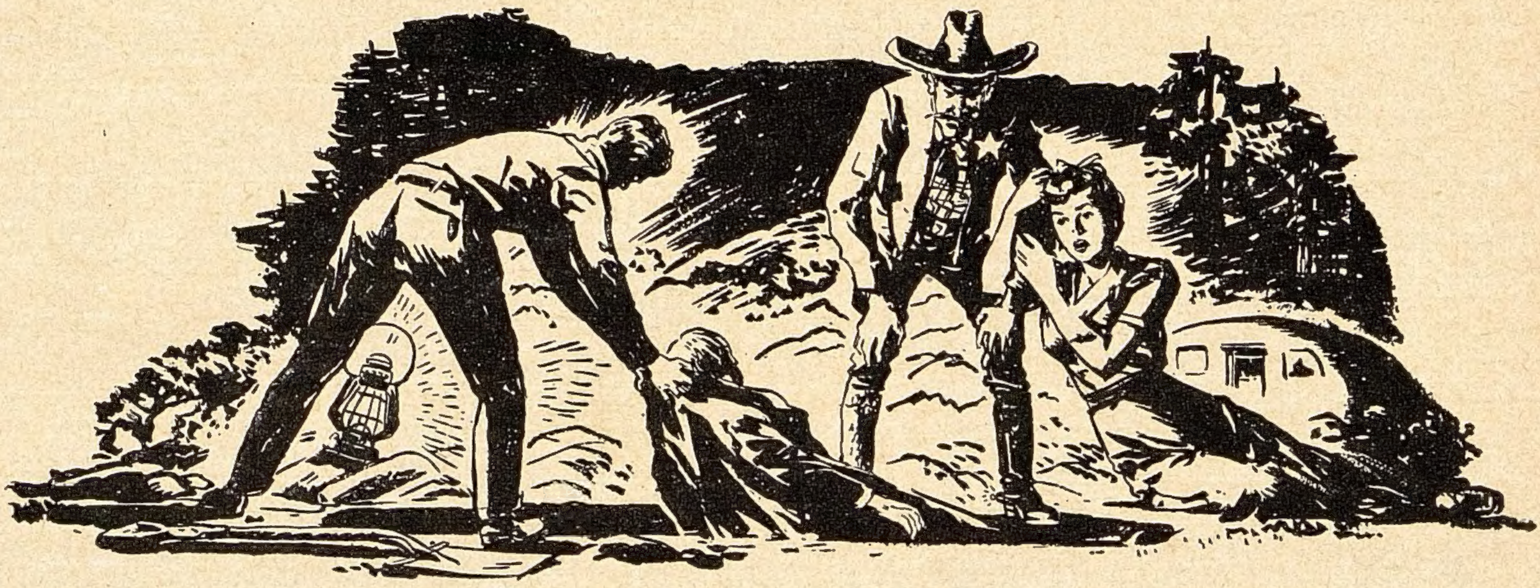
In LIBERTY *Next Week*

Gypsy Rose Lee's

New Best-Selling Mystery Thriller

MOTHER FINDS A BODY



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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

POSTWAR PROBLEMS

San Diego, Calif.—Vice-President Wallace's recent speech on postwar problems should put the silencer on the hot-headed critics who have accused him of being a visionary and castle-in-the-air idealist. We are going to have a heavy responsibility in shaping the world after the Axis has been set back on its heels.

Let's give our administration a break—it deserves the trust and backing of every real American.—*Patriot.*

Amarillo, Tex.—So big-hearted Henry is still determined to share the wealth with every Tom, Dick, and Harry who happens to want a handout after the war—and out of our "surplus" at that! Are you kiddin', Hank? Where do you think this surplus is going to come from? Or do you mean that you and Eleanor will send our European and Asiatic friends some lovely recipes for ration-card stew?—*Tom D.*

"NO VELLY FUNNEE!"
RECIPE FOR RATION CARD STEW FROM HANK AND ELEANOR
F. C.

LABOR "LUXURY"

Portland, Ore.—I work in a shipyard here. There is danger on every job. When it rains and you work on half-constructed ships out on the ways, your footing becomes slippery. You fall into the hold. You may work inside the hold, and be hit by something from above. A rainy or windy day sometimes sends a rigger or other worker toppling down.

In the shops there are cutting, shearing, punching, flanging, and drilling machines, while overhead cranes carry their heavy plates. Welders and burners play with fire and often get burned.

I left my nice home in Brooklyn to work 3,000 miles away, live in a dormitory, eat in cafeterias, do some laundry and give the rest out.

I have lost one inch of one finger and am trying to save another finger. I am without pay and have no dismemberment insurance While I heal up I hope some one else is doing my work and getting that ship tonnage out.

Does this sound like luxurious living or a satisfactory free ride for defense workers?—*Mark London.*

TAKE A BOW, SARGE

North Bergen, N. J.—This Man's War is undoubtedly the best feature of its kind now being published. It makes me wish I were a soldier. Old Sarge has tolerance, kindness, understanding, wit, and discipline. He must have been a general once—or maybe really a sarge. And here goes my reader curiosity. Who is he, really? My one grievance against him is, he turns his back completely on This Woman's Army. Or do the women turn their backs on him?—*WAAC Applicant.*

EXTEND RATIONING

New York, N. Y.—Would it not be sensible for the government to extend rationing to many types of foods besides sugar, dried and canned fruits and vegetables? It seems to me that those who estimate our food resources fail to base their totals on the amount that will be available to the consumer through his retailer.

Thus far I've heard no mention of the rationing of butter, to take one example. Yet in New York it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain this important dairy product. Those of us who take our dealer's word that he can sell only a quarter pound, and retire gracefully, are going to be the victims of the conscienceless few who make the rounds in order to stock up for hoarding purposes. A rationing card would do away with this situation.—*E. T. Windel.*

X MARKS THE SPOT, GWENDOLYN
F. C.

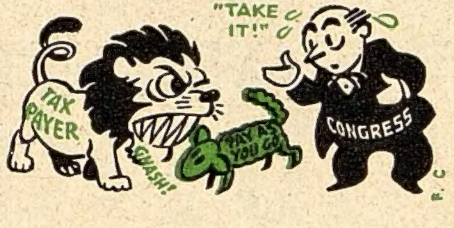
PIGTAIL BLUES

Bronxville, N. Y.—Where do all the pigs' tails come from? The store counters in this refined town are stacked with the nasty things. They sicken me to look at them. And what good are they? Who in the world would eat them?—*Mrs. Gwendolyn Chaffee.*

FOR PAINLESS TAXATION

Cleveland, Ohio—Can any one tell me why the Ruml pay-as-you-go tax plan was not adopted as soon as it came up? This is by far the most sensible approach to the tax-collecting problem that we've had since the government first began to assess individual incomes.

Come the Ides of March, the gnashing of teeth will be heard from here to New Guinea unless we decide to do something now.—*'43 Pauper.*



BEST QUIZZES—AND FUN!

New York, N. Y.—O. K., Liberty, if you want to change. I like the new features and departments—but give us back our Twenty Questions at once, please. They have been consistently the best quizzes from the very start and certainly educational and fun. We want 'em back!—*R. E. Lambert.*

IS HE RIGHT?

Vernon, Ala.—I enjoyed reading Christmas in the Army (December 26 Liberty), but I think you will find that Fort McClellan, which is mentioned under one of the pictures with the article, is near Anniston, Alabama, not in Florida.—*Ben R. Davis.*

THE COL.
LIBERTY
F. C.

STOOPNAGLE VANISHES!

Asheville, N. C.—Just what is this, anyway? The index showing list of contents for January 2 Liberty refers me to page 65 for Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (Unabashed)—and, brother, it ain't there! So what? I sit down and write a letter; the same for 999 others. Why didn't you wait until later in the year when the Post Office Department didn't have a surplus?—*Walter Mann.*

See page 63, brother.—Vox Pop Editor.

WHEN GOD IS OMITTED

Denver, Colo.—You should receive the deep thanks of all real Americans for the publication of that fine yarn God and the General. In these days when God is omitted from any consideration, such a story should be a reminder.—*Leon V. Almirall.*

Dear Pop:

Even an old Rainbow Divisioner like you would pop your eyes at the army we're putting together this time. Let me tell you, they're doing everything to make up just about the best bunch of fighting galoots you ever saw.

And that goes for what they do for us off duty, too! Take this new clubhouse we got just outside of camp. It's got radios, dance floors, nice soft chairs and everything. And, Pop, you can get something to eat that won't cost you a month's pay!

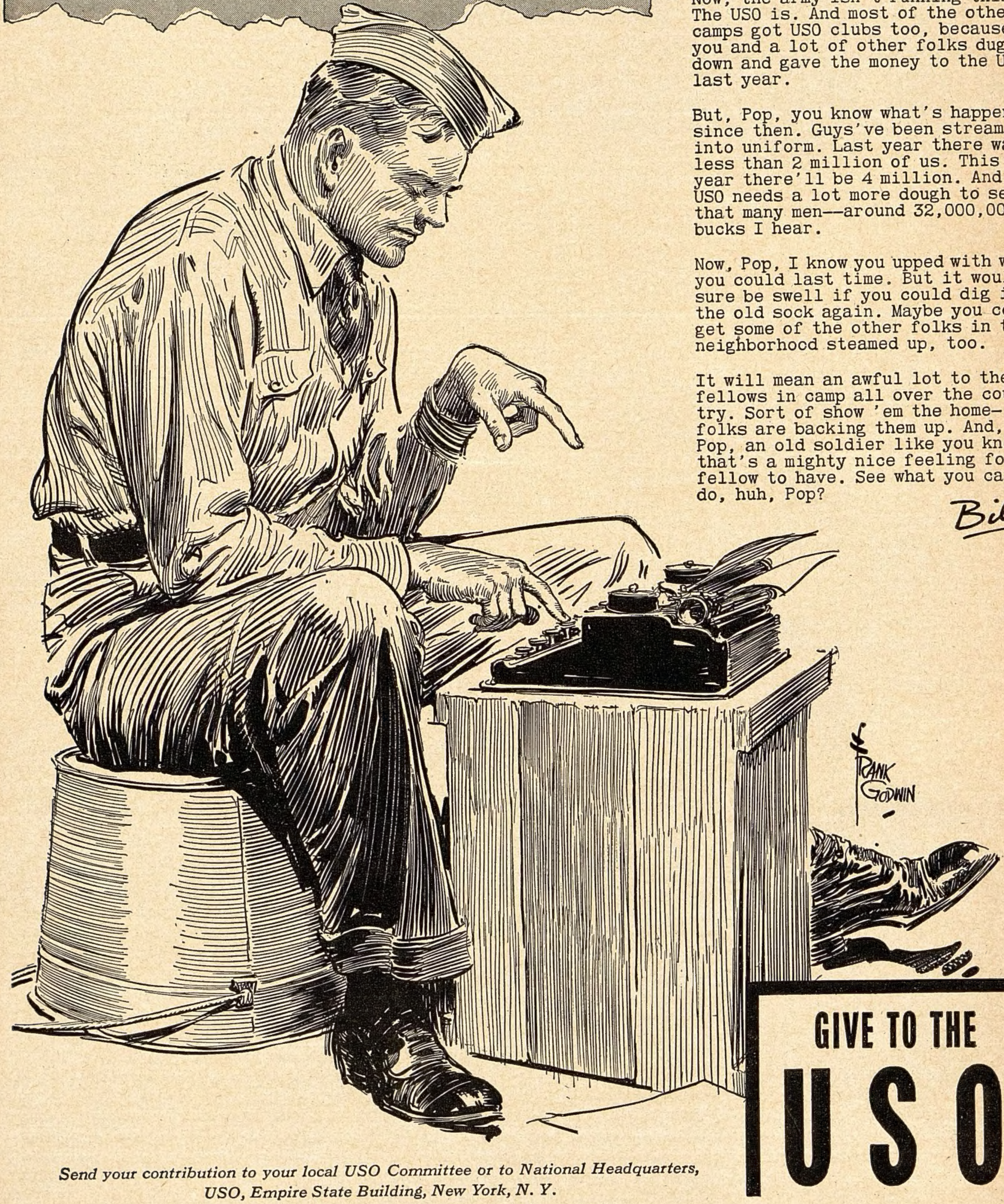
Now, the army isn't running this. The USO is. And most of the other camps got USO clubs too, because you and a lot of other folks dug down and gave the money to the USO last year.

But, Pop, you know what's happened since then. Guys've been streaming into uniform. Last year there was less than 2 million of us. This year there'll be 4 million. And the USO needs a lot more dough to serve that many men—around 32,000,000 bucks I hear.

Now, Pop, I know you upped with what you could last time. But it would sure be swell if you could dig into the old sock again. Maybe you could get some of the other folks in the neighborhood steamed up, too.

It will mean an awful lot to the fellows in camp all over the country. Sort of show 'em the home-folks are backing them up. And, Pop, an old soldier like you knows that's a mighty nice feeling for a fellow to have. See what you can do, huh, Pop?

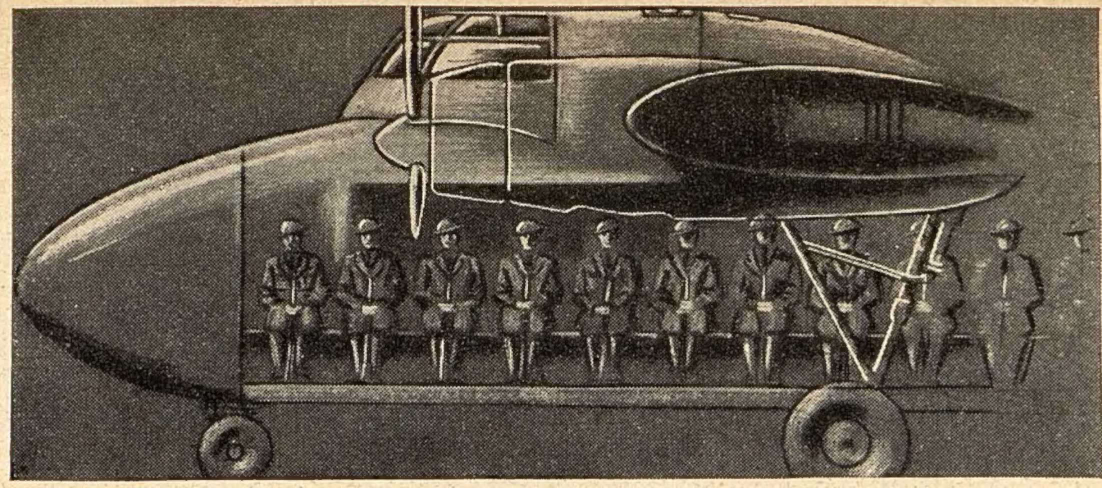
Bill



GIVE TO THE

USO

Send your contribution to your local USO Committee or to National Headquarters, USO, Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.



An artist's drawing of the new C-76 "Caravan," showing how an air-borne task force can be rushed to the front.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Winged Boxcar

Soon to be flying for the army is an all-wood cargo plane called the Caravan and being built by Curtiss-Wright in Missouri. Looking like a duck out of water, the blunt-nosed "flying furniture factory" virtually squats on the ground. Its cargo floor is only thirty-six inches off the earth, to facilitate loading and unloading of troops and cargo. Unlike its all-metal sister ship the Commando, the Caravan has a tricycle landing gear.

Its wing span is the same as that of the Commando, 108 feet, but it is twelve feet shorter—just a rough-looking freight car with wings. Its construction combines molded plywood, laminates, and plain lumber, and so simple is the design that 65 per cent of the production is subcontracted to the wood industry. Curtiss-Wright's job is like building a mail-order house—fitting the completed parts together to make a plane. Despite the wood construction, the Caravan is built for rough work such as transporting tractors, ammunition, heavy equipment, and paratroops.

Glowworms

Many people have asked why big transport planes are strung with lights after dark and why the lights keep going on and off.

Several months ago in the Middle West one air liner, taking off, ran smack into another one sitting backside to it on the runway. The government's question-and-answer men found out that the pilot of the ship taking off had mistaken the white taillight of the second ship for one of the field's boundary lights.

Those gleaming white taillights suddenly had become a hazard. Many an air-line pilot has spent hours looking at the taillight of some ship he was trailing—wondering whether it was another plane or just a star.

The designers solved the problem right quick. They operated on the airplanes' tails so that one second a white light would be on, and the next second a red one would flash.

Pilots also complained that when a man was circling an airport and squinting out of his "office" window past a plane below him and inside of his own turning circle, often the green light on the right wing tip and the red on the left wing tip of the lower ship got all mixed up with the lights on the airport.

The outcome was that the air lines put a flashing white light on the top and bottom of the fuselage, just to make sure that one plane could see another one. And one air line went the whole way: the wing tip and fuselage lights on its planes pulsate alternately. Like those in the tail, when the white lights are on, the colored ones are off, and vice versa.

Air Blockade

Been reading those accounts from Europe about the United Nations' attacks on German locomotives?

Well, the bullets from those fighter planes will go a long way toward winning the war. When France fell, the harried British had all they could do to protect England, let alone trying to keep supplies from Germany.

Then somebody got an idea: Germany might be blockaded from the air. If the movement of goods *within* occupied Europe could be slowed down, it would have the same result as though British ships had established an iron ring around the Continent.

That's why you read about United Nations fighters swooping down on German trains and blowing up the locomotives with steel-piercing bullets, and about swift forays against canal shipping. Coupled with the attacks, of course, are bombing missions against locomotive factories.

But we'll have to admit that the system cuts both ways. The German air blockade of the far northern route to embattled Soviet Russia, with submarines and airplanes based in Norway, well-nigh stopped shipments to Murmansk last summer.

Stop-Watch Tactics

Allied and neutral countries were startled by the swift Nazi air invasion of Norway, the parachute and glider "surprise" at Crete, and the rapidity with which Japan spread out over the Pacific. But these Axis operations really paled when the Allies moved into North Africa.

Parachute and other troops were flown 1,500 miles nonstop from England to North Africa with perfect timing—an operation far more complex and daring than the Nazi invasion of Norway and Crete. The planes arrived in the battle area after a flight as long as halfway across the United States. The dropping of the troops had to be timed to the minute with the attacks made by bombers and fighters, and the paratroopers were bailing out while combat planes were clearing the skies and neutralizing ground opposition.

Credit goes to one of the Army Air Forces' newest organizations, the Troop Carrier Command, and to the Parachute Battalions.

Odds and Ends

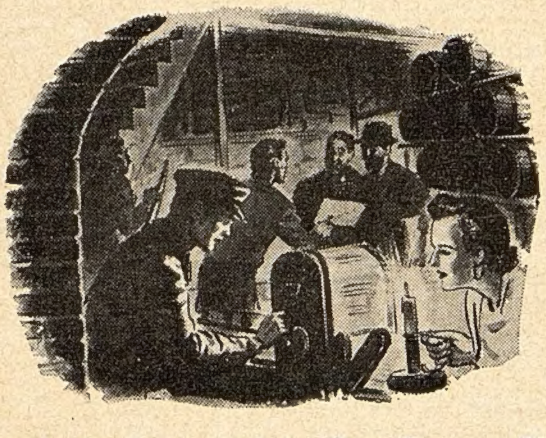
A circuit-riding barber flies once a month to administer tonsorial rites to Northwest Airlines crews stationed at Far Northern outposts along the Airlines' cargo route to Alaska.

The efficient operating altitude of British pursuit planes has been moved up from 30,000 to 40,000 feet as a result of the new British Rolls-Royce liquid-cooled aircraft engine known as the Merlin 61. It is equipped with a two-stage supercharger, requiring no increase in size of engine or airplane. In contrast, the Germans have had to adopt a larger plane and a larger engine to get efficient operation at 40,000 feet.

NEXT WEEK

UNDERGROUND FRANCE AWAITS THE HOUR

We've all heard of that Underground, but only in vague terms. The truth is that since 1940 it has welded itself together into a powerful engine of revolt, and when the hour comes—the hour to open the door for United Nations' invasion!—these patriotic Frenchmen will be all ready. Meanwhile they're stocking secret arsenals, blacklisting traitors, sabotaging Laval's dirty work, resisting to the death Nazi efforts to make them "squeal" by torture—and taunting their "master-race" jailers. Inspiring facts! JACK BEALL and PAUL W. WARD have the details in store for us.



WILL WE HAVE TO RATION DOCTORS?

In Germany all civilians must get permits for visits to doctors, and even then they wait in line from four to ten hours for medical treatment. With some 40,000 of the 140,000 actively practicing physicians in this country in the services, will we have to do the same? In WHEN DOCTORS GO TO WAR, LOWELL BRENTANO tells just how government and the American Medical Association are trying to avoid such rationing. More important, he lists fifteen ways in which all of us can help relieve the strain on hospitals and clinics and on the overworked medical men who are left to carry on with increased practices.

IS FEMININITY DOOMED?

"A vast majority of women are going to wear trousers practically all the time for a decade after the peace." So says ELIZABETH HAWES, fashion designer, prophesying the death knell of "femininity" in clothes. Fashion experts may gnash their teeth, men who like their girls fluffy and clinging may stamp and rage—but objections will get them nowhere. Of course, women who do not look their best in slacks and trousers—and they are legion—may knock Miss Hawes' prophecy into a cocked hat. But they'd better read FEMININE FASHIONS ARE FINISHED, just to know what they're up against

The Nation's 3 Greatest Hits

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The PIRATE

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MAN WITHOUT A HEART

"A submarine in combat has no room for a woman," he told the girl—and left her marooned on an island

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

ACCORDING to the deck log, we surfaced in the lee of the island at 17.41 hours. The skipper came up to me. I kept my eyes off him. I hated his guts.

"Steady as you go, quartermaster," he said.

"Steady as we go, sir," I repeated.

I didn't know the island we were passing. It was one of the group north of Buena Vista. Lieutenant Farrel came topside, too; a pleasant, redheaded kid of twenty-four from somewhere in Georgia. In a few minutes he said:

"There's the lagoon, sir."

"I've already seen it." The skipper spoke in annoyance, as if Lieutenant Farrel had questioned his eyesight. After a time he said, "We'll put in there, quartermaster."

"Aye, sir."

Just before sunset, with our Diesels nursing us along as carefully as if we were scraping over reefs, we slid into the lagoon. Once inside, the skipper ordered, "Stop all motors." We were still gliding forward, but I had a chance to look around. The place was deserted.

The skipper, Lieutenant Commander Bright, spoke to Lieutenant Farrel in choppy Bostonese: "We'll await the convoy here. Send men ashore to get branches and leaves."

"Aye, sir."

You could tell from the way Lieutenant Farrel answered—according to regulations but without any warmth—that he felt about the skipper the way we all did. Resentful. Maybe we were spoiled. We'd served under Lieutenant Commander Bill Holland, as fine a man as ever upped a periscope. And under Holland's command our sub had done plenty of damage to the Japs. Five kills. Holland had a way of calling you by name—not just "quartermaster." It made you feel you and he were pals. He had a grin that did you more good than a slug of hooch. We lost a lot the day we surfaced off Port Moresby and had a Jap plane dive at us, machine-gunning our deck and shooting Bill Holland to pieces.

So now we had to serve under a skipper we just couldn't take.

Don't ask me what was wrong with Lieutenant Commander Bright. It's hard to put a finger on it. In the first place, his father was an admiral, and he acted as if royal blood ran in his veins. If he ever took the trouble to find out our names—except those of the officers—we never had any indication of it. He treated us like pieces of machinery. I guess that was what we resented most, that air of superiority which wasn't just superiority of rank. "What we got to remember," Fred Keller said with a sneer, "is that socially, see, and in the matter of brains and education, see, we ain't fit to travel in the same pigboat with him."

I'll say this for him, though—Lieutenant Commander Harvey Bright was a damned good-looking officer. Better than six feet tall, with a determined face and deep-set eyes. If he hadn't been so cold, so superior, so contemptuous—well, maybe he'd have been all right.

I WAS one of the men Lieutenant Farrel sent ashore in rubber boats to bring back leaves. They'd be spread over the deck as camouflage—just in case a Zero crossed the lagoon before the Jap convoy arrived. It was a big convoy, judging from what I'd been able to hear; troopships rushing Jap reinforcements to Guadalcanal. Our job was to prevent them from getting there.

We rowed shoreward with the aluminum oars, and when we were about fifty feet from the beach Fred Keller said, "Holy mackerel, Pete! Look!"

I turned. I couldn't believe it. Under the palm trees a girl was running toward us.

She was waving—a white girl in rags. When I say rags, I mean all she had left of her skirt was a few shreds that didn't hide her legs; and her blouse wasn't much better. She had dark hair that hadn't been combed in weeks. And she was so excited we could hear her sobs.

Fred and I didn't take any branches back that trip. We took the girl. The skipper and Lieutenant Farrel were on deck, as was the rest of the crew, all of them staring at her.

I asked the girl who she was and how she'd come here; and though tears were running down her cheeks, she got some words out.

Her name was Edna Hurst, she said. She'd been one of the last nurses to leave Bataan. A plane heading for Australia had got her as far as the islands; but when it was forced down without gas, she'd been stranded with the crew until a PT boat picked them up. You'd think that much was enough for a girl to go through. But no; it was only the beginning.

"We were rounding this island in the PT," she said, "when we almost ran into a Jap destroyer. They were so close they opened fire with machine guns. As soon as their bullets began to hit the hull, one of the men shoved me overboard. 'You've got a better chance swimming for shore,' he said. He—he was right. They blasted the PT and her crew out of the water a minute later. I made the shore. I've been living on this island ever since—on fruit, mostly. There's nobody else on it."

"How long you been here?" Keller asked, in awe.

"Seven weeks."

When she went aboard the submarine, holding Lieutenant Farrel's hand, her eyes were shining in spite of the tears. I guess she felt as if she was stepping on American soil. Young Farrel's face was sort of lit up. This girl was a honey of a looker. You don't pick girls like that off beaches every day.

We didn't hear much of what was said, because the skipper took her below. "You can probably use some food," he told her in his clipped way.

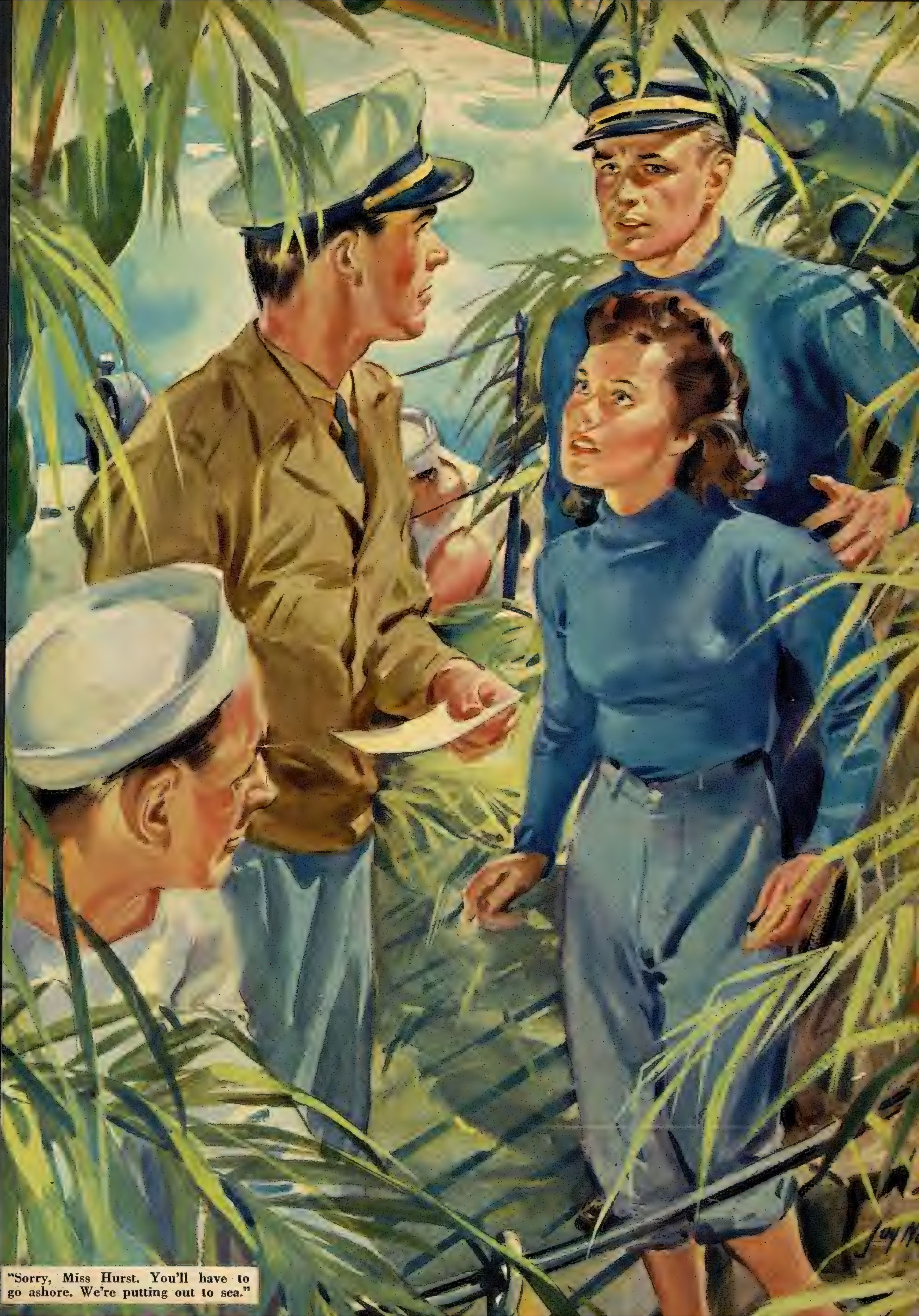
HE kept her out of sight till we had the sub covered with leaves and branches. It was dark then—about 22.00 hours, I'd say—and we'd all been doing plenty of whispering about Edna Hurst. When she finally came topside again, I blinked. She was wearing a pair of trousers rolled up at the ankles and a good navy shirt. They were the skipper's.

"You'll find sleeping ashore more comfortable than below," he said.

Over her shoulder she gave him a smile. "What you really mean," she answered, "is that you'd rather not have me sleeping in your wardroom—or with the men."

"Exactly."

(*Continued on page 52*)



"Sorry, Miss Hurst. You'll have to go ashore. We're putting out to sea."

LOOK OUT FOR ENEMY MONEY

Phony bills circulated by Axis agents can cause more damage than dynamite unless we learn how to spot them

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

Secret Service notice warns a storekeeper of counterfeiting.

Counterfeiter offering a $10 bill is stalled by the clerk—

While the boss examines bill, finds it phony, phones police.

Result: Cops get there in time to pinch counterfeiter.

SECRET SERVICE men entrusted with the protection of United States currency fear that when the tide of war begins to flow strongly against our enemies, Axis agents will circulate counterfeit money to precipitate financial confusion and disrupt our war effort.

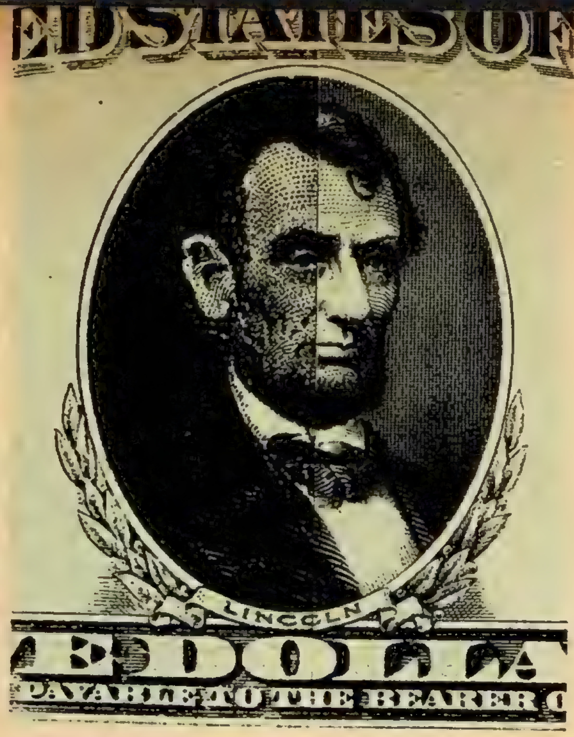
Immediately after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., instructed the Secret Service, the Bureau of Customs, and other Treasury law-enforcement agencies to be on the alert for counterfeit money entering the United States.

One bomber load of phony currency scattered from the skies might be more devastating than dynamite.

Fantastic, you think? Italian flyers dropped counterfeit money on Albania. Worthless paper money printed in Japan paved the way for the conquest of Singapore. English banknotes were counterfeited by Italy even before Mussolini "stabbed France in the back." Between January and May of 1942, $25,000 of American counterfeit money made in Barcelona was smuggled into Portugal. Counterfeit American money has been printed also in Belgium.

New York banks have warned Central and South American correspondents to be on guard against counterfeit United States currency, probably of Axis origin, that has begun to appear. As a precaution, our government has recalled standard currency from Hawaii and has replaced it with a special currency marked "Hawaii."

The Axis nations even cheat their friends. Before the Spanish revolution, Spain's currency was printed in England. After Franco was victorious, he gave the job to Hitler. In Germany two notes were printed for every one sent to Spain. Large amounts of Spanish currency have lately been turning up in various parts of Europe—and Franco can't



Left: A composite Lincoln portrait from a counterfeit and a genuine $5 bill. Right: A genuine $10 note "doctored" to make it represent a $500 note.

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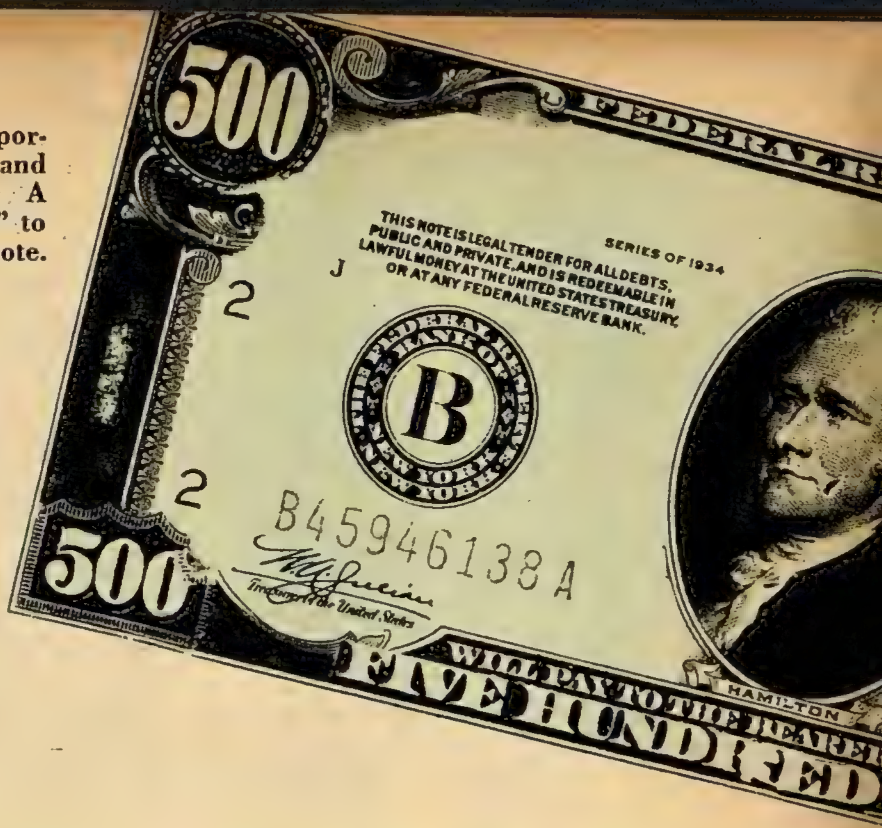

500
FEDERAL R
THIS NOTE IS LEGAL TENDER FOR ALL DEBTS, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE, AND IS REDEEMABLE IN LAWFUL MONEY AT THE UNITED STATES TREASURY, OR AT ANY FEDERAL RESERVE BANK.
SERIES OF 1934
J
2
B
2
B45946138A
500
WILL PAY TO THE BEARER
FIVE HUNDRED
HAMILTON

do anything about it! It's genuine money! Hitler simply let the presses run overtime. Mussolini's government is guilty of similar indiscretions. Anton Pavelik, head of the Quisling government at Zagreb, ordered notes for a hundred million *kuna*—the new Croatian unit— to be printed by the Italian National Bank. After the notes arrived, the Italian Purchasing Commission in Croatia began paying for food and materials with additional new notes Italy had printed.

Japan's record of cheating goes back still further. When American, British, and Japanese troops jointly occupied Vladivostok after World War I, so many counterfeit twenty-ruble notes appeared among the various forces that local finance companies were floored. The worthless money was traced to Japan. Banking institutions in Vladivostok were compelled to send all banknotes to Shanghai, to be scrutinized by experts. Japan secured both money and merchandise of immense value from her then allies for worthless paper.

At least once during the present war with China, Japan met her match in the person of a single Chinese engraver. After Tientsin was occupied by the Nipponese, he was engaged to engrave counterfeit notes. He changed the positions of the hands of the central figure on the bill into a gesture of contempt. This portion of the picture is small, but unmistakable once it is noticed. Although the Japs were tricked and failed to note the insult, the notes were joyfully rejected by Chinese bankers. They had to be withdrawn by the conquerors but are still circulating to some extent in Manchukuo. Fifty thousand dollars' reward has been offered by the Japanese for the arrest of the engraver.

So seriously is the Axis money threat regarded by us that one fifth of the Secret Service personnel is being detailed this winter to an educational campaign instructing the public in the detection of counterfeit bills. Bankers, business men, and the general public are already being warned by radio, lectures, and the press to watch their greenbacks.

One way to detect counterfeit currency is to examine the eyes of the portrait on the bill. On a genuine bill the eyes have dignity and appear lifelike. On a counterfeit bill the engraver's marks are less distinct, giving the portrait an artificial, unlifelike expression. On a genuine bill the scroll work around the edges is exquisitely clear. It is blotched and diffuse on counterfeit currency.

COUNTERFEITS are picked up quickly because the Secret Service operates in close conjunction with local police, bank employees, and storekeepers. The moment a counterfeit is offered to any discerning cashier or clerk, he telephones the police, at the same time delaying the passer for questioning. Police notify Secret Service men, who hurry to find out whether the passer had criminal knowledge of the counterfeit and where he got it. Even if the passer is not detained, a description of him is usually phoned to police headquarters; a second attempt to pass the counterfeit makes even the innocent holder a criminal.

Outside the United States counterfeit American currency is circulated by the Axis to get something for nothing at the expense of our friends. It incidentally weakens our credit and strains the friendly relations among neutral or Allied nations.

Napoleon financed a good part of his disastrous march to Moscow with well imitated Russian and Austrian banknotes printed in Paris. Until just before the start of his 1812 campaign the secret was guarded so carefully that when the Paris police located an extensive money-printing plant, the prefect, M. Pasquier, at once ordered his men to raid it. Their amazement at the extent of their haul rapidly melted to chagrin when they found that the chief printer was the brother of a confidential secretary of Napoleon, and that the emperor himself was behind the whole enterprise.

An international swindle was engineered by Japan during her war with Russia in 1904. At Kobe she built a $100,000 counterfeiting plant that turned out imitations of four Far Eastern banknotes: those of the Russo-Chinese Bank, of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, of the Indo-Chinese Bank, and of the Imperial Bank of China. The first intimation those institutions had of trouble came when the Russo-Chinese Bank discovered it was redeeming too much currency. One run on the bank followed another; during each run, long lines of coolies would form, each with banknotes they wanted redeemed with coin. Finally the bank officials found they had redeemed all the currency the bank had ever issued—and more currency was still being tendered.

The swindle was finally exposed when specimens of the notes were examined by experts from the United States and England. A slight difference in paper told the story. But the damage had already been done. More than $80,000,000 of the counterfeit currency was picked up by 1907. No one knows the total losses, sustained in large part by the governments backing the banks.

It is this kind of skulduggery, already promoted by Germany in South America and around the Caribbean, against which our banks are trying to protect themselves.

One persistent report holds that

(*Continued on page 72*)

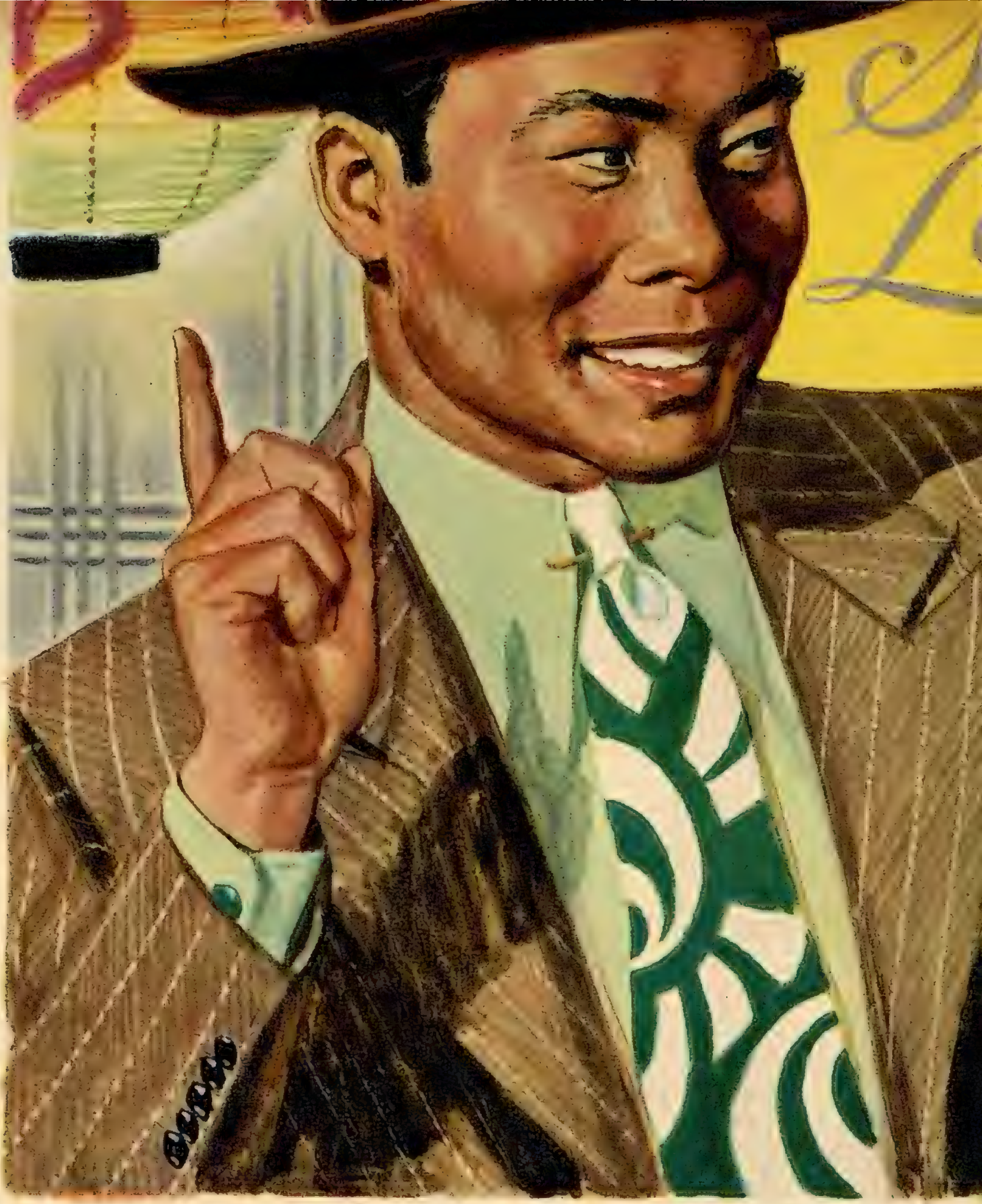
A FAR, FAR BETTER THING

A faint heart, a fair lady, and a wildcat make a man of Charley Loy

BY

ELEANORE GRIFFIN

ILLUSTRATED BY
PAT HOLBROOK



MISS SALLIE CHONG stopped chewing her gum. Her black eyes glowed with unaccustomed softness. Caressingly she touched the new hairdress in which she had managed to combine the highest pompadour to be seen the length of Grant Avenue with the glamour-girl bob of which she was enamored. "That Charles Boyer," she murmured, "he's terrific."

Mr. Charley Loy was not watching the screen. He was gazing at the enchanting profile of Miss Sallie Chong. With a smile as broodingly tender as Mr. Charles Boyer's he reached for Sallie's hand—a hand that made him think of a small exotic blossom whose petals were tipped with crimson.

Toward Mr. Charles Boyer Charley experienced no resentment, no jealousy. On the contrary, he extended toward him a feeling of warmth and fellowship—the same emotion aroused by the fragrance of Chanel Number 5 or by Tommy Dorsey or king-size cigarettes. Anything that found favor with Sallie was clothed in a magic that even embraced himself, because Sallie was his girl, and when his uncle raised his salary they were going to be married.

Sallie did not turn her rapt little profile as Charley took her hand. But that was understandable. One did not sit in movies to regard the countenance of Charley Loy.

Then the picture was over. Sallie said something that sounded like "whoo-whoo" and plunged into her bag for her mirror and lipstick. Charley would have liked remaining for the newsreel, but when he suggested it, Sallie moaned, "Oh, bugs!" By that Charley knew she was eager to be off to the Silver Lotus, where Soapy Dean and his Bubbles were playing.

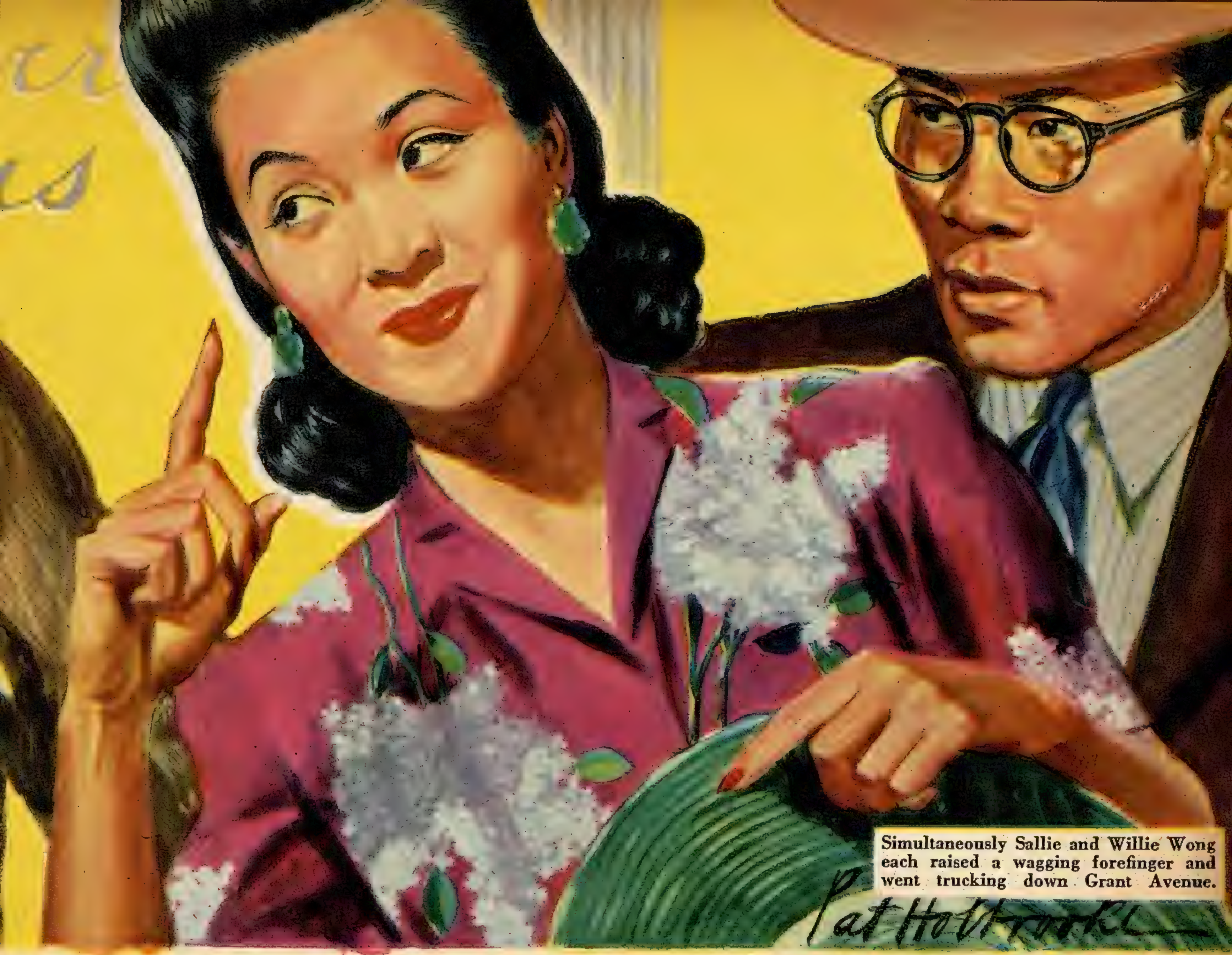
Charley was always to remember that he hadn't wanted to go to the Silver Lotus that night. It was some months before the fateful Sunday of Pearl Harbor and he had wanted to go down to Fisherman's Wharf to eat a bowl of shrimp and drink beer and watch the fishing boats putting out to sea. But there was Sallie stepping ahead of him, swinging her big green hat because it didn't set well on the new pompadour.

Mr. Alcibidades, who owned the Silver Lotus, a focal point on every tourist's itinerary, beamed as they came in. Sallie waved to him and made a dash for the powder room. When she emerged, her eyelashes appeared a good fraction of an inch longer and her smile several shades brighter. She found Charley talking to three boys with whom they had attended high school, and a stranger—a young man with a fattish face and padded shoulders.

The stranger's name was Willie Wong. He was from New York. He held Sallie's hand for a long time and informed her in a kind of British accent that he was happy indeed to meet her.

Sallie worked in the smartest shop in San Francisco. In jade satin pajamas she wandered demurely through the various salons of Miss Anita Ruben's establishment restoring two-hundred-dollar gowns to their hangers and passing cigarettes to Miss Ruben's clientele. It was there that Sallie picked up so many of her ideas, and it was in the manner of a Hillsborough debutante that she replied, "Hi, Willie Wong! Now, there's a lambie pie of a name."

"You can always call me Butch," Willie Wong informed her.



Simultaneously Sallie and Willie Wong each raised a wagging forefinger and went trucking down Grant Avenue.

Sallie's tinkle-bell laughter rose high and sweet. "O. K., Butch," she said. Then, linking arms with Willie Wong and Charley, flanked by the other three boys, she made one of her most satisfactory entrances.

A waiter led them to a table that Charley thought was all right but which Willie Wong protested loudly wouldn't do at all. He flourished a fat roll of bills and they were straightway seated practically beneath the baton of Soapy Dean.

"Champagne cocktail for the little lady," Willie Wong instructed the waiter. "Whisky-and-soda for me."

Charley glared at this calm usurpation of a fiancé's privileges. But Sallie was smiling admiringly at Willie Wong. "You must be psychic," she purred as silkily as if she had ever enjoyed a closer contact with a champagne cocktail than Winchell's column.

Charley and the other boys declared for beer. Soapy Dean and his Bubbles started to play. Charley rose to pull out Sallie's chair. But Sallie wasn't there. She and Willie Wong were already jittering smoothly onto the dance floor.

"Who is this Willie Wong?" Charley inquired belligerently.

Harry Chew shrugged. "A friend of my cousin. A big shot, I guess. My cousin told him to look me up when he got in town."

Charley looked out at the dance floor. For all his chubbiness, Willie Wong was good. Charley wasn't so hot himself. He lacked abandon. That was because he felt that a fellow who wore glasses looked silly capering solemnly through a jitterbug routine.

Sallie returned to the table clinging to Willie's arm and laughing helplessly. "That Butch," she gasped, "he's terrific!"

From then on the evening was a nightmare—for Charley Loy. Willie mentioned casually that he had won three hundred dollars at Tanforan the previous day. He described himself as sadly disappointed in Golden Gate Bridge—it wasn't graceful. He explained the technique of Joe Louis and where he didn't see eye to eye with President Roosevelt. And, just in passing, he pronounced Soapy Dean and his Bubbles corny.

Charley waited for Sallie to explode. Soapy Dean stood almost next to Tommy Dorsey in her allegiance. But Sallie was hanging on the words of Willie Wong as if he were Confucius returned to earth. "Soapy is pretty puce," she agreed.

Several times Charley suggested that they leave, but Sallie gave no indication that she heard him. It was Willie who finally approved the motion by bellowing, "GAR-song!"

Outside the Silver Lotus, Charley took a firm grip on Sallie's elbow and fixed Willie with a cold eye. "Well, good-by. We'll be seeing you around, maybe."

"What's the matter, old boy?" Willie inquired solicitously. "It isn't the shank of the evening yet."

Something telepathic passed between Sallie and Willie Wong. Simultaneously each raised a wagging forefinger and they went trucking down Grant Avenue. And Charley tagged along.

Even the most biased would have had to admit that Willie Wong knew how to spend an evening. He had been in town two days, but under his guidance they didn't miss a spot. It was four o'clock when Charley delivered Sallie to her door. He

(Continued on page 56)

MISSION

There's no room in the cockpit for an old grudge when a man is in a flight for his life

BY PRIVATE WALTER ROEBER SCHMIDT

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

"GOT that, then, Murdock?"

"Yes, sir. High, out of the sun. Go over at 400. Low oblique. Get it and get out."

The major nodded. "They know why we have to have this. The air'll be full of them and their stuff. Even with your ship gingered and stripped of everything but mission essentials, it's going to be rough—mighty rough. But G-2 must have this picture."

"Yes, sir." The observer stood there, quiet, waiting. Not a young man as men of the air are reckoned, not an old one. The senior officer's gaze held his steadily.

"Luck, Murdock," the major said, holding out his hand. "Your pilot is Captain Jim Winston."

"Winston—"

He felt the major's eyes trying to probe what was going on inside him. He stalled the emotion, but his mind raced: Winston! The one man in my life I've ever wished dead! Aloud he said:

"We flew together once, sir."

"Good." The major seemed pleased. "A team might do this job where two men would fail." He let Murdock's hand go. The lieutenant saluted, left.

Outside, in the brilliant English morning sunshine, the pent-up emotion broke in a huge angry wave, flooding through Tom Murdock so violently he felt himself trembling. How he hated the insipid, cocky kid who'd washed him out! A young skirt like that x-ing out a man who'd circled the globe twice, upon whom ticker tape had showered from the skyscrapers of Broadway.

Oh, he knew why Winston had done it. Ruth. What was her last name? Merritt—that was it, Ruth Merritt. Unimportant now, the name and the girl. But it must have been very important then to Winston, washing him out because of her. The damned fool, letting a thing like that decide whether a man should fly or not.

He had wanted pursuit in this war, and what had he got finally? Evasive action. That was the cardinal rule of the observer. "It is as valuable and meritorious for an observer to complete his mission successfully as for the fighter to knock half a dozen of the enemy out of the sky or the bombardier to level a line of artillery emplacements." Hooey! Naturally, they fed you that sort of stuff. Morale. Maybe the kids believed it, but he saw it for what it was—army baloney.

The camouflaged plane, low and sleek and long-nosed, loomed before him. The photo tech man, Jones, was there, waiting with the K-20; also the usual grease-monkeys. There was only one gun, Lieutenant Murdock saw, a flexible, in the rear. The photo man said, handing over the camera: "Loaded and ready to go."

Murdock nodded mechanically, his glance held to the machine gun. He wondered vaguely if he'd get to use it today. A "monkey" pirouetted his weight against the propeller two-three times. It went over with a burst of sound, steadied to a sweet roar. Murdock saw Winston then, entering the field. Like a crowd-pleasing fighter entering the ring, Murdock thought, watching the shock of blond hair bobbing in the sunlight.

WINSTON'S face was wreathed in a wide smile as he came up. "Hi, Murdock," he greeted cheerily, offering his hand. "Long time no see."

Murdock did not let his surprise show at Winston's lightness. He saluted the higher rank, not the man, rigidly, disregarded the outstretched hand.

"Hey"—Winston laughed uncomfortably—"school's over, you know, for both of us. And that other thing, that's long since forgotten."

Murdock knew the kid was waiting for him to say it was all over and forgotten with him too. Only it wasn't. The girl didn't matter now, but not being a pilot did. It mattered greatly. A man had his pride to think of, his reputation.

"O. K.," Winston said, frowning. "Let's go."

They put on their helmets, crawled into the ship. Murdock, in back, placed the K-20 in its rack, pulled the canopy closed, plugged in the intercom. Through it he heard the customary pilot-operations office palaver. They taxied into position. The go-ahead, and they were singing over the runway. A few bumps, and they were free. Winston took it in a long steady climb straight into the sun.

They flew up and on, straight and hard. At 10,000 Winston leveled off. Below, through the occasional clouds, Murdock saw a wide stream of quicksilver—the Channel.

Hidden over there on the other side in an inlet was the Nazi battleship. They wanted a close-up oblique of that battleship. Ten days ago it had been caught in the open sea. Bombers went to work, but fog closed in. It was impossible to tell whether hits had been scored, and if so, how much damage was done. G-2 had to know so G-3 could plan accordingly. Neither Winston nor he knew what these plans were. But they were big—the major had made that clear. Invasion, maybe. Three other planes had tried. One had returned, without a picture. Now they—

"Murdock."

"Yes, sir?"

"Stop it! You know what we're going into. I want you to know why I x-ed you."

"'Conversation other than that regarding the mission at hand is unnecessary and irrelevant.'"

"Maybe this concerns the mission. We can't get by on this job working against each other."

"You get us in, and I'll get the picture."

"It wasn't Ruth. I suppose you've always thought it was, but it wasn't. Sure, she peeled off from me and dove for you and the glamour surrounding your name. And I was sore, I'll admit that. But I didn't—"

"Stow it."

"I didn't want to wash you." The kid's voice came through, low and steady. "It smashed me for weeks after I did it. You were a hero to me, just like to everybody else. But I had to, Murdock. So help me, I had to wash you."

"You're trying too hard, Winston. Like guys always do who are dead wrong."

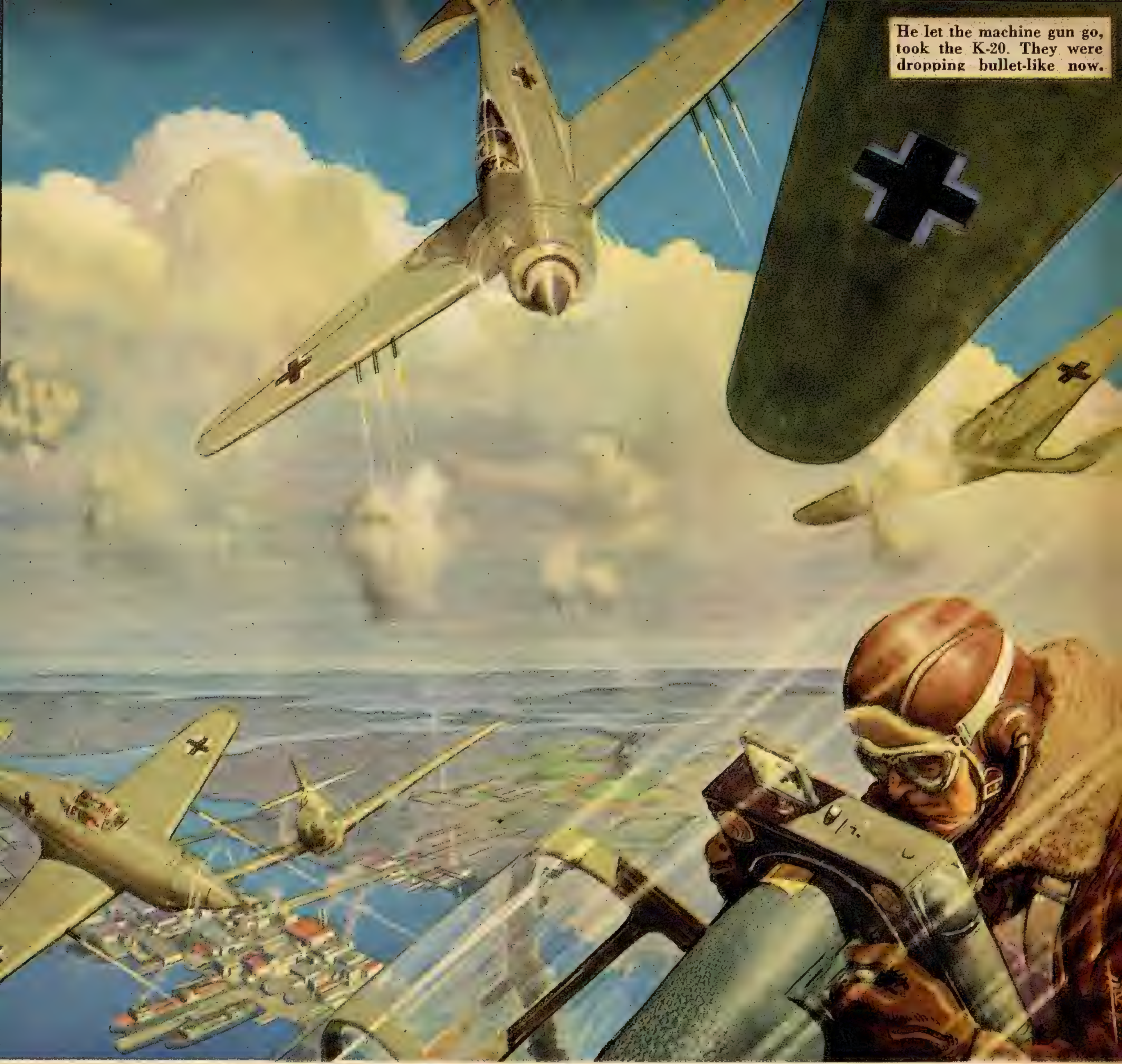
"At primary they must have let you get by on your name. They didn't want to wash you because of who you were and all that you'd done for aviation. I washed you because you were too set in your ways ever to learn to fly the army way. You have to fly the army way because it's the best way, the only way. If you don't, you're a liability instead of an asset."

"What do you call me, sitting back here?"

"If the Air Corps has you sitting back there, you must know your business."

"Rah-rah-rah—"

"Dammit, Murdock!" The kid



He let the machine gun go, took the K-20. They were dropping bullet-like now.

sounded angry. "You don't seem to realize the modern army is a big team made up of many small individual teams. Your job is as important as mine, and mine as important as yours. If the small teams don't click, then the big team can't."

Murdock made a raucous noise with his mouth.

"O. K. So it sounds like college-try stuff. This is your first mission in combat territory. You'll find out."

"Sure, sure. How soon'll we be there?"

"Pretty soon, now. When I bank you'll know it's time to start getting ready. We'll come in with plenty of room, the sun behind us so they can't see us too well from down there. When we begin going down, look for it."

The Channel was behind and they were high-riding the cloud banks. They were alone, far above everything, peacefully, tranquilly alone.

"All set," Winston said, banking. "What say—let bygones be bygones before we let her go?" There was a boyishly eager quality in the tone that turned something over inside Tom Murdock, and he thought:

Why not? He's just a kid. Why hold a grudge? It's all done and over now. That took guts too, plenty guts of a kind, whatever the reason—washing me out when I was a hot guy.

The nose went down; she began to fall. It was then that Murdock saw the four Messerschmitts plummet out of the sky above. His hand, reaching for the camera, went instead to the flexible.

He swung it around, aimed. His thumb touched the button. They came on, not gaining but staying right there. He fired another burst, told Winston what was on their tail.

They were going down fast now, very fast. He felt it in his blood and ears and nose—in the empty nothingness under him, the shrieking of the air. Flak started breaking all about them. He let go another burst.

"Drop that gun!" Winston's voice cracked through the intercom. "We're here to take a picture."

He couldn't see Winston because he was half-turned around toward the Messerschmitts, but Winston must have been watching him over his shoulder because the voice cracked again: "Drop it! That's an order!"

He cursed half aloud at the child-

(*Continued on page 60*)

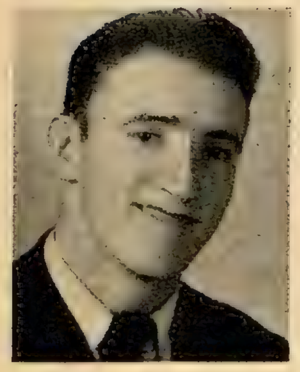
ON GUADALCANAL WITH THE MARINES

Concluding a first-hand account of battle action in the Solomons—by a Yankee dive bomber who took part in it

BY LIEUTENANT DONALD E. McCAFFERTY of the U. S. MARINES

As told to Alan Hynd

Approved by U. S. Navy Censors



The author

LIEUTENANT McCAFFERTY was sent to Guadalcanal last August. In his first fight he scored a hit on a Japanese cruiser. A few days later, on patrol, he got orders to go after some destroyers near his route. He spotted them, sent one up in flames. Then he had a curious experience. Again on patrol—with his friend Lieutenant Baldinus—he noticed an island with a long white wake trailing from it. The island was moving!

SECOND OF TWO PARTS

IT wasn't an island at all. It was a Jap transport camouflaged to look like one from the air.

"Let's go down and have a better look at that thing," said Baldy.

"O. K.," I answered. I spoke to Deadeye Macias, my gunner, in the rear: "We're going down. Don't fire unless you have to—we don't know what we're going to do yet."

Baldy's voice came through my headphones: "They've spotted us. See those helmets?"

Sure enough, the early-morning sun was glinting off the shiny headgear of several Nips who had stuck their noggins through their ship's palm-leaf covering.

Baldy and I decided to pretend that the camouflage had fooled us and see where the "island" went. As we streaked away we saw a new wake forming. The Nips, thinking they had foxed us, were on their way again, slowly turning. We got above a huge cloud and flew around in circles, to keep out of sight.

In a little while Baldy went below the cloud and brought back word that they seemed to have dropped anchor a few hundred feet from a sandy beach. We went down in time to see several little landing boats between transport and beach.

"Let's go," I said. In no time at all we were flying parallel to the shore line, a hundred feet up. There were perhaps fifty Japs on shore by now. After sweeping over the beach I turned and came back. Baldy was doing the same thing. Now I had a view of what Deadeye and Baldy's gunner had done. The beach was strewn with dead Japs.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

"One of our jobs of egg-laying." This job was done on the Japs on Tulagi, from which the smoke is rising.

As we flew over again, the two gunners got practically everybody in three of the boats. We swept up and down several times. Not one of the boats made a landing, and there wasn't a live Jap in any of them.

There was no sign of life on the transport, but we figured that most of the men she carried were still there under the camouflage. We argued over which of us should have first crack. I won. I got some altitude, then went into a dive. I let a thousand-pounder go and leveled off. "You missed, lieutenant," said Deadeye.

"O. K., smart guy," Baldy said over the radio. "Now it's my turn."

He came down like a bullet and scored a perfect bull's-eye. The ship went up with a roar, and Japs flew in every direction.

Baldy radioed to Henderson Field about what we had run into. Operations instructed us to look for more moving islands. We didn't find any, but in some coves on Santa Isabel we spotted seven small squarish motor-driven boats. Each would hold about fifty fully equipped soldiers. Apparently the Nips had been concentrating there in preparation for a major assault on Guadalcanal.

By the time we got back to Henderson Field, Colonel Mangrum had taken several of the boys out, to go on from where we left off. They spotted not only those boats but more than a dozen others right in the same area. As the day wore on, other scouting parties turned up still more boats, and by nightfall the total was thirty-one. That meant that a landing force of at least 1,500 Nips was getting ready to pay us a visit.

This same day Baldy and I received our first mail from the United States. In one of my letters a friend asked me if I was managing to get the radio programs from home on my little portable. The only time I was ever able to raise an American station was from about half past six to seven o'clock at night. During the day we couldn't get anything, and after seven the Australian stations drowned out everything else. Seven P. M. in the Solomons was 1 A. M. in Los Angeles, and Station KNX there put on a swing program for night workers in California war factories at that time, so we managed to get a little jive.

The only other American station that came through clearly was WCKY in Cincinnati. I decided to write to WCKY, asking them if they wouldn't put on a little program of music and news especially for us, sometime between six and seven, Solomons time. I asked particularly for baseball scores. The marines were all excited about the hot pennant race between the St. Louis Cardinals and the Brooklyn "Bums."

EARLY in September Operations decided that we should keep an eye on the landing boats in the Santa Isabel area, and pour it onto them if they made any moves during the daylight hours. Late one afternoon word came through that the Japs were concentrated in the jungles near their boats, apparently all set for a move at dusk. They moved, all right, and so did we. We caught twenty-one boats offshore and either blasted them out of the water or left them floating with only dead men aboard. The remaining ten boats we finished the next day. So another major threat to Guadalcanal was successfully dealt with.

But the Japs came back in a hurry with a night shelling party, and after their warships stopped the shelling we could see little landing boats making their way toward shore. We let go with our bombs. In the morning we found that, while some of the invaders had landed, cutting down some of our men in the process, we had blasted most of them right out of the water.

On Sunday, September 6, we were sent on a mission to Gizo, one of the smallest of the Solomons, about 250 miles northwest of Guadalcanal.

Major Fletcher Brown, second in command of the bombers—the man who was always asking us to remind him to tell his wife of interesting happenings—and Lieutenant Charlie McAllister were with us. Charlie, from near Buffalo, New York, had been married in San Diego not long before he left for the Solomons. Four days before this Sunday he'd had a letter from his wife with the news that she was going to have a

(*Continued on page 70*)

"My pal Baldy"—Lieutenant Lawrence Baldinus, killed by an enemy shell—with Captain Bruce Prosser (right).

OFFICIAL U. S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

"We came in and got more eggs." This marine bomber is getting more, being "bombed up," on Henderson Field.

"Boys, just think of them as having been transferred." Colonel Mangrum (right) gives advice to three pilots.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

TO a pair who lived, as Henry and Carola Ballister did, by their wits, the contents of a briefcase which Carola opened while its owner, Albert Mercer, was unconscious after a plane crash, proved very interesting. Besides a peculiar list of foods, beginning with plum tart and ending with pea soup, there were four wills, each signed by a different person, and each making Mercer heir to about a million dollars.

The Ballisters didn't know Mercer—they were merely fellow passengers on a plane from Mexico—but they were sure he was working some racket.

"This is something big," said Henry.

"And for us?" asked Carola.

"Blackmail?" suggested Henry. "Maybe something more—more dignified."

One of the wills was signed by a George Kempen of Cleveland. Mercer's ticket was to Cleveland, so the Ballisters decided to go there too.

In Cleveland, Jeff Piper, a young lawyer, was asked to draw up a new will for George Kempen, who was going to marry Lili Ban, a night-club singer, and wanted to leave her everything.

On the day the will was to be signed, Kempen and Jeff were lunching in a restaurant when a man came in, greeted Kempen jovially, and proceeded to order an odd lunch, mentioning plum tart first and ending with pea soup. Kempen seemed frightened of the man, whose name was Mercer, and hurried Jeff away.

"I'm going home to pack," he said. "Phone me when the will is ready."

But the next time Jeff saw him he was dead in his home, crushed by a statue that seemed to have fallen on him.

The police called it an accident, but, "I could swear he was murdered," Jeff told Lili. And he was even more certain when he discovered that Mercer was heir to Kempen's fortune.

Mercer left for New York and Jeff took the same train. He waited for a good-looking couple to leave Mercer's compartment, then went in to ask some questions. But Mercer was dead, shot through the heart!

Jeff told no one of his discovery except Elizabeth Neff, a pretty author of mystery stories whom he had met in the club car. He was afraid that he would be suspected if he reported the crime.

"If I can nail that couple," he said, "I might wind everything up right away."

But the couple got off at Syracuse, the man carrying Mercer's briefcase. Jeff saw them too late to follow, so he went on to New York with Elizabeth who was determined to test a blank memo book—which Jeff had taken from Mercer's pocket—for invisible ink.

To Jeff's surprise, the book yielded a list of four names and addresses. One was Kempen's and the second was a Professor Frederick Rowe, of Riverside Drive, New York.

"Professor Rowe!" exclaimed Liz. "Why, I know him! He was a professor of mine at Barnard. European history."

She wangled an invitation for cocktails at Rowe's apartment—a much grander one than he had been able to afford when she had first known him.

He was affable, charming—until Liz mentioned Mercer's name. Then he paled, left the room, and sent word that they must excuse him; he was ill.

Jeff and Liz watched outside, and a few minutes after they left, the professor came out and got into a cab. They tried to follow, but had to give up.

"Jeff," said Liz, and she shuddered a little, "let's go somewhere where there's a lot of nice normal people."

PAPER CHASE

The hunters become the hunted as Jeff and Liz come face to face with death in broad daylight

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

AS he and Liz had arranged to do, Jeff arrived at Elizabeth's at ten the next morning for breakfast. He ran up the two flights of stairs to her apartment with an armful of Sunday papers and a bouquet of tired little roses.

Elizabeth looked at the bouquet doubtfully. "Some one has taken advantage of you, my boy. These roses might have been fresh yesterday."

"That's when I bought them. Then I decided you weren't the type and I parked them downstairs under the banister. They were still there this morning, so I brought them along."

"Then you've decided I am the type." She went into the kitchen to get a vase, and Jeff followed her.

"You were terribly orchidaceous on the train, but now I see you're simply a home girl who loves to whisk up pancake batter on Sunday morning." He tilted a pottery bowl standing near the stove. "This is for pancakes, isn't it?"

"I hope so. This is the first time I ever made pancakes, so heaven help you and—"

"Maybe we'd better eat breakfast at Childs."

She was opening and closing cupboard doors, looking for a vase. "They certainly didn't bother to put anything back in its right place last night. If they had to search the place, they might have had the decency to—"

Jeff grabbed Elizabeth's shoulders and swung her around to face him. "You mean to say this place was searched last night? Why didn't you tell me?"

He ran into the living room and looked around. "Did they take anything? Did they find anything?"

"What was there for them to find? Nothing's missing that I can see—but they did a pretty thorough job, and they didn't seem to care if I knew it."

"Listen. Go and get dressed. We're going to Childs. I bet we're being watched, and I want to make sure."

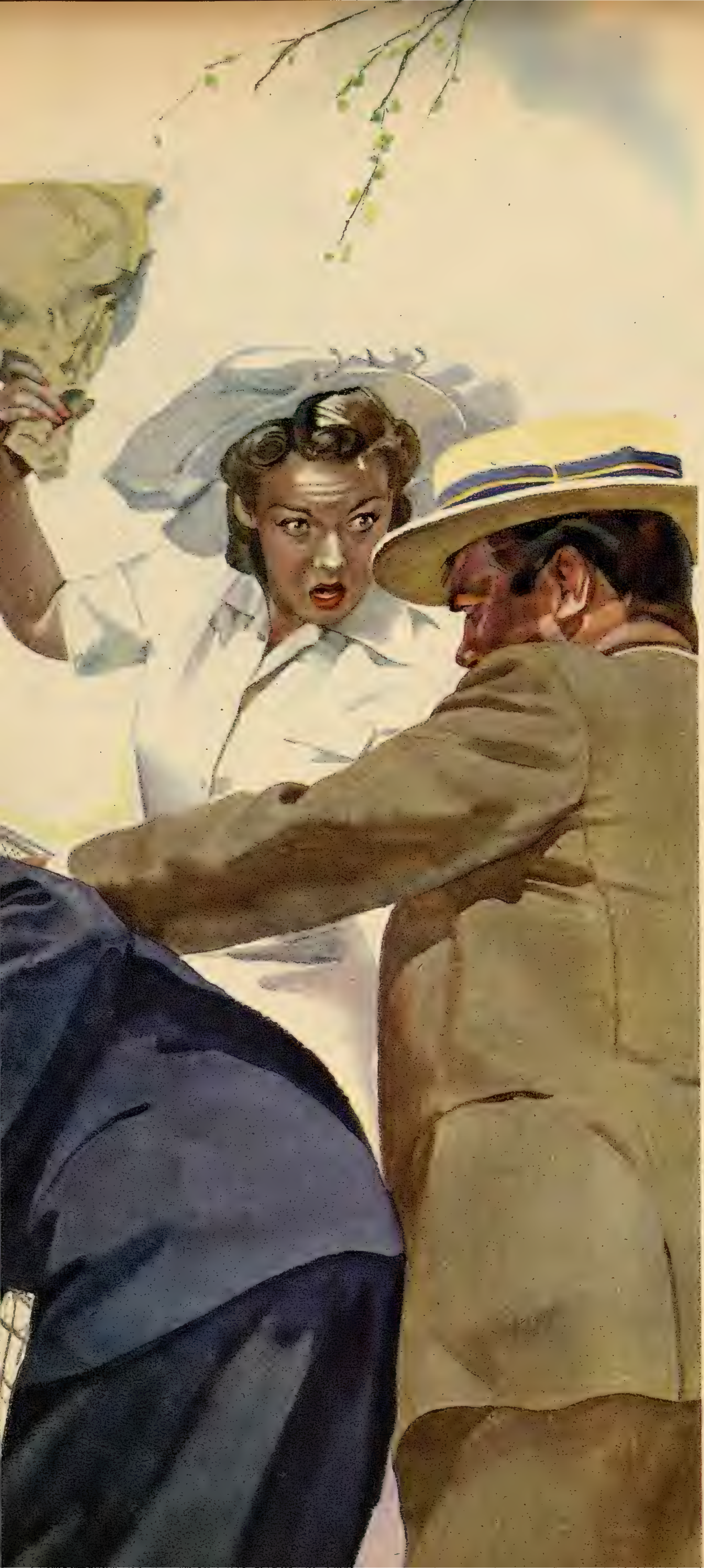
While Elizabeth was dressing, Jeff went through the papers he had brought. When she finally reappeared he was sitting on the floor in the center of a sea of newspapers. She was carrying the broad-brimmed white hat she had worn on the train.

"I thought," she said, stopping before a mirror to put it on, "that we might as well take our camouflage along, just in case." She noticed Jeff's glum look. "Any news?"

"None. A Lieutenant Kornman and his men are working on the case and expect some developments soon. In the meantime they're investigating the porters and waiters who were on that run. Oh, hell!" Jeff picked up the papers. "We'll be lucky if the story gets a paragraph by tomorrow. Funny no one's come to claim the body."

"Of course not. If any one did show up, he'd be exposing himself to a good stiff investigation. That would be the development Lieutenant Kornman is looking for."

"I forgot you write books," Jeff said. "What I meant is human beings—people not in books—usually have cousins and aunts and so forth not connected with murders. It's just our luck that this Mercer seems



to be an orphan. Say!" Jeff snapped his fingers. "May I use your phone? I want to make a call."

"Sure." Elizabeth gestured toward her desk. "There it is. Do you think it's tapped?"

"I don't know. It won't make any difference." Jeff picked up the phone and dialed the long-distance operator.

"Operator," he said, "I want to make a call to Cleveland, Ohio. Miss Lili Ban at the Hotel Forrest."

In a few moments Lili's husky voice came over the wire.

"Hello," said Jeff. "Hello, Lili. . . . Yes, it is. . . . Yes, I'm in New York. . . . Well—nothing very helpful, I'm afraid, but I still have hopes. The reason I'm calling is that it would help very much if you have remembered when Mr. Kempen mentioned Mr. Mercer or what he said. Anything—anything at all will help. . . . Oh! Oh, good! . . . Oh, I see. And that's all? Absolutely all? . . . Well, no, I'm afraid not. Thanks anyway. . . . No, nothing, thank you. I promise to call you if there's anything you can do. 'By, Lili." He banged the phone onto its hook.

"Did she remember?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yeah, she remembered. Kempen mentioned Mercer in his sleep."

Elizabeth burst into loud laughter.

"She said ever since Kempen got so worried he talked and mumbled in his sleep."

"Didn't she hear what he said about Mercer?"

"I asked her. She was always too sleepy to listen."

Elizabeth's merriment continued to be raucous.

"Writing books isn't this much fun, is it?" asked Jeff. "Come on, let's go out and eat some good pancakes."

THEY went out and walked briskly down the street in the mounting warmth of the morning. Casual backward glances yielded them no information. No one seemed to be paying undue attention to them. When they turned down the avenue, there were many people strolling leisurely along the sidewalks. It was a typical summer Sunday-morning crowd: tourists carrying cameras and glancing eagerly left and right and up; churchgoers, carefully dressed, walking to services, and people like themselves, out for breakfast or just a walk.

They came to one Childs but kept on walking because Elizabeth thought she saw a girl in a red hat with a navy veil following them. It was not until they passed two

(*Continued on page 62*)

Raising the hand that held the pancake griddle, Liz brought it down on the man behind Jeff.

The Executive can "execute" nothing until Congress provides the money. Here he appeals to a joint session.

WHY "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

You say you believe in "our form of government" —but do you know what it is?

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

THE American nation is, by its very nature, a hotbed of conflicting opinions. It is made up of descendants of immigrants from all continents. It is split into East, West, Midwest, and South; into labor, agriculture, and manufacturing. The people dispute mightily among themselves on a host of subjects.

Know Your GOVERNMENT III

On one thing, however, most Americans heartily agree: They want to preserve "our form of government."

But this government will not endure merely because people *want* it to endure. If it is to withstand the storms of the ages, people must know the theory of it and resolve to stand fast by it. What *is* the essence of this government so deeply treasured?

The answer is that it is a limited government—a union of liberty with power. A dictatorship is all power, unrestricted power, under which all the liberties of citizens are subject to the decrees of a single man or a gang. The American government has power also, but it is so divided that no person or group can get possession of all power and keep it.

Against this government many liberties are reserved to the individual. "You can't do that to me" is a common saying in America. And there is a great deal in the saying. It is our limited government that gives it reality.

In what ways is the power of our government limited?

First, it is limited as to *purposes.* Second, as to *the ways* by which it fulfills these purposes. Third, by the *spheres of liberty* which are reserved to individuals. Fourth, by its *dependence on the people,* on the voters. Fifth, by the fact that *each set of governing authorities is held in check* by the powers and ambitions of other sets. This is the American system of checks and balances.

The Constitution gives federal authorities the power to tax, to raise and support armed forces, to wage war, to regulate foreign and interstate commerce, and to do many other things in the interest of the Union. Undoubtedly these are great powers. But they are not the limitless powers of despotism. When war is raging, freedom of press may be abridged; freedom of speech may be curtailed, but it cannot be blotted out. The Constitution forbids this; and as long as enough people are devoted to the theory and practice of limited government, such suppression cannot happen here.

What of state authorities? Under the federal Constitution, the people of the states establish their own constitutions. These may give to state and local agencies immense powers over life, liberty, and property. In practice, however, the state constitution places many restrictions upon the powers of the governor, the state legislature, the state courts, and all local authorities.

But if the people of a state should fall victim to the spirit of tyranny, they could not establish a despotism —a limitless government—within the borders of their state. Why not?

Because the Constitution of the United States guarantees "to every State in this Union a Republican form of government," and, on call of the state legislature or governor, the United States must protect the state against domestic violence. This prevents the rise of a Hitler to limitless power in any state, even if all the people in the state were willing to vote for, or support, such a revolution. Even Huey Long lacked complete power.

BESIDES being restricted in purpose, government in the United States must follow pre-established ways of fulfilling these purposes. No branch of government—federal, state, or local—can do just as it pleases.

For example, all legislatures have the power to tax, but none of them can single out individuals, Jew or Gentile, and impose higher taxes on them than on others. The power of Congress is unlimited as to the *amount* of money to be raised by taxation. This is necessary in the national interest, for the amount of money needed to defeat enemies is not within the control of Congress or the people. But the *way* in which taxes are imposed and collected is decidedly limited. Taxes, for instance, must be *uniform* throughout the United States. Congress cannot tax the same brand of cigarettes at five cents a package in Maine and ten cents a package in Missouri. The $5,000 salary of one person cannot be taxed at $500 a year and the $5,000 salary of another person at $2,000 a year.

Again, Congress can pass acts imposing penalties for crimes, but it cannot provide that persons accused of non-military crimes shall be tried secretly. They must be tried openly in courts of law, and the accused is protected by a long list of rules designed to assure him a fair hearing.

On the power of Congress and of all states and local legislatures are imposed two special restraints that are precious to human liberty.

No legislature can pass a "bill of attainder." That is, no American legislature can charge any person with a crime and condemn him to fine, prison, or death. In ages past the British Parliament sometimes resorted to bills of attainder and, amid tumults of passion and debate, condemned individuals to death. No such thing can be done in the United States.

No legislature can pass an *ex post facto* law. That is a law which makes a crime out of an act that was not criminal when it was committed. Owing to this restraint, every citizen can feel sure that what he does today lawfully and innocently will not be made a crime tomorrow by a legislature.

This, too, is a precious rule of liberty. It is now so well established in American life that few people ever think of it. They have forgotten, or never knew, the tyrannies committed by this ruse in ages past.

To crown it all, in making laws of every kind Congress must follow rules of public procedure prescribed by the Constitution. Congress can't pass laws in secret, then "spring" them on the people.

Moreover, there are reserved to the people great spheres of liberty. People have the right to choose their own religion or none at all and to be wholly free from the dictates of any established Church. Congress can make no law "respecting the establishment of religion."

The spheres of liberty in which government is limited may be divided into three types: *cultural, economic,* and *personal.*

People sometimes emphasize one while forgetting the other. A man who demands that government free business from restriction may at the same time call for the suppression

(*Continued on page 68*)

Many public authorities derive their powers from us, the voters. Here a President campaigns for re-election.

None of us can be *secretly* thrown into jail and kept there. The Fourth Amendment safeguards our liberties.

The star makes her entrance in The Corn Is Green, a play by Emlyn Williams, laid in a mining community in Wales early in the century.

LADY WITH THE HAUNTING VOICE

The story of Ethel Barrymore, romantic idol of her generation, and still a glamorous star at 63

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

FORTY-TWO years ago Ethel Barrymore first saw her name in lights on Broadway as the star of Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. She wept from joy. Since that evening this First Lady of the American stage, daughter of the famous Drews and Barrymores, sister of Lionel and the late John, has appeared in scores of plays, and she still loves the theater as much as ever. More than sixty now, she says of her current role in The Corn Is Green, "I expect to fall into my grave playing it, which I hope will not be soon."

Second of two parts

THE Corn Is Green, a Broadway hit, was to invade the sticks. After fourteen months in New York and long runs in other large cities the cast was not too keen on hitting one-night stands. As the train pulled out of Chicago they looked at one another pityingly, then said, "Wait till *Ethel* sees our timetable."

Miss Barrymore carefully studied the slip of paper handed her by the manager. It read as follows:

November 16, Davenport, Iowa; November 17, Des Moines, Iowa; November 18, Sioux City, Iowa; November 19, Omaha, Nebraska; November 20, 21, Kansas City, Missouri; November 22, travel; November 23, Tulsa, Oklahoma; November 24, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; November 25, Wichita, Kansas; November 26, travel; November 27, 28, Denver, Colorado; November 29, travel; November 30, Salt Lake City, Utah; December 1, travel; December 2, Missoula, Montana; December 3, Spokane, Washington; December 4, travel; December 5, Seattle, Washington. Arrangements are being made for the rest of December, and you will be advised in time.

Miss Barrymore folded the slip, put it in her purse, and resumed reading the war news. The manager of the touring company was holding his breath.

"What do you think of our timetable?" he finally ventured to ask.

"Why," said Miss Barrymore, "I think it's perfect. It's exactly the sort of thing I adore. New towns, new faces, plenty of excitement. That's real theater. The business of stewing in one's own juice on Broadway may appeal to some people, but it never attracted me."

And she smiled benignly. It was three months since she had celebrated her sixty-third birthday and fifty-one years since she made her debut in an old barn at North Long Branch, New Jersey, in Camille, of all plays. Her brother Lionel, age fourteen, impersonated the lover on that occasion, while her kid brother John was the villain.

Neurologists may have a word for that unquenchable thirst for "new towns and new faces," but they would waste their Latin on Miss Barrymore. Hers is the case of a woman who always knew what she wanted and almost invariably was able to get it.

When she was six she decided she had no talent for the stage. She conceded that her father, Maurice Barrymore, and her uncle, John Drew, were great actors, but she wanted to follow in the steps of Franz Liszt, Anton Rubinstein, and other famous pianists of the nineteenth century.

The years went by. One night in the winter of 1894 New Yorkers beheld Ethel Barrymore playing not Beethoven or Chopin but a minor part in The Bauble Shop, a play starring John Drew. Years later, when she tried to explain the peculiar mishap which landed her in a Broadway theater instead of Carnegie Hall, she confessed it was simply because she "found out that actors are less likely to starve than pianists."

Starve she didn't. While on the road with The Bauble Shop (by this time, although still in her early teens, She had replaced Elsie De Wolfe in the part of a thirty-two-year-old woman), she received an offer that thrilled her. William Gillette was going to London to play in his perennial Broadway hit, Secret Service, and he was willing to give her a small part. It was during the London run of Secret Service that she was "discovered" by Sir Henry Irving. The great actor-manager put her promptly in The Bells, a melodrama that for no discernible reason made more money and wrung more tears out of more eyes than any other play of the period.

Ethel's plaintive voice contributed to the general sorrow and the boys and girls in the gallery would start to cry even before she had a chance to finish her first line. Sir Henry's son, Laurence, thought little of The Bells, but a great deal of the handsome dreamy-eyed American girl. He courted her persistently and violently. Very soon Papa Barrymore received a cablegram saying, "Am engaged to Laurence Irving." "Congratulations," answered Maurice.

A week later another cablegram reached him. "Engagement broken. Ethel." "Congratulations," cabled Papa Barrymore.

Possibly because of the Laurence situation, Ethel was all ears when the well known English actress, Annie Russell, offered her a part in a lulu called Catherine. It was not much of a part, but Ethel's musical talents were finally to be used. She was to play a Chopin nocturne off stage at the end of the first act, while Annie Russell was hitting silent keys on the stage.

An insatiable reader, Ethel used to consume anywhere from fifty to a hundred pages of a detective novel while awaiting her cue. One night she became so engrossed in a particularly blood-chilling thriller that the first thing she knew she heard the curtain go down. Poor Annie had nearly broken her hands hammering the piano, but no sound came. Horrified and thoroughly ashamed, Ethel dashed into the star's dressing room and cried, "Oh, I can't tell you how sorry I am—it must have been terrible!" "It was," said Miss Russell.

The century was turning and Queen Victoria was nearing the end of her reign, when Charles Frohman, the uncrowned czar of Broadway, got around to discovering Miss Barrymore. The morning after he presented Ethel in Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines, a new star was born. Miss Barrymore became not only the brightest hope of the American theater but the nation's romantic idol to boot. The mothers of the girls who twenty years later were to imitate Lynn Fontanne and Katharine Cornell went wild over Ethel. The fathers of the boys who twenty years later were to try to date Marilyn Miller and Constance Bennett made an all-out effort to conquer the possessor of the most regal walk in the world.

In the manner of a true Barrymore, Ethel took all of this in her stride. As her father Maurice explained to his cronies, "We Barrymores fall in love just once in our lives — invariably with ourselves." Ethel paid little attention to the young men about town who were offering her their names and fortunes. Eventually she did marry Russell Griswold Colt, a society man (she divorced him in 1923), but her time and allegiance belonged to Frohman and her brother John.

Frohman saw to it that she was always supplied with the best parts available—Nora in Ibsen's A Doll's House; Mrs. Grey in James Barrie's Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire; the first woman to be starred in John Galsworthy's The Silver Box.

Brother John saw to it that dullness and monotony were kept out of Ethel's life. His marriages and divorces, his financial and romantic involvements, his costly practical jokes, his magnificent fits of temper —not a month passed without a bigger and better headache for his all-understanding and all-forgiving sister Eethel (his pet name for Ethel).

Rarely during the many, many years she acted as a one-woman Salvation Army did Eethel lose her patience with "Jake." But on the occasion of the prodigal's marriage to Elaine Barrie, she was really angry and minced no words about it. Shortly afterward she attended a cocktail party in New York. A gentleman who couldn't have been very bright was introduced to her but failed to catch her name.

"What was it, again?" he asked.

"It's Ethel Barrymore," she said

(*Continued on page 49*)

Right: Marcelle Rousillon and Ethel Barrymore in The Off Chance (1918). Below: Ethel and brother John in A Slice of Life (1912).

People from all walks of life, answering the call of the American Red Cross, register to contribute to the army and navy blood bank.

While the blood donor lies on a cot, his arm is cleansed so there can be no chance of infection when his donation is taken from it.

Red Cross Blood Bank
Normal Human Blood
Red Cross Blood Bank
Normal Human Blood

The containers of blood are received at the processing plant. Each of these bottles contains what one donor has given—about one pint.

BLOOD SUBSTITUTES

The medical milestone beyond blood banks, substitutes for human blood are now saving the lives of thousands of soldiers and civilians who might have died a year ago

BY MONA GARDNER

OUT of a year of war has come a miracle of deliverance: blood substitutes. These vital new easy-to-carry substances are going to our troops in North Africa, Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Iceland, and other fronts. Thousands who in other wars would have died of shock and blood starvation are now being saved.

During the first World War physicians shot a gum-acacia solution into the veins of badly wounded men. Only two years ago, during the evacuation of Dunkirk, bulky refrigerators of blood plasma accompanied the ships, and direct transfusion had to be used on casualties at Pearl Harbor. These methods saved lives—but not enough of them. The refrigerators and the apparatus of direct transfusion were cumbersome and many a man was lost because the procedure was slow.

Blood substitutes are the newest answer.

Six of them have been developed during the past year. The most important are a chemical constituent of blood known as albumin and a new concentrated type of powdered plasma. They are the only ones having the approval of army and navy doctors. The other four — bovine albumin, fruit pectins, casein digest, and isinglass—are made from other than human blood and are considered still to be in the experimental stage. So close to perfection are certain of these, however, and so urgent is the need for them that they may have passed into the approved class by the time this article appears in print.

Indeed, blood experts predict that the time is near when human blood will not be needed for the substitutes. Cows, horses, fish, and fruit may ultimately supply them.

But the mission of all kinds of blood substitutes is the same—to pour either oxygen-carrying cells or proteins into veins depleted by shock.

Being universal, the two accepted blood substitutes may be given to any one without the lengthy procedure of matching blood types. Being self-administered in from 30 to 120 seconds, they close the forty-five-minute gap required for whole-blood transfusions. Powdered, they are capable of lasting five years in arctic cold or tropical heat. Concentrated, one unit may be carried in a test-tube-size bottle.

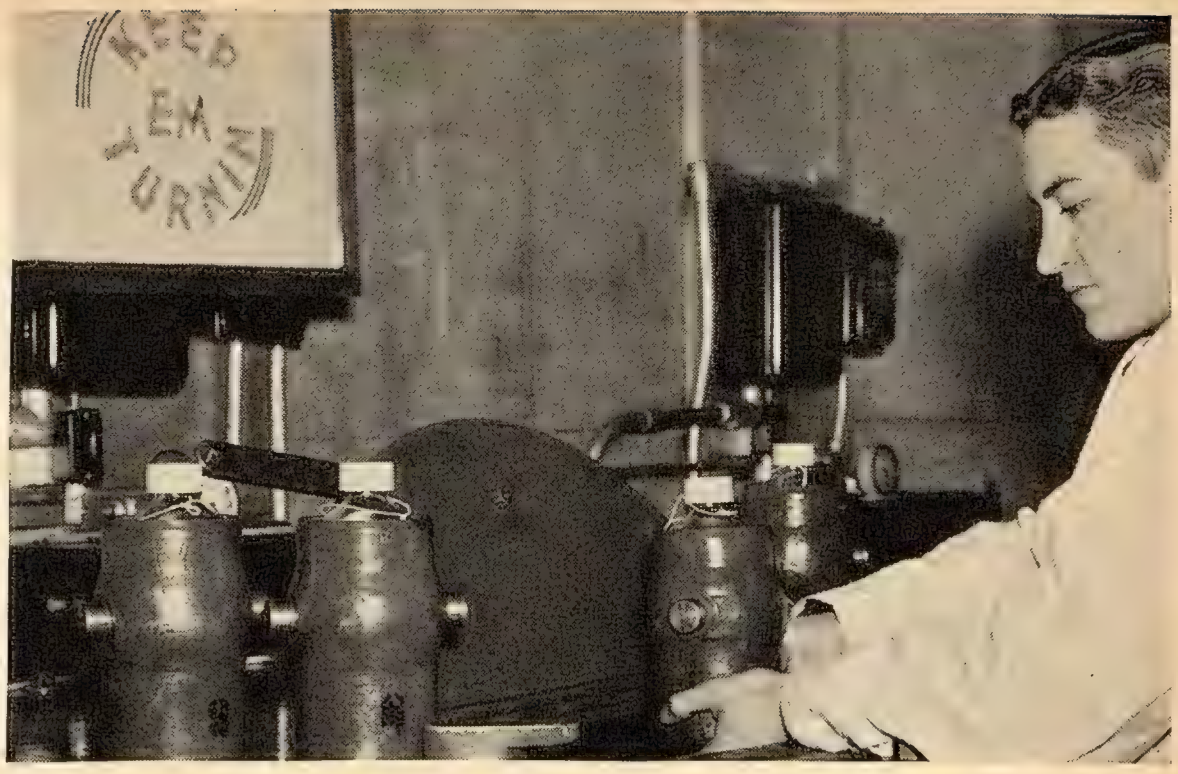
Development in this field has been so rapid and so recent that many civilian doctors know nothing about it. The precise nature of blood substitutes is, after all, a military secret. At the last annual meeting of the American Human Serum Association, Dr. E. J. Cohn of Harvard University revealed a few facts, confidentially. His hearers agree that this wartime secret will benefit humanity long after the war is over.

EVEN now, blood substitutes are proving a blessing to the civilian population. Infants and anemics withstand major operations; victims of accidents obtain much needed stamina; sufferers from third-degree burns covering two thirds of the body, a condition hitherto considered fatal, pull through. The substitutes are also useful in treating certain cases of pneumonia, measles, infantile paralysis, nephrosis, and influenza.

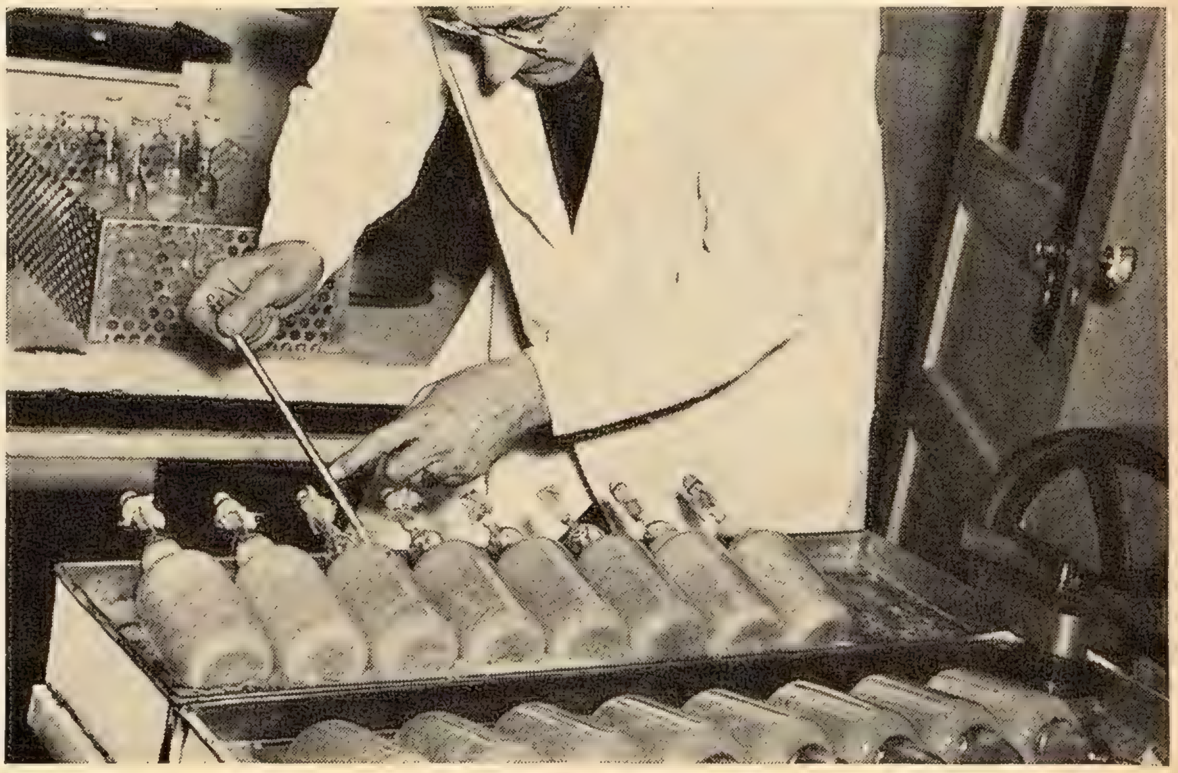
Most important, however, is their use in preventing shock—that mysterious process which is characterized by a progressive failure of circulation, although no vital organ appears damaged. Shock rather than wounds is the most common cause of death on the battlefield and in bombings. This has been confirmed by repeated diagnosis made during the bad London air raids. Again and again people were brought into hospitals in what is now called "mass shock"—that is, with merely superficial wounds and yet a markedly falling blood pressure. It was found that emotional stress, prolonged exposure to cold, physical and nervous exhaustion were the contributing factors which set up a cycle that had to be broken if circulatory failure and death were not to result.

Last year doctors learned that when the tissues of the body are injured they release a poisonous liquid which paralyzes the capillaries. The problem was to find a liquid that would counteract the poison, and would do it in a few

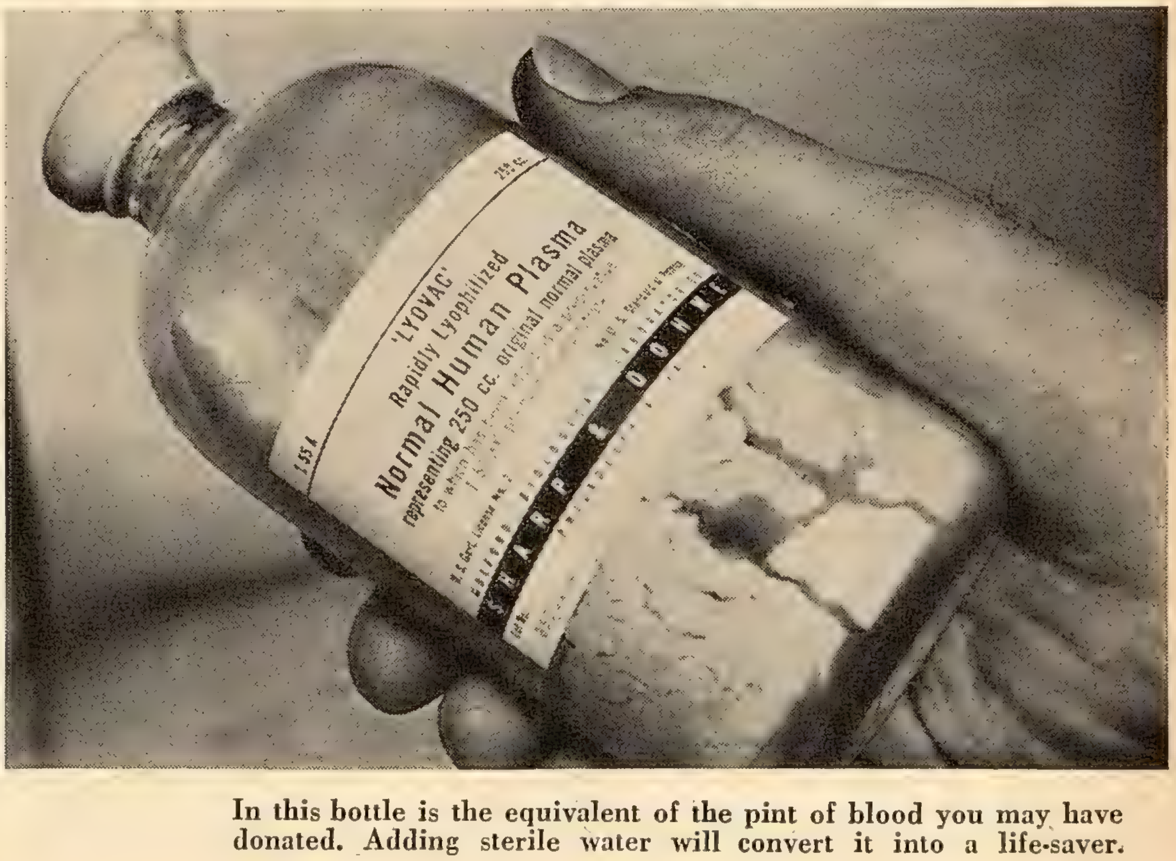
(*Continued on page 73*)



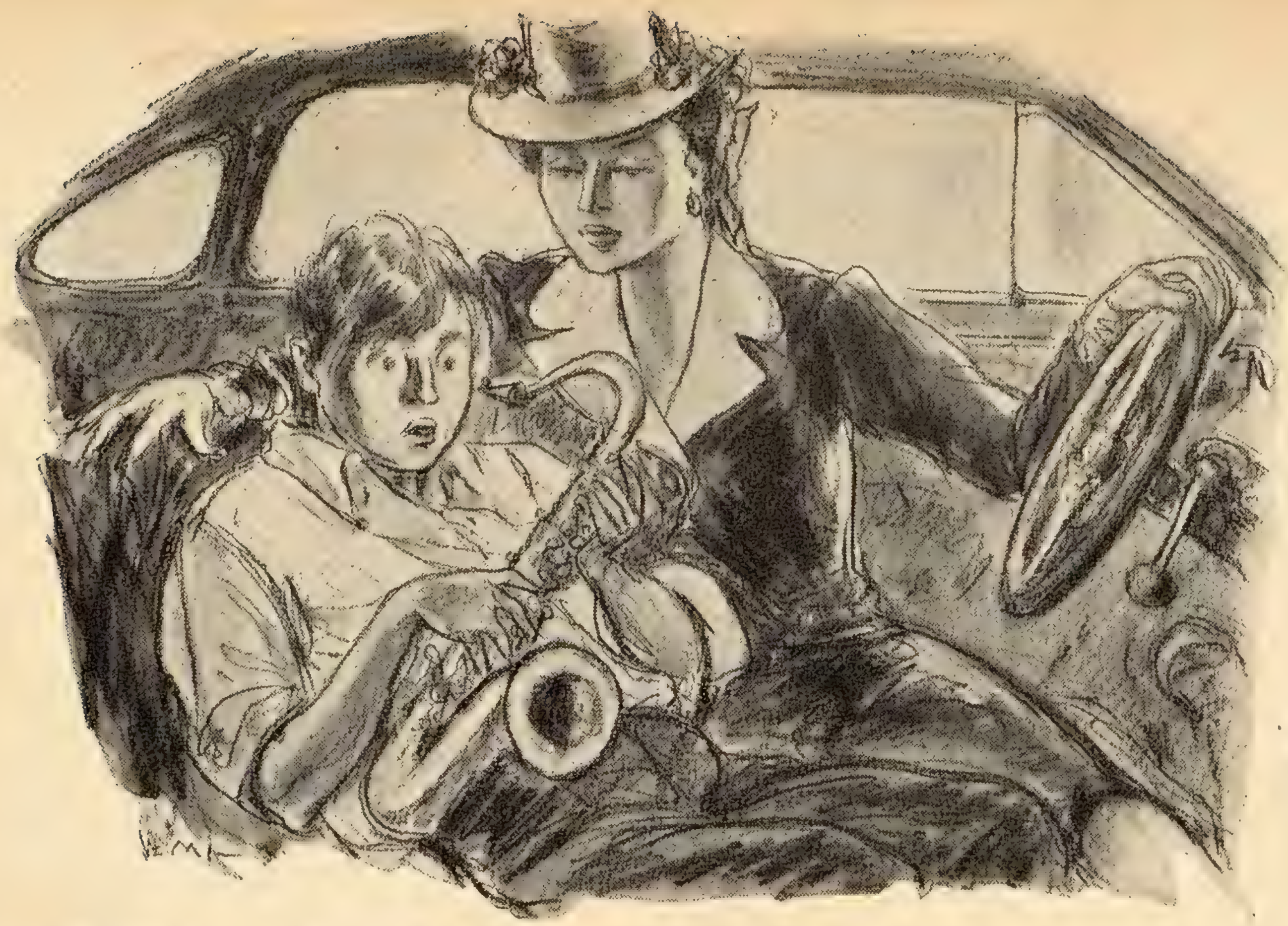
In this machine the blood is rotated—2,500 revolutions a minute. An hour of such rotating separates the red cells from the plasma.



Then the plasma, in these specially designed bottles, is put into a bath of dry ice, which freezes it rapidly on the bottles' sides.



In this bottle is the equivalent of the pint of blood you may have donated. Adding sterile water will convert it into a life-saver.



"Been enjoying yourself?" I asked. "You bet," he panted, "and I darn near made it."

TEEN-AGE TORNADO

Leaves from a mother's notebook, on the pleasures and perils of bringing up an adolescent boy

BY ANNE HERENDEEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

I PLOW along in the wake of my adolescent son's phases. Never catching up. And, of course, never getting ahead. I remember those days of his babyhood and how I used to reflect hopefully that at least each sprouting disconcerting little project would be short-lived. Now that he is thirteen, his phases are still fast and furious. But now I wish he would stay with one—just until I get my breath.

There have been times when I have experienced an exquisite sense of security about Bill. But so often those very phases which lulled me into that peaceful state turned out to be false.

There was that incredible week when he made his bed every morning, fed Angus, watered the lawn—all according to schedule. I was just letting a reef out of my maternal mainsail when he came about abruptly on another tack.

"Mother," he announced at breakfast, his mouth full of toasted Peppies, "I've fixed it up with Jim Tracy to carry my paper route. I have two dollars saved and I want to take a bicycle trip into the desert or mountains or somewhere. Somewhere far off!"

"All by yourself?" I inquired in a voice reeking with casualness.

"Yep," calmly declared my entire world. "All alone. I feel like getting away—some place where no one will tell me what to do next." So Bill went, setting his alarm for 2 A. M. so as to get a start on the hot August sun. He left his nice bedroom with its cross-ventilation and red-and-white curtains, his good meals (leafy salads balancing the nourishing puddings), his funnies, his pet radio programs, his collie pup. And his baffled but determinedly unbowed me.

At 3 A. M. the fourth morning he turned up.

"Hello, mum. I'm back!"

My soul gave an unabashed purr as I climbed into my dressing gown and assembled a square meal.

Bill's trip had been super. He had slept in his bed roll where night overtook him and had lived exclusively on chili beans and chocolate malts. He had averaged eight miles an hour on the highway and toiled four hours afoot up 4,000 feet of winding mountain road only to descend it in twenty minutes. "I didn't brake once, mum. I was going thirty an hour. Do you realize that?" He produced a long penciled letter he had forgotten to mail to me.

As I returned to my pillow, force of habit prompted me to suggest:

"Billy, don't you think that a nice hot bath—?"

"Sure, surest thing in the world, mum," he called back blithely. Over the sound of the running water his happy voice reached me. "Listen, mum. Can you hear me? I've got thirty-seven cents left and I want you to blow yourself to a movie or something."

"Sure. Thanks. Surest thing in the world," I answered.

One thing I have finally got through my head in my singlehanded learn-as-I-go attempt at parenthood is that many of the fantastic things my son does have a reason. When he hangs by his knees from the porch railing and drops on my pet petunias, it's not just a reflex from boredom or an antisocial gesture. It's a challenge to the law of gravity. The other day, after a forty-minute siege with the dentist, I rejoined Bill in the sedan only to find him apparently in the last stages of asphyxiation. Also, hermetically sealed up as he was, he was playing his saxophone.

"Been enjoying yourself?" I inquired, hastening to lower the windows.

"You bet," he panted, "and I darn near made it."

"Darn near made what?"

"Forty-five minutes in a submerged sub."

"I see," I said. "And the sax. Sort of fiddling while Rome burned?"

"Oh," Bill said, "the sax. That was to use up the oxygen quicker."

It is not always a question of just how wise I think it is to share one of Bill's phases with him—that is, when I'm invited. It's more often, have I the vitality?

There was the evening when he wanted to stay up all night. You never could tell, he pointed out at bedtime, when the knack of staying awake might come in handy.

It was a Friday night, so I allowed myself to be sold.

"Why don't you stay up too, mum?" Bill encouraged. "We could play cards and read and things."

Flattered, I agreed.

By one thirty, my nice white bed was a magnet, drawing me.

"I guess I'll turn in," I remarked. "Lots to do tomorrow."

"O. K.," said Bill, with a degree of coolness.

At 6 A. M. I heard him retire. He had read quite a lot of Smokey and quite a lot less of Duranty Reports Russia. He had played seven games of solitaire and taken his current airplane model apart.

AT ten, when I came back from the market, he was cheerfully frying himself three eggs and bacon.

"So you couldn't take it?" he teased.

"Well," I hedged, "I didn't see any special reason for trying."

"The trouble was you didn't try. The minute you got sleepy—zoom!—off to bed. You see, it's really a question of you versus yourself. I mean, supposing you were on sentry duty."

"If I were on sentry duty," I retorted, "there would be some point in getting bags under my eyes. When you had pneumonia, I kept awake all right!"

"Yeah," conceded Bill doubtfully; "but of course you were younger then."

I'm not really the softy I sound.

I take Stands. I blow up. I say, "I will not tolerate muddy shoes on the davenport." And, "Bill, come here this minute and de-ring this awful bathtub."

I have System, too.

Last week, for instance, when the cleaning woman had disappointed us and we were starting on the Saturday-morning chores, I handed Bill a list. He read it, groaning and protesting at every item. "Aw gee, mum, not the kitchen *and* the bathroom floors. And the lawn doesn't need mowing—it's wet anyway—and cleaning silver's not a man's work. Besides, I've got to wax the car."

I didn't say a word. There was no point in reviewing the entire house set-up with him. We had previously covered the pros and cons of undertaking a living arrangement that would demand mutual co-operation and had decided that a place of our own was well worth the extra effort. I dropped what I was doing, phoned a mover, and told him to come Monday. I then began to dial another number.

"But, mum, for the love of Pete, what goes on?"

"I'm calling the landlord to tell him we have to use our cancellation clause. We'll take a couple of furnished rooms. You've lost interest in the house and I will not be shoved into the role of slave driver."

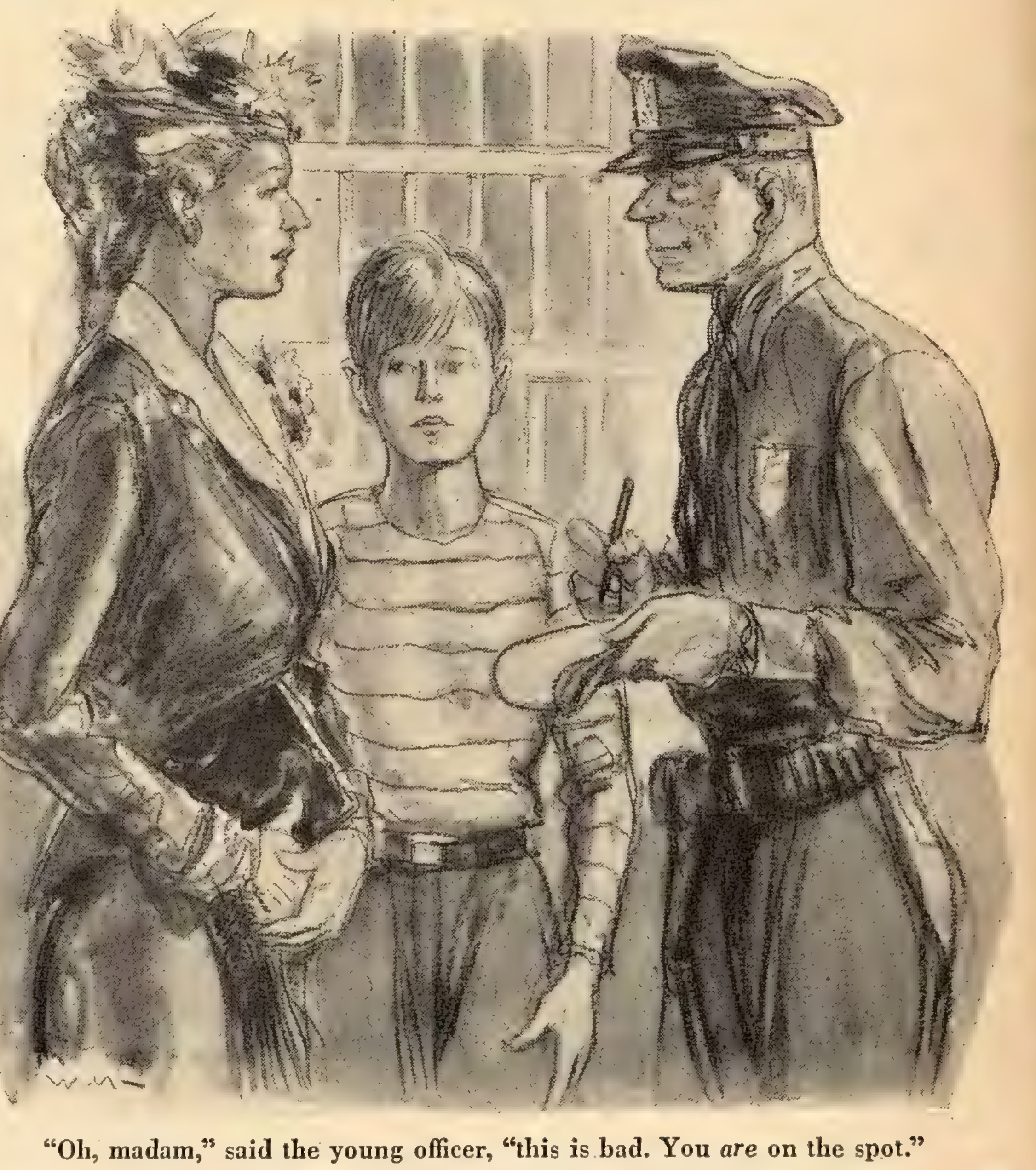
"Oh gosh, mum, it's a swell place. And our Patrol meets here next week. I was going to fix my room up slick. Those weren't complaints you heard. I was just making a lot of noises—you know, like whistling, and"—his newly bass voice broke a little—"stop worrying. I'll change my tune."

Another one of my stands took place during the not-washing-the-hands-for-meals phase. There is something about a grimy paw reaching for a Parker House roll that is more than even the blindest mother love can blink. I picked up my plate and went into the living room. So ended phase No. 333.

A stand I was pretty much at sea about and never did have to take had to do with some new friends.

We'd moved into a new neighborhood. It was summer, and I suddenly realized that the unwonted quiet about the house was wrong. There was a dearth of pals. So I suggested Bill join the local bicycle club one of his fellow air-raid messengers had mentioned.

The first sign of distress (for me) was the club shirt, a red-and-purple number worn outside and flapping round the knees. Followed irregular hours—or, rather, regular late ones on the nights the Hub Whirlers whirled. Then, also, lurid magazines blossomed in shady spots behind Bill's bed. Finally came a phone call from a Mrs. Kleitman. "Your boy," said she, "and those good-for-nothing friends of his followed my Paulina home from the drugstore where she works and frightened her." At some length, Mrs. Kleitman went on to say that she, being herself a mother, was giving me a break by calling me before she did the police.



"Oh, madam," said the young officer, "this is bad. You *are* on the spot."

"Bill," I said that evening, "those Hub Whirlers, do you admire them particularly?"

"Funny thing, mum," said Bill, without looking up, "you mentioning those drips. I was going to tell you —I've turned in my shirt."

"Your shirt?"

"Yep. It's the way you resign. I think I'll join the Wheelwrights. They have girl members."

"The Hub Whirlers don't have girls?"

"No," explained Bill; "it's something in the bylaws. I figure that's what makes them such dopes. Why, last night all they could think of to do was chase some dumb girl home from a drugstore."

I suppose I have Mrs. Kleitman to thank for the set of rules we thereupon ran up.

At home by nine thirty school nights, or telephone an alibi—and a good one.

Not more than one fight a month and that only for reasons good enough to be explained to Mr. Rice, the boys' vice-principal.

Up a whole hour before school time.

Calendar kept, with household duties written down and checked off.

Complaints registered promptly with me, not via the sitting-in-the-car-in-the-garage and living-life-of-his-own method.

A slight raise in allowance was also voted.

One Monday morning in the early fall when I was indulging, over a second big cup of coffee, in a slight phase of my own, to the effect that there is really nothing much to bringing up a swell boy singlehanded, Bill telephoned. He said, "Mum? Gosh, I'm glad you're home! Look. I'm at headquarters."

"Why aren't you at school? What headquarters, the air-raid wardens'?"

"Nope. Police."

"Oh," I said. "Bill, are you all right? Is the car all right?"

"Everything's O. K. But—can you come right down?"

"Of course. Only I'll have to call a taxi. Stay right where you are till I get there."

"Oh, certainly, mother," said Bill rather formally. "That has all been taken care of."

The car. Why, oh why, had I let him take it! He had been driving ever since he could reach the clutch, but of course never alone. That one and only morning something urgent and unexpected had risen in my work and I felt I couldn't leave my desk to run him to school. He was almost fourteen, would be eligible for a restricted license in a month, was an excellent driver and big and sensible (usually) for his age.

All the way to headquarters I thus justified my hasty decision to myself. How could I guess that he would choose this occasion to speed in front of school in the fifteen-mile zone? In the jail office I found Bill, a little white around the mouth, but dignified. He had "stayed put" all right. He was under arrest. The traffic officer who had brought Bill in naturally had assumed that the boy had taken the car without my permission. And Bill had not undeceived him, knowing, as I did not, that nothing would happen to him, a minor, other than a severe bawling out and a session at driving school.

When I informed the officer that my boy was never underhanded; that, on the contrary, I had urged him to take the car this one morning to help me out, the situation rapidly slid from the frying pan into the fire.

"Oh, madam," said the young officer, looking genuinely distressed, "this is bad. You *are* on the spot."

I explained about the crisis in my work and how I just hadn't been able to see any other way out if Bill were not to miss school.

"Lady," said the officer in brotherly tones, "you tell it to the judge. And tell it just the way you are telling me."

The evening before my hearing I turned down Bill's earnest suggestion that he ditch school and stick with me.

"It's my party," I said. "I got myself into this, thinking you could drive just because you can drive, and forgetting the element of judgment." Also, I reflected to myself, my story of concern over Bill's missing school might not go so well if he was absent again.

IN the morning we bade each other cheerful adieux.

"See you at lunch," I said.

"See you in jail," cracked Bill.

The courtroom was crowded.

My case was called and the clerk said, "Guilty or not guilty?"

My voice sounded small and strange saying, "Guilty. But there are extenuating circumstances, your Honor."

His Honor peered at me over his glasses. He consulted the papers on my case. "Well," he mumbled, "permitting minor to drive, no license, speeding, there had better be. Remain until after this session."

I started to return to my place when I felt a tug at my arm. There was Bill in the front row. I sank into the seat beside him and whispered, "I'm so glad you came."

He gave my shoulder a hug and said, "What kind of a heel do you take me for?"

What the judge said, after he heard my story, was, "Twenty-five dollars' fine or ten days in jail."

Then, after a dramatic pause, he added, "Sentence suspended."

Over a couple of frosted malts, Bill assured me he knew the minute I began to talk the thing was in the bag.

"That old judge couldn't resist you, mum. You're a great guy!"

If only this phase would last!

THE END

It's hilarious as well as mysterious, this new murder story by

Gypsy Rose Lee

the strip-tease queen who has proved once again that she is as deft at putting a thriller together as she is at taking her costume apart.

Any girl who gets married on Friday the thirteenth is looking for trouble—and Gypsy and Biff Brannigan found it in a big way during their trailer honeymoon.

Read about it in

MOTHER FINDS A BODY

Abridged by Liberty to an evening's reading time.

COMING NEXT WEEK

BALCONY EMPIRE

By REYNOLDS and ELEANOR PACKARD

A Liberty BOOK

ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING

THE STORY OF ITALY FROM THE INSIDE

Would you like to see the props knocked from under Mussolini? This book is important background reading for every citizen who wants to see U. S. forces crack the Axis by way of Italy. Written by the well known United Press man-and-wife correspondent team, it takes Mussolini's phony "empire" to pieces and shows you the parts. How do Italian soldiers fight? Here you're told by writers who saw them in action on three fronts. How do the Italian people get along with the Duce's gang? With the Germans? What's their attitude toward America? Reynolds and Eleanor Packard were inside Italy for the three years ending in June, 1942.

AN old, ramshackle office building on the Via della Mercede, 54, was some years ago remodeled and ornamented with stucco walls, plaster-of-Paris pillars, and an imitation dome studded with tiny circular windows that looked like misplaced portholes. Chromium fittings added a modern, Fascist touch. Under the dome a bar was set up where excellent drinks were served cheaper than those to be had at any *bottiglieria* in Italy. An efficient, fast long-distance telephone service with soundproof booths was inaugurated on the mezzanine floor above the bar. Newspapers from all over Italy and many parts of Europe were carefully kept on file. There were a ping-pong table, a piano, a reception room, a bridge room, and a vine-covered garden. There were also two large and several small writing rooms, outfitted with desks and lamps, where those without private offices on the floors above could work.

There were dances on frequent occasions—even after Italy went to war and such social pleasures were banned elsewhere. Real coffee was served here, even though the Fascist clubs could not obtain more than a *surrogato* made from roasted barley and peanuts. Eggs fried in butter could be bought at the bar every morning for breakfast, although the Italian ration for ordinary people was one egg a week and one quarter of a pound of butter a month. There were free tickets to the opera from time to time. Seventy per cent reduction on the price of all Italian railway tickets was to be had for the asking.

Here were issued the latest news bulletins, communiqués, and official announcements. There was a reference library (Fascist). And the price of membership in this philanthropic institution was only one hundred lire—about five dollars—a year.

If you were a foreign correspondent stationed in Rome, you had to belong whether or not you wanted to. This was Mussolini's idea of the best way to deal with foreign correspondents. Once a newspaperman himself, he always believed that newspapermen could be bought, or at least cajoled, into serving the purposes of Fascism.

Thus Il Duce established, as a Fascist-subsidized institution, this Foreign Press Club known as the Associazione della Stampa Estera. Besides pampering the correspon-

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dents, the club greatly simplified the work of the OVRA—the Fascist Secret Police—whose duty it was to check on the activities of the correspondents. Many news facilities were offered the correspondent as an inducement to him to work in the building, and every possible obstruction was placed in his way if he insisted on doing his work elsewhere. Phone calls to foreign cities went through faster from the Stampa Estera than from any outside point. The reason: the OVRA, with the aid of expert linguists, had carefully tapped all the phones in the Foreign Press Club building and was prepared to listen in.

But a call, say to Zurich, from some other part of Rome would catch the telephone operator unprepared. She would be afraid to let the call go through until she could arrange for a censor who knew the language. And if she was in doubt as to the language to be used, she would check back with seemingly stupid questions until she had ascertained what it would be. If she made a mistake, the censor merely cut the line.

The Foreign Press Club also offered the Fascist Press Ministry—whose pompous official title was the Ministry of Popular Culture—an opportunity to plant propaganda news, over the bar, on the foreign correspondents. It was often difficult to distinguish between a Fascist handout and genuine information.

On the other hand, once one learned how to utilize it, the Press Club became a valuable market place for news tips. We both used it to its utmost—not, however, without making a few blunders at first—and became so well acquainted with the different foreign correspondents and their individual and national prejudices that we could tell fairly accurately the value of a given piece of information. Actually, anti-Fascist news occupied most of the correspondents' gossip.

It was in the Stampa Estera, at 8.05 P. M., December 10, 1941, that we had the first definite indication that Mussolini would line up with Japan and declare war against the United States the following day.

It was reported that Mussolini would speak from the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia to the Roman Fascists—a rare occurrence that usually presaged an announcement of great importance. While the talk was going on, the Japanese correspondents sat at a table a few feet away, drinking *americanos* and pretending not to listen lest they hear Japan insulted.

An usher came up and said, "Signor Direttore Packard is wanted on the telephone." The *direttore* merely meant manager of the Rome Bureau of the United Press. When Reynolds came back, he announced:

"One of my staff has just informed me that the Ministry of Popular Culture has phoned to say that American correspondents cannot send any more cables or make any long-distance calls, and the same restrictions have been placed on all the other American correspondents in Rome."

We hastened to the office and telephoned the American Embassy. Chargé d'Affaires George Wadsworth was still hard at work at his desk at 8.15 P. M. "Looks as though the lid is going to blow off tomorrow," he said.

We burned all our files and documents dealing with the nonofficial news we obtained from secret sources, and, with the sense of tremendous events rushing toward us, hurried downstairs and had farewell drinks at the bar. The manner of the Germans had changed perceptibly in the hour that had passed. They accorded us cold courtesy. The Japanese giggled foolishly in the background.

We gathered up the companions with whom we had previously arranged to have dinner—John Goshie, an Embassy secretary, and Camille Cianfarra, New York Times correspondent—and went to one of our favorite restaurants in Rome. The headwaiter, who knew us, showed surprise as we entered. He led us to a corner alcove where we were hidden from the general view. General Cavallero, chief of the General Staff, came in, in mufti, with his wife. Despite the presence of this professional Black Shirt, four different Italians came over to shake hands with us and wish us luck. At the end of the meal the headwaiter came over and whispered, "Will you have a bottle of champagne on the house? A sort of farewell present to our American friends."

Goshie, as the diplomat, made Cianfarra and ourselves conscious that we were only newspapermen when he joked: "What is the difference between a diplomat and a foreign correspondent? The diplomat is sure to get home."

It was true. We might spend the entire war as prisoners in Italy. We spent part of the night burning letters from friendly anti-Fascists, for fear the house might be searched and incriminating evidence found against them.

At the office next morning many of the Italian staffers and office boys turned their heads away as they shook hands with us, embarrassed at the tears in their eyes. At 1 P. M. we locked up the office and went out. Thousands, many in Black Shirt uniforms, were walking down the middle of the Corso Umberto, on which all vehicular traffic had been suspended. Besides banners and standards, many of the Black Shirts carried obscene cartoons of President Roosevelt and our First Lady of the land. One of the more refined ones depicted Mrs. Roosevelt wearing a toilet seat for a necklace.

The Voice on the Balcony

THE balcony of the Palazzo Venezia was draped with Italian and Fascist flags and equipped with a microphone. Soon Mussolini popped out on the balcony. The paid Fascist claques let out a roar of "Duce! Duce! Duce!" The German ambassador to the Quirinal, Hans Georg von Mackensen, then appeared, towering above Mussolini. The tiny Japanese ambassador, Zembei Horikiri, followed.

The Duce made one of his briefest speeches. After each sentence he paused for the professional cheering. In front of each group of claques was a loud-speaker. Over the radio the sound must have been impressive; but we could see motionless hands and lips on all sides.

Il Duce roared: "The powers of the Steel Pact—Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany—participate in this war as from today on the side of the heroic Japanese against the United States. . . . I say to you that it is a privilege to fight with them. . . . The Tripartite Pact becomes a military alliance which draws around its colors two hundred and fifty million men. . . . Italians, once more arise and be worthy of this historic hour. We will win."

People started dispersing before the prearranged applause and shouts of "Duce!" had come to an end. We estimated that of those fifty thousand, at least forty thousand refrained from any show of approval—the first open protest against an act by the Duce that we had ever seen during our three years in Fascist Italy.

Already the kiosks were displaying newspapers with the banner line: DUCE DECLARES WAR AGAINST THE UNITED STATES. We turned automatically toward the office and accidentally bumped into Popoff from the Foreign Press Club.

"You have heard," he said in Italian instead of his usual English, "that the Italian police are arresting all the American correspondents. Reciprocity, of course, for the arrest of Italian correspondents in America."

"Grazie," we chorused, and dived into a taxicab. "To the American Embassy. Presto!"

When the cab came to a halt, we made a run for it, through the line of *carabinieri* in the same greenish-gray uniforms with steel helmets that they wore when they took over the patrolling of the streets of Addis Ababa, following Badoglio's triumphal entry. Only this time they were patrolling outside the United States Embassy in Rome.

The Duce Dreams of Empire

WE had been in Rome three years when Mussolini began to pave the way for a military thrust at Ethiopia, the first of his "conquests." By the summer of 1935 it was clear that war was inevitable, and news organizations prepared for war coverage. Webb Miller, our European boss, flew to Asmara, and Reynolds and Eleanor were sent to backstop from French Somaliland and cover the Red Sea.

We arrived at Djibouti three days after Italian troops had invaded Ethiopia. The town was so crowded that the first night we had to sleep in the back yard of the Continental Hotel on the folding cots we had brought with us. From what we saw, Mussolini had been extremely successful in the political manipulation of his campaign, and we were anxious to see how the military program was working out. This opportunity came to Reynolds when he was suddenly transferred to Asmara in November as a war correspondent with the Italian army. Eleanor was transferred to Cairo, though later she too was sent to Ethiopia. We made the trip from Djibouti to Massawa together. On our last evening before separating we walked down the main street of Massawa. As evidence of the inefficiency of the Italian supply services, we saw at least six smashed tanks that had been dropped while being unloaded. Bags of sugar and flour had been left uncovered on the docks and rained upon. Huge packages of spaghetti had spilled their contents.

Reynolds was to leave the airfield in the morning at nine o'clock. But the plane from Asmara landed an hour and a half overdue because there was no direct phone, cable, or wireless communication between the Asmara and Massawa airports. Each plane had to risk finding visibility on arrival.

"It is rather dangerous, flying up to Asmara," one official told Reynolds, "because it is a straight climb of more than three thousand meters. The pilots fly out to sea until they reach half of the altitude and then turn back toward Asmara."

When Reynolds arrived in Asmara, feeling as though he had just come off an aerial roller coaster, he was met by Webb Miller. In the ride into town Webb said: "If de Bono is not removed soon, the Italians, instead of taking Ethiopia, will lose Eritrea."

De Bono had been put in charge because he was a veteran Black Shirt and a personal friend of Il Duce. After six weeks of fighting he had not succeeded in penetrating into Ethiopia more than seventy-five miles at any point. Mussolini had to call an anti-Fascist, his worst enemy, to come out of military retirement and make order out of chaos—General Pietro Badoglio, who, at the time of the Black Shirt March on Rome, said to King Victor Emmanuel: "Give me a battalion of Royal Carabinieri and I will sweep away these Fascist upstarts. At the first shot fired, all Fascism will crumble." Badoglio was a great believer in military brain trusts, whereas de Bono had wanted to plan all the strategy himself. They told us that Badoglio had assigned twelve promising young officers to draft, individually and without consultation, twelve different plans for each of three battles.

"Badoglio studied all of them," one of the staff officers said, "and then sat down and drafted his own plans, selecting the best ideas of the lot. He is a master strategist himself, but he believes young officers have fresher ideas."

While Badoglio was reorganizing his army for a major offensive, political operations ordered by Mussolini were undertaken. These consisted mainly in the use, for the first time in modern warfare, of parachute fifth columnists. The most successful was a young Italian captain who was dropped in the Azabu Galla country with a bag of Menelik gold pieces, with which he bribed the native chieftains of this area to turn traitor. Their treachery cost the Negus' soldiers many thousands of lives after the battle of Amba Aradam.

The correspondents were taken to the Italian positions facing the saddle-shaped Amba Aradam two weeks before the battle started. Herbert Matthews, of the New York Times, and Reynolds went to Badoglio's main observation post the day after their arrival in camp, and saw through a giant telescope the Ethiopians preparing their pathetic defenses five miles away. The first time that an army in the field was ever fed on a large scale by transport planes was during the Italian advance on Dessye in April. Badoglio sent out trimotored Savoias laden with spaghetti, hay, flour, bread, casks of wine, and live goats. The hay, flour, and bread were dropped in burlap bags from the planes as they swooped down low, while the spaghetti, wine, and goats were lowered by parachute.

In the meantime Achille Starace, Secretary of the Fascist Party, headed a motorized column of five thousand picked troops, mainly Black Shirts, which was moving on Gondar and Lake Tana in western Ethiopia, within the sphere of British influence.

The Italian Army

THE correspondents accompanied the General Staff when it transferred from Enda Jesus to Dessye, and we saw the Italian army as it really was. The best quality of the soldiers was their ability to endure monotony and hardships. As we drove along precipices and across barren plains, we passed groups of soldiers chipping rocks. They looked like clowns with their red eyes and lips making holes in the dust masks over their faces. They acted like clowns, too, whenever they saw Eleanor.

"Una donna bianca," they would cry, and pretend to drop dead from surprise or else turn somersaults of delight, for they had not seen a white woman for many months. Whenever our car was held up by a traffic tangle, which it was every fifteen minutes, they would crowd around, offering her wine, hardtack, or souvenirs.

At one camp, which had not moved for three months, the soldiers and even officers had become as indifferent to flies as the Ethiopians. They were horrible, slow-moving flies that fastened onto the eyes and mouth, and had to be brushed off by hand. The Italians didn't even bother to do that. There was no mosquito netting for the soldiers. Only a few of the officers had brought along their own. The colonel in charge caused Eleanor to break out laughing when he said: "There were not many flies when we first got here. They get worse all the time."

The reason for her laugh was that it was so evident they had not done anything about sanitation. But the Italians took it all with songs.

Following the destruction of the Negus' northern armies, Badoglio decided to make a dash for Addis Ababa. He led the procession himself, followed by six other staff cars and a half dozen other automobiles containing journalists, including Reynolds and Eleanor. We could see, on near-by mountaintops, the campfires of all that was left of the Negus' northern army. If five hundred of them had banded together and made a surprise attack, Badoglio and everybody else would have been wiped out. Badoglio on May 5 marched into Addis Ababa.

"Badoglio was determined to get here before his rival, Graziani," a major told us.

General Graziani also had been racing toward Addis. After three nights there in tents, we were given rooms in the Imperial Hotel. A number of Black Shirt politicians, including Ciano, were also lodged there. They had come by airplane. Ciano, whom we had met on several occasions, had the room next to ours. Hearing the tinkle of ice against glasses one evening, he came in and joined us for a drink. He was bubbling over with enthusiasm.

"England is through," he said, "or she would have taken a stronger stand against us. We have not only won this campaign; we are ready for the future. We have the only experienced army in Europe as a result of our Ethiopian training."

Back in Rome, Mussolini came out on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia and announced that the second Roman Empire had been created, fifteen centuries after the fall of the ancient Roman Empire. On the radio we heard the Duce say: "It is an empire of peace because Italy wants peace for herself and for every one." But scarcely had the reconstruction work in Ethiopia started before Mussolini found an opportunity to send his Black Shirts into battle once again.

Next Stop—Spain

ON July 14, 1936, an English cabin plane landed at the airfield at Santa Cruz de la Palma, one of the Canary Islands. Two pretty young girls descended, followed by a soldierly-looking middle-aged man who immediately pulled out a pipe and lighted up. An English pilot climbed out of the cockpit and joined them.

Their passports, which were perfectly in order, showed that their itinerary had been: Croydon, from where they took off on July 11, Biarritz, Oporto, Lisbon, Casablanca, and Cape Juby, in the Spanish colony of Rio de Oro. They registered at the hotel as Major Hugh Pollard, retired army officer, his daughter, Diana Pollard, and Miss Dorothy Watson. The pilot gave his name as Captain Cecil Bebb. The following morning the three took a steamer to Santa Cruz de Tenerife, across the bay. There they stopped at the house of a lawyer. When he joined them, the major, speaking Spanish with a British accent, said:

"Viva la muerte."

The lawyer turned pale. "What did you say?"

"Long live death," the major replied in English. He insisted that the phrase was a password. The Spaniard, distrustful, told him to return within an hour, when a friend of his who might be able to establish contact would be present. At that meeting the major finally convinced the two that he was the envoy General Francisco Franco had been expecting. They advised him to return to his hotel at Santa Cruz de la Palma and await developments. In the middle of the next night the second Spaniard woke the major. He admitted that he was General Franco's aide-de-camp, wanted Pollard to arrange for immediate departure of his plane. The major called the pilot, and the three scrambled into a closed Cadillac. A short, chubby man and a rather tall, distinguished-looking woman were already in the car. They exchanged greetings in Spanish, and the car moved off. The woman was tearful and constantly called upon the Virgin Mary to protect her husband.

At the airfield the major was surprised at the ease with which Captain Bebb, who had been told nothing of the plot, obtained permission to leave in the private plane with Franco and his aide-de-camp. The major and Franco's wife remained behind.

Later that day Captain Bebb arrived at Casablanca, in French Morocco, some seven hundred miles away, where his two passengers hurried to a small hotel. They were greeted in a back room by a group of Spaniards, who saluted their leader with great deference. They included the Marquis Pepe del Mérito, the Spanish sherry producer, who, along with Juan de la Cierva, the inventor of the autogiro, had bought the plane and financed the Pollard expedition, and Luis Bolin, London correspondent of the Madrid newspaper ABC, who as a personal friend had prevailed on Pollard to make the trip.

The revolution started at dawn in Spanish Morocco, July 17, 1936. After a sleepless night, Franco took off the following morning for Ceuta, not knowing whether he would be shot as a traitor or acclaimed as a leader upon his arrival. He was acclaimed as a leader. Early that same morning Mussolini was in communication with an airfield in southern Italy. He gave the order, and within twenty minutes the first dozen Savoia transport planes began taking off for Ceuta and by nightfall they had carried several hundred of the crack Legionaries and Moors in Spanish Morocco to Cadiz and Seville. We confirmed while we were in Italy that during the day of July 18 Ciano, who by then had become Foreign Minister, was in constant conference with Il Duce. Italian participation in the Franco revolt was a Ciano brain child which Mussolini immediately took unto himself.

Eleanor and Reynolds now got orders to try to get into rebel Spain, and succeeded. Reynolds went to Salamanca in the early winter of 1936 to try to interview Franco. Luis Bolin, who was in charge of the press, told Reynolds to write out a list of questions. Reynolds did so immediately. Half of the questions were thrown out and the others, answered by one of the staff officers, were finally returned, initialed by Franco. Reynolds was then permitted, after being searched for weapons, to see the rebel chief in his private office for two minutes, but was not allowed to ask any questions. Franco was more closely guarded than either Mussolini or Hitler. He was a small, paunchy man with a rather sweet smile that lightened up an otherwise drab but aristocratic face. His gray hair was sparse but wispy. His general's red sash appeared on the point of slipping off his waist and falling to the floor. He seemed nervous and bashful.

Reynolds met also Miguel de Unamuno, the greatest of modern Spanish philosophers. This was at the time that every one in Franco Spain was wearing a button to show that he belonged to one of the half dozen Rightist parties or groups. Unamuno had stuck into his buttonhole a piece of tinfoil molded into a bird's head.

"It is my own party. I founded it myself," he explained. "I am the only member of it, and if anybody else joins I shall resign."

At least half of the Rebel forces were Italians. They were next used in the Guadalajara offensive, which ended badly for them. Nothing more was seen or heard of Italian troops for a while, but meantime the Germans were lending a hand. The Germans and the Italians all this time had little personal or social contact. We had the impression that the Spaniards were much more friendly and got along much better in every way with the Germans than they did with the Italians. It was quite obvious that the Germans had been carefully instructed on how to behave in Spain, and, contrary to their Teutonic character, remained very much in the background.

Both Mussolini and Hitler often changed the personnel of their aviation corps in Spain so that the maximum number of their pilots could get training under real war conditions. Franco succeeded in winning the war with the aid of Axis men and matériel. Both Italy and Germany were charging merely secondhand prices for the matériel, but the real payment was to be made in the future: Spain was to aid the Axis in the war to come. Actually, Franco proved a tougher bargainer than either Mussolini or Hitler.

Is France Too Strong?

ANOTHER phase of the Fascist imperialist program had been initiated November 30, 1938, more than two months after the Munich "appeasement" conference. Mussolini convened the Italian Chamber of Deputies for the ostensible purpose of permitting Foreign Minister Ciano to inform its meek members what Italy's foreign policy had been during the Czech crisis. Ciano revealed the extent of Italy's secret mobilization on September 27, and assured the dummy Chamber of what every one already knew: that the Duce thoroughly endorsed both Hitler's annexation of Austria and his policy in Czechoslovakia.

Suddenly, as he droned through his typewritten sheets, he looked up, raised his voice—perhaps as a signal—and said:

"Italy will pursue the consolidation of peace with tenacity and realism, not unmingled with that circumspection which is indispensable if we wish to safeguard with inflexible resolution the interests and natural aspirations of the Italian people."

Certain members of the Chamber who had been instructed what to do leaped to their feet and shouted: "Tunisia! Tunisia! Tunisia!" The hand-picked Black Shirts in the spectators' gallery added shouts for "Nizza" and "Savoia." One deputy leaped to his feet and, pretending indignation that the Foreign Minister's speech had been interrupted, waved his hands and cried, *"Per cortesia! Per cortesia!"* (Please! Please!) In the confusion the audience in the spectators' gallery misunderstood *cortesia* for "Corsica" and willingly added shouts for this additional piece of French territory to their demands.

Word got around that the demonstration had been led by Achille Starace, Secretary General of the Fascist Party, and Roberto Farinacci, ex-Secretary General and, after Mussolini and Balbo, the third most influential leader in the party. Rioting broke out in Tunisia. Mussolini realized that an alliance with Spain and economic concessions were about all the profit he was going to get out of the Spanish war. He had two successful enterprises under his belt now, Ethiopia and Spain, and the ease with which he had engineered them was making him bold—bold enough to tackle France. Not that Mussolini had any idea of going to war with France. Not yet, anyway. There was a great deal of diplomatic groundwork to be done first.

On the evening of the day of the Tunis demonstrations we received orders to fly there the next morning. The only Italian we knew on the trip was Gino Tomaselli, roving correspondent for the important Milan Corriere della Sera. He said that he was going to write a series of articles on how the French were mistreating the Italians. Eleanor told him that he seemed to have a pretty good idea of what he was going to write in advance. He laughed and said, "Yes, but I need a Tunis date line."

During the next few days we soon became aware of how highly organized the Fascists in Tunisia were, and as time went on we could see the anomalous position of the Italians. Virtually all of them retained their citizenship but worked for French employers.

We had no trouble whatsoever in obtaining permission to visit France's "Tunisian Maginot Line," its "Tunisian Gibraltar." One colonel told us he was quite sure the Italians had already documented themselves very thoroughly about it. The Line was located between the Libyan frontier and Médenine and consisted mostly of elaborate underground works where whole battalions could hide. There were tank traps and miles of barbed wire, intended specifically to halt cavalry and camel corps which Mussolini had stationed just on the other side of the border. Every oasis was a fortress in itself, complete with machine-gun nests, concrete redoubts, subterranean air-raid shelters, and still more barbed-wire entanglements.

The only place we encountered real secrecy was at Bizerte, where we were shown only part of that important naval base. Bizerte could always be a threat to the Italian supply line to Mussolini's empire in East Africa. It had drydocks, machine and repair shops, underground cisterns for fuel, blown out of the rock and safe against naval or aerial bombardments, coaling facilities, arsenals, barracks, and a hospital, all protected by vast fortifications. It was large enough to hold all the fleets of continental Europe.

By the time we got back to Tunis after our four-day trip we found that the French had put an end to demonstrations. And in January Daladier made a tour of Tunisia. Speaking to French officials and Arab leaders, he said: "France has the power to guarantee your security. . . . Her power is invincible."

The Duce's War of Nerves

On January 8 Chamberlain visited Rome and had several days of conference with Mussolini. The latter undoubtedly saw the visit as a faint tendency on the part of the British to show sympathy toward Italian revindications on France, and he was anxious to develop that tendency diplomatically while at the same time keeping Italian aspirations in the news. One of his tricks was to make vague references to them on unimportant occasions later.

"I have just learned that, according to a French prelate, the Vatican is supposed to have advised France to stand firm," he said once. "I am absolutely convinced that this is utter nonsense. To stand firm is an excellent expression, but what will happen tomorrow if the man is found—as he certainly will be—to tell the Italians they must stand even firmer?"

Virtually every dispatch that went out of Rome that night regarding the speech explained that it must refer to Italian claims on Tunisia. And once again Mussolini had his cause headlined throughout the world.

Carrying out his war of nerves, Mussolini sent Marshal Badoglio, Chief of the General Staff, to Libya on February 20. Foreign correspondents were privately tipped by authoritative quarters that the Italian garrison there had been more than doubled. Ciano went to Warsaw, where, the correspondents were given to understand, he put out feelers as to the scope and solidity of the French-Polish alliance and sounded out what the Polish attitude would be in the event of an Italo-French war in the Mediterranean. Fascist diplomacy to intimidate France. A month later Mussolini thundered that Italy certainly would refuse to make any contribution to European appeasement until her "sacred rights" were recognized. Meanwhile she would arm even to the point of "wiping out all that is called civil life." The international applause for the speech was led by Hitler. Even London and Moscow were not too critical. The French press admitted that the speech was less peremptory than had been expected.

So Mussolini carefully prepared world opinion for trouble between France and Italy over Tunisia. And then his fine Italian hand struck out—and caught the chancelleries of Europe unprepared. For the blow was not struck, as expected, against France, but against Albania.

Eleanor went to Albania and stayed through the fighting. When Tirana fell and the vanguard of the Italian troops roared into the main square, she noted that a few Albanians feebly cheered, but the great mass watched in sullen silence. An hour later Count Ciano arrived at the airfield, his face beaming, a trench cap perched jauntily on the side of his head, a swagger stick in his hand, wearing a natty Black Shirt uniform. He greeted with an air of great condescension the group of Albanian Quislings who had come to welcome him. At the Italian Legation, where he held a reception, Eleanor had a few moments' private conversation with him. He talked as if Italy had done the Albanians a great favor by coming over and invading their country.

The Greeks had been extremely apprehensive that the Black Shirt troops would not stop at the Albano-Greek frontier. But the Italian chargé d'affaires in Athens, three days after the invasion, assured the Greek Premier, General Metaxas, he had nothing to worry about. A summary of the Italian note on the subject was published in Greek papers. It was the Mussolini way of preparing for the invasion of Greece eighteen months later.

The brief Albanian struggle ended early in June. In August Eleanor and Reynolds were moved to Rome, because the U. P. manager there had been expelled from Italy for sending home a report that Mussolini was sick.

"There are three sacrosanct rules here," the London Times man told us when we arrived. "And if you break any one of them, out you go. You never write anything that hints the lira isn't sound. You never write anything that might cast doubts upon the valor of the Italian army. And certainly, at no time, do you dare hint that the Duck is not a Gibraltar of good health."

Mussolini had ordered the U. P. office closed; but a few days after Ciano returned from Salzburg, where he conferred with Ribbentrop and Hitler about the impending Russo-German Pact, it was reopened and U. P. cables started to flow once again from Rome.

Ciano had arrived at Salzburg with orders from Il Duce to concede far less during the negotiations than Hitler wanted. Hitler flew into one of his hysterical rages in which he screamed, banged fists on the table, and threw things. Ciano was said not to have had even a chance to explain the Italian point of view.

Refusing to heed Mussolini for the first time since the formation of the Axis, Hitler went ahead with his plans to invade Poland, and announced the first preliminary steps —the signing of the Russo-German Pact. If there had been one idea that Mussolini had succeeded in selling to his country, it was that Communist Russia stood for all the evils, especially social, in Europe. Now Italy's ally, Germany, had lined itself up with Italy's bugaboo. Nevertheless Mussolini, possibly even against his own wishes, tried to make the Moscow-Berlin alliance popular. At the same time he started calling more men to the colors. It was a bluff aimed to restrain England and France.

The day after Poland was invaded we could see that the great mass of Italian people were worried. The elevator boy, the desk clerks, the doorman, and even the taxicab driver all bombarded us with the same question: "Do you think Italy will get into the war?" The morning papers in Rome hadn't carried a word about the invasion of Poland, but the Rome radio had announced it in its early broadcast and the news had spread by word of mouth. A Rome communiqué was published in the afternoon papers. It said: "The Council of Ministers . . . announces to the people that Italy will take no initiative whatever toward military operations."

Immediately in the cafés and shops the people were joking and laughing once again. Italian shipping was resumed, and both diplomats and newspapermen were agreed that Italy would not allow itself to become involved in war as long as its crack ships were liable to capture by the British. Reports were current in Rome during September and October that Mussolini had even accepted orders for war supplies from the British, including forty thousand pairs of army boots and many thousands of woolen army shirts and blankets for which the raw materials were to be supplied by the British themselves.

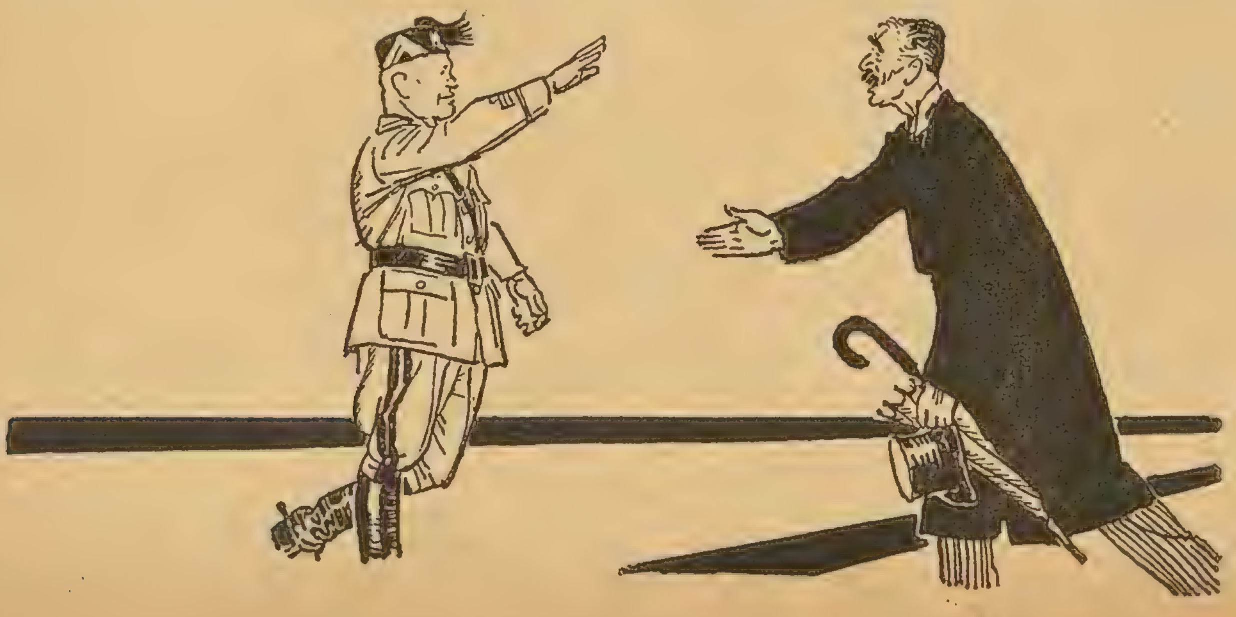
Duce Double-Deals

THIS was a period in which Mussolini undoubtedly attained his greatest height as a master of duplicity. On the basis of the printed word in Italy, the Rome-Berlin Axis was still as firm as ever. But, under cover, Mussolini definitely took in the English. On one occasion, when the British ambassador, Sir Percy Loraine, called at the Chigi Palace and complained about the bitter editorials against England written by Gayda and Ansaldo, Ciano said to him, with tears welling in his eyes, "But, my dear Sir Percy, you must surely realize that these editorials are merely the cover under which it is possible for us to work out better and more friendly relations with England. I give you my word of honor that Italy could never go to war against its dear friend Britain, whose ally we were in the last war."

Sir Noel Charles, Counselor to the British Embassy, was one of the best golf players in Rome, and he and Ciano would frequently make up a twosome. The German correspondents pretended to be upset by this social friendliness on the links. Their show of anxiety was immediately reported to both the British and American Embassies by the Anglo-American correspondents, thus strengthening the impression that there was a possibility of splitting the Axis, even though then many of us were suspicious of all this diplomatic byplay.

Sir Percy Loraine became worried that publicity being given in the American press to his visits to the Chigi Palace might hamper the work of Italo-British *rapprochement*. He called upon Ambassador Phillips to persuade the American correspondents to omit these meetings from their news dispatches. When the ambassador presented this view, we correspondents interrupted each other in our efforts to explain to him that American journalism, when the United States was not at war, was based entirely on the principle of freedom of the press. He was told that the greatness of American journalism rested on the fact that it had never become an instrument of diplomacy except in wartime.

During this period of pretended Italian-British *rapprochement*, when the British were lured into a state of



hopefulness, Ciano persuaded the British to change the practice of stopping ships bound for Italy at Gibraltar and instead to let British blockade officials examine cargoes at Genoa and Naples. Thus contraband could be stored at these Italian ports, and ships no longer lose days waiting to be examined at Gibraltar.

The result was that when war was declared, merchandise which should have been stored in Gibraltar packed the warehouses of Genoa and Naples—and was immediately taken over by the Italians and sent to the front and to war factories.

In the first week of March, 1940, the British contraband control halted thirteen Italian ships carrying German coal from Rotterdam to Italy. When news of it reached Berlin, German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop immediately jumped on the Rome Express. Before he arrived, however, the British had released the ships. But Mussolini felt that he had been personally insulted and made to look ridiculous, and this he could never forgive. The British in Rome laughed about the way they had spiked Ribbentrop's plans. Actually, he and Ciano came to a secret agreement whereby Italy was to import twelve million tons of coal yearly from Germany to be shipped by train.

Italy Prepares to Fight

LESS than a week later Mussolini went to Brenner Pass to meet Hitler, and American Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles arrived in Rome. Correctly sensing the historic importance of the meeting, Welles loitered in Rome and allowed unofficial hints to be conveyed to the Chigi Palace that he would like another interview with Mussolini, or at least with Ciano, in order to learn something about the Brenner conversations. His hints were ignored, however. Eleanor managed to get hold of a copy of the Press Ministry's secret instructions to the Italian newspapers concerning the recent events. The great importance of the Brenner meeting was to be played up, the firmness and fidelity of Italo-German friendship emphasized, and reference to Welles and his mission omitted.

As the German armies smashed through to victory after victory in Norway, and German coal trains began rolling down the Brenner Pass, the general Fascist atmosphere changed. Anti-British and anti-French posters began to appear, first in the provinces, then in the outskirts of Rome, finally in the center of the capital itself.

One night toward the end of May we went for an after-supper round of Strega with Maxwell Macartney of the London Times, Scott Watson of the London Daily Herald, and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Wall of the British Institute. As we turned down the Via Condotti, we noticed two particularly nasty anti-British posters. Mrs. Wall said: "I think we should remove these offensive atrocities. They just aren't aesthetic." She proceeded to scratch at one of them. Eleanor started tearing down the other. Out of the dark a stocky Italian wearing the Fascist badge came running toward us. He pulled Mrs. Wall and Eleanor away from the posters.

Reynolds grabbed him by the lapel. He broke away and swung, knocking Reynolds down with a blow to the chin. Reynolds staggered to his feet and knocked down his assailant. Two more Italians jumped on Reynolds, bowling him over. Eléanor joined in the fray, kicking the Fascist. Her intervention was so effective that they released Reynolds long enough to knock her down. Gendarmes then magically appeared and took us all into custody.

The night prefect merely took the documentation of the men involved in the fracas and dismissed the case. It was obvious that the police had received their orders. Mussolini did not want any international incidents to speed up the effects of his poster campaign.

When students burned the British flag in front of the British Embassy, the newly appointed British Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, wrote a personal letter to Mussolini in which he urged peace between the two countries. But Mussolini had already turned his eyes toward another vision—a false mirage wherein he thought he saw a second Roman Empire truly great and powerful. He speeded up his campaign to prepare Italian sentiment for a climax—his declaration of war against England and France.

On the day this was made, one hundred thousand people squeezed themselves into Venice Square and adjacent streets. When Mussolini bounced up like a jack-in-the-box on the balcony, he was greeted with probably the greatest applause he had ever received since he announced the end of the Ethiopian War. It looked as though he was making a "smart move." The Italians thought France was already beaten and England left in a hopeless position.

Too Late for Conquest

ONE of the great mysteries of the war will be why the Italians did not from the very beginning start an attack. With the French armies in the north of France collapsing everywhere, the French soldiers on the Italian frontier were without reserves and undoubtedly becoming demoralized at the way the Germans were advancing. Probably typical Italian mismanagement. At any rate, the Italians missed the bus, because when their large-scale offensive finally started there only remained four days before the signing of the French armistice in which to penetrate French territory. Even then, their small gain cost them proportionately terrific losses. They were just beginning to move when they were called to a halt. The French had such a momentum of hate that they continued fighting for several hours after the armistice was supposed to go into effect.

As soon as the French Commission had signed the armistice with Germany, the Nazis lent them a plane to fly to Italy. The German armistice was not to operate until the Italian one was signed, and meanwhile the advancing German troops were eating up mile after mile of French territory. When the Commission stepped wearily out of the plane, the set of their shoulders was almost defiant, as if they expected and were prepared for slights and sneers. The Italian reception committee were courteous enough, but their respective ranks were a snub. The highest ranking officer was an army captain.

We all wondered why the Duce had been content to ask such comparatively lenient terms as he did, and came to the conclusion that Hitler had made some observations about people who came in at the last minute not deserving to get more than the Germans, who had done all the conquering. Only later did we realize that the Nazis were already thinking of obtaining France's aid and support in the war against England and so were willing to sacrifice the Italian claims in an effort to conciliate the French.

During the first three months of Italy's participation in the war the English in Rome were mostly unmolested by the Italian police. But when Mussolini saw, toward the middle of September, that England was going to fight on, he launched a campaign to round them up. Several thousand were eventually placed in concentration camps or tiny villages. Reynolds got a pass to visit the one at Parma. Returning to Rome, he found himself alone in the compartment with a distinguished, Junoesque lady who talked about the recent arrest of Prince Torlonia and Prince Doria, accused of anti-Fascist sentiment. Prince Torlonia was released shortly afterward.

"I am the mother of Prince Torlonia," she told Reynolds. "I know that he was only arrested because servants whom he had upbraided for stealing my jewelry denounced him. I am returning to Rome now to take up this matter with Mussolini."

She said that although she was a member of the Fascist Party, she was determined to leave Italy and return to her home in America, "if only to die there," as she felt Italy, since Mussolini's ambitions for empire had taken control of him, was no longer the same. Princess Torlonia, née Elsie Moore, did return to America and died a few days before Mussolini declared war on the United States.

Meanwhile the far-reaching effects of the French collapse were beginning to be felt throughout Europe. A week before the armistice the Russians took over Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia, and the ink was scarcely dry on the armistice signatures before they were demanding the transfer of Bessarabia and Bukovina. As a matter of policy, following the Russo-German Pact, the Nazis urged Carol to yield to the Soviet ultimatum, but the Germans were privately worried about Bolshevik expansionism, and when Mussolini urged upon Hitler the undesirability of a Russian domination of the Balkans, he found a sympathetic listener. The Führer was concentrating on England, whom he still hoped to conquer that year. At the same time he wanted to spike Russian ambitions.

Il Duce Struts

WITH all the Rome correspondents fed up with writing stories about the Balkans which the foreign news editors in New York were relegating to the real-estate sections of the newspapers, we welcomed the announcement at the daily press conference that Mussolini would receive the heads of bureaus the next morning at 7 A. M. at the Villa Torlonia, an armed citadel in the heart of Rome. There we were led to a good-sized paddock and lined up in groups, the Germans, Japanese, Hungarians, and other Europeans being given positions closer to the riding range than the Americans. Most of the plainclothes men formed a semicircle around the American group.

We waited for ten minutes, and then out galloped the Duce on a finely trained chestnut mare, a Hanoverian cavalry horse, a gift from Hitler. Bare-armed, Mussolini wore a white cotton singlet, a white Fascist cap, and the gray militia breeches tucked into carefully polished boots. He was followed by his riding master and fencing instructor, Camillo Ridolfi, and two grooms. After making the Fascist salute, he proceeded to gallop around the paddock with the two grooms. Ridolfi looked on from his horse. As soon as he had warmed up, the Duce began to take the various jumps—brush jumps, fences, and hurdles. Altogether, he cleared the bars eighteen times. The two grooms, twenty yards behind, carefully knocked down three of the highest hurdles, which, of course, the Duce had cleared without difficulty. The Duce was always good by contrast.

Sweating and smiling, the Duce rode over to the German group and said: *"Bin Ich muede? Bin Ich krank? Schwach?"*

"Nein, nein," chorused the German correspondents.

Now that Italy was at war, more than ever did he want people to believe that he was not sick, tired, or weak.

Then everybody's name was called off alphabetically by groups. The Duce gave the Fascist salute to each, which was smartly returned. When he came to the American group, each one of us salved his conscience by raising a droopy arm. The Duce then rode off, and we were escorted to a long table, set in picnic style, in another part of the grove. Ridolfi, who was having a drink at the table, was immediately surrounded by the American correspondents.

"I have been with Il Duce as his equerry and fencing instructor for more than twenty years," Ridolfi told us. "He never drinks coffee nor anything stronger than orange juice. He is a vegetarian and eats very little. I have never known him for years now to eat any meat."

That afternoon, as we were being conducted to the old jousting field which had been converted into an excellent tennis court, Eleanor, Reynolds, and Allen Raymond saw Mussolini slip out of the back door of the villa and bicycle through a sylvan patch toward the tennis court, only three hundred yards away. We were not supposed to see him. Five minutes later we arrived by a more roundabout way at the tennis court. The game was in full progress, and the umpire, Press Minister Pavolini, insisted the Duce had been playing for more than half an hour.

The dictator, in polo shirt and shorts which revealed the scar of the wound received during World War I, was playing doubles. He was serving underhand like a novice, and he walked at least two steps beyond the base line to serve. Even so, the two who were playing against him —Rome's leading professional tennis player and a member of Italy's national soccer team—had difficulty in returning his soap-bubble serves; and whenever the ball returned, it floated slowly up so that a lame man with a broken arm could have hit it. Il Duce lobbed, smashed, and smiled. His partner, Lucio Savorgnan, former university champion, covered three quarters of the court.

After five games Mussolini stopped playing and received from the Fascist Black Shirts in the gallery fawning congratulations.

"Thanks," he responded. "I am proud to have won."

We gasped, for we knew he had played five games only, three of which he lost despite the efforts of his opponents to force victory upon him. Pavolini announced that the official score was 7-5.

If Mussolini could not afford to lose even a tennis game for fear of suffering loss of prestige, it was evident to what ends he was going in World War II to keep the Italians from learning how much he was losing.

Debacle in Greece

ON September 27, 1940, the day that the Tripartite Pact was signed in Berlin, Guido Rocco, head of the foreign press, held a full-dress press conference, attended for the first time by the full quota of the Japanese correspondents. The little Nipponese devils as a rule sent pretty Italian stenographers, who took shorthand notes of all that was said. Rocco pompously explained that the pact provided for Japanese recognition of the leadership of Italy and Germany in the establishment of a new order in Europe, while the Axis gave similar recognition to Japan's position in the future Asiatic set-up.

"Italy doesn't like the Japs any better than you do," one Foreign Office official told Eleanor, "but we don't want the United States butting in over here. After all, great as your country is, you will think twice about fighting a war both in Asia and Europe at the same time."

Mussolini now took the attitude that the United States would keep out of the war in Europe, and began to prepare for an annexation of Greece. In October he sent his ultimatum, which Greece rejected. It was not to expire until 5.30 A. M., two and one half hours after presented, but actually the Italian troops started crossing the Greek border at 5 A. M.

All the American correspondents now began receiving instructions from New York to proceed to the Greco-Albanian front. But how to get there? The Italians were not issuing passes for Albania. Eleanor suddenly remembered that Reynolds still had an old Albanian *lasciapassare* signed by Ciano that would have been good for another three weeks if all such passes had not been automatically canceled. Doctored up, it got Reynolds in, and finally up to the front. He was the only non-Italian correspondent there.

On his first day in Greek territory he heard the Italian correspondents being instructed by their propaganda official to write that the populace of every Greek town through which the Italians passed had stayed behind and greeted the soldiers with flowers, bread, and wine; and he watched them type out such falsehoods.

The trip showed that the Italians had launched an attack without adequate preparation. The entire advance had been stopped by a bit of artillery fire and a few machine guns. There could not have been more than thirty thousand Italian troops on the Greek front.

The Greek invasion was a Ciano idea. The Greeks, he told the Duce, could be bought as easily as street peddlers. The Italian Minister in Athens agreed that a lot of money and few troops would be sufficient for an Italian parade into Athens. Members of the Chigi Palace told Eleanor that Greek government leaders had accepted the bribe but didn't carry out the bargain. One Foreign Office official said: "The Greeks accepted many millions of lire and then used the money to fight us."

When Reynolds' dispatches appeared in the New York papers, the other American correspondents protested that they were being discriminated against. But their protests were nothing compared to those of the German correspondents, and Reynolds was expelled from Albania and Greece on Foreign Office orders.

"That's all very well," Reynolds said, "but how do I leave? On foot?"

"That's your problem," he was told.

Reynolds then proceeded not to find any means of transportation until a Foreign Office order came saying,

"Get Packard back to Rome tomorrow. This is imperative."

A special car then took him to Tirana, where a place on the daily airplane was found for him by canceling the reservation of a Black Shirt general. The Italians couldn't afford to offend the Germans.

Reynolds arrived home at breakfast time to find coffee being served instead of tea. Eleanor explained that their cook, Francesca, counted among her admirers the Italian chef at the ex-Yugoslav Legation.

"It's a shame, the position those poor Yugoslavs are in," Francesca said, bringing in two cups of coffee. She wouldn't trust them to the maid. "They were to be exchanged for the Italian diplomats in Belgrade, but, *Madonna mia,* the war ended so quickly that the exchange as never made, and now they have no place to go. They e interned in their Legation with a police guard outle. They cannot buy any more food in the markets bese they cannot get their money out of the bank. So y decided to sell their coffee to foreigners, and I was le to buy some for *la signora.*"

The truth then came out. Eleanor had bought twenty unds of coffee at twelve dollars a pound. Reynolds sped. But Eleanor explained that, besides helping out r friends the Yugoslavs, we had actually made a good estment. The price on the Italian black bourse for ffee was fourteen dollars a pound, if it could be found. Coffee had not been sold in stores since the beginning of 1940, and our own carefully hoarded supply had given out more than a month before.

It was significant that the Duce made no speech about the Greek invasion until three weeks after it had started. It was the strongest tangible evidence that the Fascists had tried to bribe the Greeks and believed that they had succeeded. Somebody's political head had to fall. Logically, it should have been Ciano's. But the Duce was still fond of his son-in-law, and it was a good opportunity to get rid of one whose disapproval of the Duce's military adventures and general hostility to Fascism had long been an irritation to Mussolini. Consequently, on December 6 it was announced that Marshal Pietro Badoglio, Chief of the General Staff, had resigned "at his own request," and Farinacci, powerful Fascist political boss of Cremona, printed an attack on Badoglio in his newspaper.

Next day New York Times correspondent Cianfarra burst into our office and exclaimed: "Gee whiz, do you know the lid's likely to blow off any moment? The professional army is furious, and they say they're ready to revolt if Badoglio will lead them. It's touch and go whether Mussolini can pull through this."

But by going into retirement and refraining from any public declaration, Badoglio prevented the breach from widening into an armed clash.

Once the Greek advance had been halted, the Fascists turned the Albanian battlefield into a Roman circus. Nine Cabinet ministers, including Ciano, left their desks in Rome to fight in the Greek war. It was part of the histrionics of Fascism. Most of them commuted back and forth like suburbanites between their offices in Rome and the Greek front.

As soon as the Greek war ended, having been won almost entirely by the Germans, the Press Ministry hastily organized a conducted tour aimed at showing foreign correspondents how hard and well the Italian soldiers had fought. On it Reynolds learned that there had been a race between Italians and Germans to occupy sectors of territory. One of the Italian generals said he had received instructions to reach a certain bridgehead before the Germans got there, at no matter what cost in life. While the main body of his soldiers engaged the main body of the Greeks in that sector, he sent a flying column to fight its way through a more distant mountain pass that also led to the bridgehead. The column barely got there and was still fighting when the Germans arrived.

"But the Italian flag was up on the bridge first," he said grimly. "This mad rush, however, cost us at least two thousand casualties."

By the first of the year 1941 the Italians found themselves ringed around with powerful enemy forces, and the British started taking back not only what they had lost but the rest of Italian-occupied East Africa as well. Ironically enough, the Italian colonies were doomed all the more quickly because of the splendid military roads that the Italians had built during their five years' sovereignty over Ethiopia. The British motorized corps rolled along these roads, and the Italian troops, short on gasoline as well as war materials by then, were quickly beaten in sector after sector.

During the battle for Crete the Italian navy tried out one of its favorite naval stunts with a weapon conceived by the Japanese, perfected by themselves, and never adopted by any other nation—man-piloted torpedoes, known as "grasshoppers." These huge torpedoes carried a tiny boat holding two men. Under cover of darkness, destroyers transported these units to within two or three miles of Suda Bay, the closest they could get without the British noticing them. Here the torpedoes were lowered into the water and the pilots set their outboard motors going and muffled them down. At the entrance to the harbor the motors were opened with a roar and set at full speed, so that the torpedoes, their noses sticking out of the water, were able to hop over torpedo nets and booms. The pilots, within four or five hundred yards of British ships, pointed their torpedoes at the objectives, set the torpedoes' own motors going, and, detaching their tiny boats, tried to escape.

These torpedoes had been used once at Malta, where they did no damage, and once at Gibraltar, where they only succeeded in reaching the outer harbor and sinking three small freighters. But in the less fortified Suda Bay they proved extremely successful.

The Fruitless Spoils

ON the anniversary of Italy's entry into the war, June 10, 1941, the Duce made another speech, in which he announced that Germany was turning over the occupation of Greece to Italy, stating that "Greece remains in the Italian sphere of influence in the Mediterranean." What he did not add was that the Nazis, like a swarm of locusts, had gone through Greece, requisitioning every single bit of foodstuff they could find. When winter arrived, the rassed Italian occupation authorities were at their wits' d. Deaths from starvation during the worst of the win- r reached 500 daily in Athens alone. It would have en a great deal higher except for the work of the Inter- ational Red Cross, financed with $10,000,000 raised in the nited States for Greek relief.

When any one died, the rest of the family would carry he body far from the home neighborhood and leave it in he street, keeping the extra bread card which would therwise be taken away by the Italian authorities.

"Every day government wagons go around and gather the bodies lying in the streets," a welfare worker told leanor. "Those that dropped in the street from hunger ut are still breathing are left in the morgue till they die. hat little food there is must be given to those who have real chance for survival. In the poorest parts of the own the driver of the public death wagon knocks on the doors and asks if there are any bodies the residents want dragged out, because the still living are so feeble from starvation that they cannot carry the bodies out themselves.

"Most of the Italians are kindhearted and hate to see uch suffering," he continued. "The officials do what hey can, though there is little to do anything with. But it is not at all an uncommon sight to see an ordinary Italian soldier surreptitiously giving some of his army ation to some hungry Greek child. They are strictly orbidden to do so by their officers, as their ration is supposed to be just sufficient for themselves."

When Germany and Italy declared war on Russia, the Italian reaction was less boisterous than the German, but was favorable. Here at last was a war that made sense to the mass of Italian people. Nineteen years of propaganda against Communism, plus three years of undeclared combat against Russian forces in Spain, had had their effect. Besides, many Italians remembered with aversion the brief period between the end of World War I and the establishment of the Fascist regime, when the Communists had made their bid for power in Italy by using strikes, street riots, and similar devices in their attempts to establish a Soviet state in Italy.

Mussolini's first speech in connection with that war was made on his birthday, July 29. The Italian public was not aware that Il Duce had attained the age of fifty-eight, because years before he had ordered the Fascist press never to mention his birthdays. He did not want to remind the Italians that he grew older the same as other mortals.

"For twenty years the people of Europe have been agitated by this alternative, this ironclad dilemma, Fascism or Bolshevism, Rome or Moscow," he declared. "The clash of two worlds which we have willed and which we have instilled in our revolutionary squadrons during years long past has received its epilogue."

The German correspondents at the Stampa Estera were more than a little amused at the Duce's speaking of Rome and Moscow as if Berlin did not exist.

Mussolini started with token regiments on the Soviet front, expecting to get a certain amount of propaganda value out of it for Italy's war effort. But the Italian communiqués were forced to make only the briefest mention of Italian participation. The German point of view, that Italians should be used mainly as troops of occupation in order to release more German soldiers for the front line, hurt Italian pride; and Mussolini found it harder and harder to play the part of the great dictator on the balcony of the Palazzo Venezia.

In the three years that we spent in Rome we found nothing that would sooner arouse an Italian to a battling state of mind than the insinuation that perhaps Italian men were not the best lovers in the world and that Italian soldiers were not keen about bullets and shells. Hitler, by his contemptuous attitude toward them in Russia, intensified their natural dislike of Germans into a manifest hatred. All this friction paved the way for the creation of a group of Italian fifth columnists who were ready to rise up against Germany—and Mussolini, too—once they felt they had any chance of success.

The Vatican

THE Vatican's attitude toward Soviet Russia had been consistent ever since the Bolshevik revolution of 1917, regardless of who was Pope. It had expended every possible effort to persuade the Soviet government to permit the people of Russia to enjoy religious liberty. It had, for the past fifteen years, been quietly training priests to do missionary work in Russia. We learned that a number had already gone into those parts of Russia that had been occupied by the German army. The Germans were willing to allow this because they believed many Russians and Ukrainians secretly yearned for religion, and therefore, if the German army was followed by priests, it would help to reconcile the Russians to German occupation.

In July, 1941, when Il Duce suggested that the Vatican come out for the Axis war on the Soviets as a "holy crusade against atheism," Pius XII replied that the Vatican attitude toward Russia concerned purely ecclesiastic and spiritual matters and that it was therefore impossible for the Holy See to make any pronouncement or commit any act which might be construed as strengthening any political group.

The Pope was to make a world-wide radio broadcast on July 29, and Mussolini was particularly anxious that in this address the Pope should make some remark which might be construed as favorable to the German invasion of Russia. But there was not a single word in the address that even the most astute distorters of fact could twist into encouragement to the self-styled crusaders. It was the Pope's categorical answer to the Axis that he would not permit his spiritual leadership to become a part of any one's temporal ambitions.

The Pope had attacked the Nazis for their religious persecution in German-occupied Poland when he issued the text of a memorandum from the Primate of Poland which said in part: "A group of priests, by hiding themselves among the population, have been able to continue their ecclesiastical function in a region which is without clergy. Imprisonment and arrest are occurring under such conditions that priests have not the possibility of saving the holy Sacraments, which are being profaned.

Some priests were put in a pigsty at night and beaten barbarously and subjected to other tortures. The persecution will soon have achieved its aim—a religion of twenty million Catholics will have become dechristianized while the cradle of the faith in Poland will become its tomb. . . . Germany has begun an extermination of Polish citizens which Hitler foreshadowed in Mein Kampf as a capital point of German policy and which was one of the causes and aims of the aggression."

The Pontiff had brought the full weight of his influence to bear upon the Italian Fascist leaders to dissuade them from entering the war—but to no avail. He addressed a letter to the French bishops wherein he offended leading Fascists by expressing confidence that France would be reborn to her former greatness.

On July 18, 1940, the Osservatore Romano confirmed that the Pope had made démarches to all belligerents, requesting that the religious character of Rome be respected by all the warring nations. Britain and France acceded to the request, although pointing out that Mussolini must also show the same respect. Throughout our wartime stay in Italy there was never a single bombardment of Rome. The Allies were respecting the Pope's request. Many of us, however, felt that Mussolini was not. He began to take advantage of the religious character of the city. He held frequent war councils in the Palazzo Venezia, often attended by representatives of the German High Command. The Italian War Office, as well as all other ministries connected with the Italian war effort, continued in Rome, and the Germans set up an army headquarters there.

Propaganda

AS soon as Italy entered the conflict against France and England, Mussolini launched a press campaign to fire the Italians with a war spirit.

On the radio the foremost Fascist commentators bored the people with their overwritten accounts of Fascist daring and victories. The Italians knew it was just so much balderdash and did not bother to listen. A trick was needed to arouse interest. For a week an Italian voice broke into the broadcasts of the Fascist commentators and criticized Mussolini, Fascism, and the Fascist war claims. This ruse excited the people, and by the millions they began listening to the broadcasts, hoping to hear these interruptions by what became known as the "Ghost Voice." Then it was announced that Mario Apelius had been appointed the official Ghost Catcher.

Apelius was a curious character. We had met him while he was a war correspondent in Ethiopia and Spain. He had a squeaky voice for the radio, but that didn't matter, because he knew all the Fascist answers. Every time the intruding voice would interrupt a Fascist harangue, Mario Apelius would come crashing in and give the Ghost a forensic trouncing.

The only American who was persuaded to do Fascist propaganda work was Ezra Pound of Idaho. He had long been an expatriate, writing poetry in his modest home on the Italian Riviera, where he lived with his English wife and one daughter. He was one of the few American admirers of Fascism and a personal friend of Mussolini. He had written a number of economic books, subsidized by the Black Shirts, in which he attempted to show that Fascist economy was better than the democratic way of doing business. On January 23, 1941, he adopted a Southern accent and began a series of broadcasts against Roosevelt over the Rome radio. The day of Pearl Harbor, Pound unexpectedly came to our house and told us that war between the United States and Italy was inevitable, but that he intended to stay on. Reynolds told him that he would be a traitor if he did so, and that now was the time for him to pipe down about the alleged glories of Fascism.

"But I believe in Fascism," Pound said, giving the Fascist salute. "And I want to defend it. I don't see why Fascism is contrary to American philosophy. I consider myself a hundred-per-cent American and a patriot. I am only against Roosevelt and the Jews who influence him. I tell you I want to save the American people."

There was no way to reason with him.

And when the United States went to war a few days later, Pound continued his broadcasts and thus became the American Lord Haw-Haw of Italy—and a traitor.

The hardest work of the Fascist government was to prevent widespread violation of rationing laws. No Italian we met ever seemed to regard it as his patriotic duty to observe them. When it had been forbidden by decree to serve meat except on Saturday, we went into one of the leading restaurants on a Wednesday night. The menu was vegetarian, but the headwaiter recommended a meat dish. At a table near us was a bemedaled Black Shirt official in uniform, a red stripe around his left cuff, showing he had participated in the March on Rome. Reynolds pointed out that it might be dangerous for the restaurant to serve us meat in the presence of such an important Fascist official.

"Oh," laughed the headwaiter, "he just ordered a steak himself. That's why he came here—because he knows he can always get meat."

The million tons of coal that Germany was sending monthly to Italy across the Brenner Pass were all needed to keep Italian factories running, and house heating was sharply restricted. The Italians could not bundle up in warm clothes, because clothes rationing had already been imposed, and without warning. That marked the inauguration of a bootleg regime. When we left Italy, the price of a pair of all-leather bootleg shoes was about forty dollars, and wearing apparel was proportionately exorbitant. Many of the very poor sold their clothing tickets to the well-to-do, not for cash but for old clothes.

Absolute elimination of private cars and drastic reduction in the number of taxis swelled the mobs using busses and streetcars to such an extent that a ride in one was an ordeal to be dreaded. The busses stopped running at ten o'clock at night. Most places of amusement accordingly closed down before 10 P. M. Dancing, whether public or private, had been forbidden ever since Italy entered the war. It seemed to us that all this had a very bad effect on Italian morale.

Morale

A STORY went the rounds of the Foreign Press Club about an Italian who, every time he entered the Caffè Aragno in Rome, ordered a waiter to bring him all the newspapers. He would hurriedly glance through the front page and then put the paper aside. Finally one of the habitués of the café came over and asked:

"Excuse me, but what have you been looking for all these weeks?"

"A death notice."

"But death notices are always on the inside pages."

"Not the one I'm looking for. It would be on the front page, all right."

Another story concerned a tourist who entered one of the best restaurants in Naples during the time that Mussolini had ordered the Italian people to wage war against flies. The tourist could hardly eat his spaghetti because of the flies that buzzed about. He said:

"But I thought you had a war against flies here."

The waiter replied, with a shrug of indifference: "Oh, we did have one, but we lost."

Mussolini was constantly trying to find new local bosses who could arouse public spirit to a fighting pitch. The Fascist Party leadership was also changed three times during the first three years of the war.

The Italian as a fighter has long been the butt of jokes abroad and in general has the reputation of being one of the world's worst combatants. Actually, we found that the Italians were not half so bad as they were generally believed to be by others, and not half so good as they thought themselves. They would make a better showing if they had better training, equipment, generalship, and, even more important, good captains and majors to lead them.

Of the three armed branches the navy was the least Fascist and, because of that, the best. Mussolini once said, "I don't know anything about naval matters, so I let the navy look after itself." It had as officers, from the first, members of the Italian aristocracy, many of whom had been educated in England. We were always impressed, whenever aboard an Italian ship, by the Bristol fashion in which everything was kept, compared to the sloppiness of the Italian army and aviation.

We asked two Italian naval officers why it was that the navy appeared to be afraid of a big battle with the British.

"You don't understand the set-up," said one who was commander of a destroyer. "In the first place, the Italian navy is not a self-contained fighting force in itself. When it was developed before the last war, and for that matter for many years after the last war, it was intended to fight alongside the British navy. Consequently, it is only a complement of the British navy."

"Yes," the other officer said, "you could hardly expect a complement to attack the main body of which it was once supposed to be a part. We are remedying the situation gradually, but ships cannot be built at the same speed as airplanes."

This struck us as a rather farfetched excuse, but we checked with five or six naval attachés in Rome and confirmed that it was true.

We frequently saw in Rome German naval officers whose presence confirmed, at least to our satisfaction, the report that the Italian admirals were being advised in Mediterranean strategy by their Nazi colleagues, and that many of the Italian submarines had German officers aboard.

Italy's Wings

AVIATION always remained exclusively Fascist, and as such was the most corrupt and inefficient of the three armed branches. It was Mussolini's pet service. One of the world's worst flyers, he posed as a great pilot. While his followers quaked, he would take off in an airplane and land unexpectedly at any airfield. There was always another pilot at the controls, but even so it was extremely dangerous because Mussolini insisted on playing to the gallery. He had to be seen doing the actual taking off and landing. His landings were described to us by one flyer who was frequently a member of his crew as "modern-day miracles." Hitler was supposed to have told Mussolini in 1941, "With the war on, it is necessary for the good of the Axis that you do not needlessly imperil your life by piloting your own plane. In fact, I think we should both stay on the ground as much as possible during these critical times."

The Duce forced his sons, Vittorio and Bruno, to become flyers at early ages. Vittorio was given his pilot's license at eighteen, and for many months afterward held the distinction of being the youngest aviator in Italy. His younger brother, Bruno, broke this record by becoming an army pilot when he was only seventeen. We sat at the same luncheon table with them on our return from one of our flights over Ethiopian lines. They were dressed in singlets, khaki shorts, and native sandals. Both had long curly beards surprisingly blond.

Eleanor found Vittorio fat and arrogant and not very intelligent, while she rather liked Bruno, who had a sweet smile which from time to time lightened his serious face. Neither of them showed any sense of humor. Reynolds didn't like either of them. We learned later that the Duce, who was disappointed because they showed no aptitude at leadership, had ordered that they be given the same treatment as any other subalterns.

Eleanor asked Vittorio if he was doing much bombing.

"Yes," he said, "I go out almost every day and drop a few eggs on Ethiopian concentrations, but it is dull work. There are no air battles. I should like to have a chance to shoot down some planes. There is more thrill in that."

Reynolds tried to engage Bruno in conversation.

"My father warned me," Bruno said naïvely, "not to talk to newspapermen." And then, as if quoting from a lesson he had learned, he continued: "I can only say that I am doing my duty the same as all Italians, and I am sure we are going to win quickly and decisively."

We saw them later in Italy, where they showed much more interest in soccer and boxing than in aviation or things Fascist.

Bruno's death revealed more than anything else how the people felt about Mussolini. They used that fatal airplane accident as an argument against him. The situation was not improved when, three weeks later, Il Duce published a book entitled I Talk with Bruno. One Fascist told us:

"It's a weird thing for a dictator to do—take time out from a world war to write an emotionally hysterical book about the loss of his son. Many of us have suffered greater losses, yet he was the one who told us not to mourn. And then, *Dio mio*, the book indicates he thinks he is having spiritualistic conversations with Bruno's soul. He has become quite unbalanced."

The greatest loss to Italian flying, however, was Italo Balbo, "father of Fascist aviation." Returning to his airfield after an aerial inspection tour of the Egyptian front, he was brought down by and killed with a barrage of antiaircraft fire. The British Air Ministry announced that on that particular day their airplanes had not engaged in any combat in North Africa and therefore could not have shot down Balbo. Consequently, rumors were current in Rome for a time that he had been deliberately assassinated because Mussolini was jealous. But Italian officers who were in Tobruk at the time convinced us that the death was a pure accident.

"It was almost the first airplane that the Tobruk antiaircraft brought down," one officer said. "And I can assure you the boys were sick when they learned it was Balbo. It was the old story of shooting first and checking afterward."

Probably no people in the world are given such long military training—at least on paper—as the Italians. It theoretically begins in the cradle, because every male child, as soon as he is born, is regarded by the Fascist government as being a member of the Figli della Lupa—Sons of the Wolf. In kindergarten they don grayish green shorts, black shirt, and trench cap; practice marching and parade formation. Their instruction develops hatred of the English and Americans. They progress through graded training until at the age of twenty the regular military training starts and, in peacetime, continues for a year in barracks or under canvas.

It seemed strange that every Italian youth did not develop into an ardent Fascist. But the fact is, the so-called Fascist ideals are counter to Italian character. The Italian is nonmilitaristic by nature and he loathes all forms of regimentation. All the uniforms and Fascist regalia could never change this. When the Italian boy was called up to serve in the army, he went with a hodgepodge of Fascist ideas in his head; but by the time he had been in the army a year or so he had generally rejected most of them and in their place had a kind of political vacuum. Unless, paradoxically enough, he had substituted a bit of American philosophy.

There was hardly an Italian family without at least one member in the United States. People from office boys to editors in chief of newspapers and members of the Italian government proudly told us that they had a brother, a cousin, or an uncle who "was doing splendidly" somewhere in the U. S. A. In almost every case the Italo-American had fared much better than the stay-at-home members of his family. It was a propaganda that Mussolini could not combat.

The Germans Infiltrate

AS the Libyan war took shape, Il Duce lost popularity with his people by consenting to German control of military operations in Italian territory. And the German correspondents often openly criticized the bad showing of the Italians. One night we heard them, at the bar of the Foreign Press Club, laughing over a story that when Rommel had asked Berlin direct for twenty thousand reinforcements, the German High Command wired in reply, "Twenty thousand Italian infantrymen are being rushed over from southern Italy."

Rommel snapped back: "I said I want soldiers, not ditchdiggers."

The Nazi usurpation of power in Libya particularly annoyed the Italians because it undermined their well built up prestige with the Arabs. Reynolds was amazed in both Tripoli and Benghazi to see that they had put into uniform not only the Arabs but also the Negroes, who formed 40 per cent of the population. Scores of thou-

sands of natives had been trained as foot soldiers, artillerymen, mounted spahis, ground crews for Italian aviation, and even parachutists. But the British beat back the Italians by bringing into play European methods and weapons, and the Germans in turn threw back the British by using the most modern of blitzkrieg tactics and tanks.

The German correspondents bragged that Rommel was the first to recognize that a desert was like an ocean and that therefore desert tank tactics should be similar to naval battles. One of the quarrels between Rommel and the Italian general Graziani had concerned this point. The Germans always thought the Italians committed a colossal blunder when they did not follow up their initial advantage in Libya and use Nazi blitzkrieg methods against Egypt before the British had a chance to accumulate superior armaments there.

When the British were mopping up, we accidentally fell into conversation with an Italian whose three sons were among the last garrison to hold out.

"Is this a war or a printing press?" he demanded. "Two of my three sons have been promoted to officers. It is terrible. There is no military point in their holding out. It is just mock heroics. Just so the Fascist newspapers will have something to write about."

"But you should be proud," Reynolds said. "That garrison was only sixty men."

"No, no. I do not wish my sons to distinguish themselves. I only want this pig war to end. They have only been made officers because the man on the balcony needs something that resembles a victory in Libya."

The exact date of the arrival of German troops in Libya is not known, but it is certain that they had been there for some considerable time before they first put in an appearance on the battlefields. We saw them pass through Rome. Because of their nut-brown tan they looked as though they were returning from Africa. We checked, and learned that they had been subjected to toasting by machine light, electrical heat, and even imitation sandstorms for several months. They were acclimatized to Libya in advance.

The Italian public had wanted German aid to save Libya. At the speed with which the Nazis rolled the British war machine back into Egypt they were at first enthusiastic. Then stories began to sift back to Italy of how Marshal Rommel was treating the Italian commanders.

When the Germans established air units in Sicily, Sardinia, and Calabria, as well as in North Africa itself, the official reason was to protect their own Afrika Korps and to assist the Italians in attacking the British navy. But they were so numerous that every one suspected an ulterior reason—to be on the spot to quash any Italian movement to break away from the Axis. At first the Italian population was inclined to welcome them. But soon their Teutonic unyieldingness and their methodical requisitioning of everything they needed aroused great antagonism. Within a few months fraternization between Germans and Italians was practically unknown. A frigid politeness was the most they accorded each other.

The Germans, in the course of the following ten months, stationed troops in strategic positions in Italy and brought in great numbers of German civilians. Gradually and with firm tactfulness they practically took over the running of Italy. In every government department Fascists would be doing the cigar smoking and the handshaking, but a couple of Nazis in the back room would tell them what to do and how to do it. The German assumption of control of Italian industry was accomplished by the exchange of German and Italian missions of economic and industrial experts. The so-called Italian experts, however, were given apprentice positions where they could be instructed in German methods of mass production. When the German experts came to Italy they soon found everything wrong, and the Italian industrialists usually retired on a long vacation while the German experts put the factories in new running order. The owners were generally permitted to continue drawing all the profits from the business and were thus placated.

On March 10, 1937, Italo Balbo, then Governor of Libya, induced the Libyan Arabs to hail Mussolini as the "Grand Protector of Islam." Mussolini, to be sure, had been conducting clandestine negotiations in the Arab world for some time before that. What the grand objective of his Arab policy had been it was difficult to ascertain, but it seems likely that he aspired to overthrow British dominion in the Near East and Egypt; that he had planned a large-scale fifth-column action to take place at the first big military success of the Italians in North Africa. During the past three years, however, the British counterespionage service has had plenty of time to track down the chief Arab conspirators in pro-Axis secret organizations. Mussolini's toy sword of Islam was soon lost sight of by the Arabs in the dust kicked up by Rommel's spectacular tanks, and again Il Duce lost out to Hitler in one of Italy's traditional spheres of influence.

War with America

WE think it could be said that the Fascists did not abandon hope until March 30, 1941, that America would keep out of the war. But the United States' seizure of Italian ships on that date brought home to them a realization of the fundamental hostility of Washington to the Axis cause.

Listening in on all local calls made or received by Americans was inaugurated in the summer of 1941. The first we knew of this was during a conversation Eleanor had with the wife of the United States Commercial Attaché. It was one of those feminine conversations that Eleanor seldom had time to indulge in—about a bridge party, who was to be invited, how the various people played, and what clothes should be worn—guaranteed to bore a man excruciatingly. Finally, after talking over a number of items in each other's wardrobe, they decided what to wear. As they prepared to say good-by to each other, a voice on the phone said, in perfect English, "Thank God you've made up your minds at last!"

War was so inevitable by fall that many of the American newspaper organizations began systematic withdrawals of their correspondents. Eleanor and Reynolds were staying. The New York Times decided that its staff of

Matthews and Cianfarra would continue on in Rome. That was fine: misery always wants company.

Just before the attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, the Japanese Ambassador in Rome had invited practically all the members of the American Embassy staff to a tea given December 9. The Japanese Counselor, Ando, gave a lavish cocktail party and buffet supper at his new home in honor of American and Japanese correspondents on December 4. Matthews and Cianfarra, Massock of the A. P., Reynolds and Eleanor were there, and about eight Japanese newspapermen. Ando produced a gourmet's array of things to eat and drink, including Scotch whisky, which the Japanese consumed enthusiastically. Ando raised a glass of straight Scotch and solemnly said:

"Here's to the continued friendship of America and Japan."

For nearly two hours all the Japanese repeatedly assured us that Japan would never go to war against America, for any one of a number of reasons, ranging from Japan's lack of oil to the fondness of both Americans and Japanese for baseball. Finally, Reynolds received a call from the office informing him that the Albanian government had just been reshuffled. Massock and Cianfarra found occasion to come into the telephone room and heard Reynolds directing what follow-ups to send. The party quickly broke up as the Americans dashed off to their offices to deal with the story. The Japanese correspondents didn't budge, but continued with their swilling. One said to Reynolds: "Resignation of Albanian cabinet is no new. You no consider that important, do you? In few days you have big new."

Reynolds is still wondering if he was not extremely stupid to have put it down as the silly chatter of just another Jap in his cups.

Similar parties, we confirmed later, were given at about the same time in Berne, Berlin, Madrid, and Lisbon, despite the difficulties in obtaining in wartime Rome large quantities of food and liquor for such a party.

We heard from Italian sources in Rome that both Hitler and Mussolini had been informed in advance of the attack, and that German generals had drawn up the general strategy of the Japanese battle plan, including the surprise attacks on Pearl Harbor, Manila, and Hong Kong. The delay in Axis reaction was owing to Hitler's and Mussolini's desire to make sure that the Japanese had attained an initial success. We were convinced that had they failed, Italy and Germany would not have backed them up.

When, on that afternoon of December 11, 1941, we crashed through the cordon of police and detectives that surrounded the American Embassy and got inside its portals, we had our first view of America at war. Wadsworth, our chargé d'affaires, was still at the Chigi Palace, summoned by Ciano. There was an odor of smoke as documents were burned in the different offices. After we had our passports fixed up, Reynolds telephoned Herbert Matthews that it might be a good idea for him and Cianfarra to come to the Embassy, too. Matthews poohpoohed the idea and said he and Cianfarra had to clean out their desks. Suddenly he changed his tone and said: "I have to hang up now. Call me later."

Reynolds called back in fifteen minutes, and Herbert said in his usual calm way: "I had to hang up because two detectives came in while we were talking and took Cianfarra away with them."

Half an hour later they took Herbert.

We phoned our house to tell our cook that we would not be home for dinner. The cook was clever enough to warn us by saying, "That is too bad. There are two gentlemen here waiting to see you . . ." before the receiver was banged down.

Ciano Declares War

"I RECEIVED a summons this morning from the Foreign Office saying that Count Ciano wanted to see me at 2.30 P. M. about a most urgent matter," Wadsworth told us that evening. "When I walked into his office, he halted me halfway to his desk by rising, making it quite clear that I was not to sit down. With a scowl on his face he recited his piece as though he had learned it by heart, saying in one sentence that he must inform me that Italy considered herself at war with the United States. I bowed my head and said, 'I'm very sorry to hear it.' "

Eleanor asked, "Well, why did you say that?"

"Protocol, my dear lady, protocol. One is always sorry when war is declared on one."

"And then?" asked Reynolds.

"I then said, despite his forbidding manner, 'May I give you a message before I take leave of you?' Ciano replied coldly, 'I don't think there is anything more to be said.' I then told him that it was a message from Ambassador Phillips. Ciano said, 'In that case I should like to hear it.' I told him that the Ambassador wished to convey at this time his appreciation of the collaboration that he had received in the past and the personal kindness that the Foreign Office had always shown him while he was in Italy. Count Ciano then relaxed somewhat in his manner and said, with the suspicion of a friendly smile, 'Thank you.'

"There is a real scoop for you two, because you are the first to learn how Italy delivered its war declaration to the United States; but you'll have to wait until you leave Italy to write it."

We asked Wadsworth what we should do. He thought a while and then said, "I suggest you get a good meal here and leave sometime during the night. It is better to get into the concrete mixer early rather than late. There is sure to be an arrangement made for all American correspondents, and it is better that you don't make yourselves special cases by avoiding arrest."

We were at heart a bit hurt that he did not offer us indefinite shelter in the Embassy, as at that time we expected an exchange would be worked out within a fortnight's time. How wrong we were! When we left, at 1 A. M. we had walked exactly five yards in the moonless Rome blackout when two men joined us and said:

"We have orders to take you to the Questura."

It was May when our internment was over and we left Rome to go aboard the Drottningholm at Lisbon. Probably to make our leave-taking as unobtrusive as possible, the Foreign Office had arranged for our departure to take place at the siesta hour and from the Ostiense station on

the outskirts of Rome. It had been specially built to receive Hitler when he made his 1938 visit to Italy.

Even at the station we continued to find evidences of Italian regard for America. Right in front of Foreign Office officials, a number of the carabinieri who were on guard at the railway platform asked us to look up their relatives in the United States. One, who gave us the address of his brother, said, "Tell him I will join him in Brooklyn as soon as this war's over."

Around dinnertime the train stopped in a small Spanish town. Children gathered round the dining-car windows, begging for bread. When the diners gave them some, the shrieking and yelling brought other children and adults, and within a few moments nearly every one in the town was there. Some of the more tenderhearted diplomats went to their compartments and got boxes of biscuits they had brought with them. Begging in Spain had always been commonplace, but this was quite different because even respectable citizens took part in it.

At the Portuguese frontier late that night we had our first real coffee in many months. We never realized how miserable we had been in warring Italy, before as well as during our internment, until we arrived in Lisbon. To eat what one wanted, to dance, to walk on brightly lighted streets at night, to drink real coffee, to smoke American cigarettes—all trivial things in themselves, but in their sum total they went a long way toward representing the difference between comfort and hardship. But if we had not realized the extent of our deprivations while in Italy, was it not probable that the Italians themselves did not feel then so much as might be supposed in lands of abundance?

Will Italy Crack?

IT seemed to us that the American people, accustomed to a cornucopian standard of living, were placing altogether too much reliance on the belief that the Axis peoples must eventually crack because they could no longer endure the conditions under which they lived. To Americans reading of the shortages of seeming necessities, it was easy to believe that the Axis peoples would revolt. But we believed that unless things got much worse than when we left Italy in the middle of May, 1942, the Italian and German civilian could and would endure them for years more. The reason was that rationing was imposed gradually, particularly in Italy. The population generally had time to get used to one restriction before another was imposed.

Naturally, there is always the possibility that the Italian people might crack from other causes, but they are not likely to be defeated by privations alone. The energetic and technically minded young acting assistant Commercial Attaché of the American embassy in Rome, John Goshie, who had made a thorough study of economic and living conditions in Italy, held the same view.

Aboard the Drottningholm, all of us in the Rome group agreed that Italians cordially disliked the Germans and that this dislike was inherent, deep-rooted in the past, and intensified by the dissimilarity of temperaments. Most of the Fascists bitterly resented the way the Nazis had moved in and taken control of all of Italy. And every Italian knew that the seven divisions of German troops (in addition to German air force units) which were in Italy when we left were not there solely to assist Mussolini against invasion but also to put down any revolution against the regime or even to prevent a turnabout-face on the part of the Duce himself. Fascist dreams of large territorial expansion after the war were fading. Party leaders already realized that the inability to win decisive victories without German aid was going to weigh against Italy in any division of Axis spoils.

Mussolini himself was reputed to be worried that Italy should have ruined herself economically and spilled much blood only to have very little reward for her efforts in the end, because his armed forces had not been equal to the plans he had conceived for them. Most of all, Il Duce was worried about Laval and what sort of bargain he might drive with Hitler.

Another cause of disagreement between the two Axis dictators was the forced subservience of the Italian army in Libya to Rommel and his staff. Rommel got no publicity in Italy. Italian newspapers mentioned him briefly and as seldom as possible. They never glorified him as a collaborator.

Is Duce Still Leader?

IN the past three years Mussolini's prestige and popularity with the Italian people had declined with sensational rapidity. The losses of Italian East Africa and the complete German control of Libya were blamed on him. He was accused in whispering campaigns of not having had the foresight to make these colonies sufficiently strong to defend themselves before engaging in a war with England. The ill-prepared and almost inconceivably ill-managed attack on Greece greatly undermined his position. The quick-witted Italians had sensed something was wrong even before the Greeks took the offensive and made their rapid advance into Albania; and when stories of the real situation came trickling back by word of mouth, the public was indignant. Eleanor asked a young Foreign Office official, who seemed very gloomy about the whole affair, why the Italians had started a campaign while the weather was unfavorable.

"Well," he replied, "we had to invade Greece sometime, so we thought we might as well start on the anniversary of the March on Rome."

Mussolini's personal popularity suffered further owing to the general unpopularity of his allies—the Germans and the Japanese. The Germans were personally and actively disliked; the Japanese, being individually unknown to most Italians, were distrusted on principle because they were Asiatic and sinister. So the Italian civilian population greatly resented making the war sacrifices demanded of them by the Duce. They became filled with smoldering rebellion.

On top of all came the declaration of war against the United States, and Il Duce's unpopularity reached a new high. Quite aside from personal ties with America represented by blood kinship with the millions of Italo-Americans, the Italian public could not see that any sufficiently important dispute between Italy and the United States warranted Mussolini's striking at the United States. The war against England was scarcely popular, but at least there was the issue of Italy's need of an exit from the Mediterranean through either Suez or Gibraltar; but the ideological aim of the war against America as expounded by the Fascist press—the crushing of "plutodemocracy"—did not appeal to them.

Stories began to get around that the Duce was failing mentally. We ourselves felt, on the rare occasions when he made public speeches, that he did not have his old fire, and the Italians took this as an indication that his control of affairs was slipping. Rumor went that he spent fewer hours at his desk than formerly. However, even when nearly sixty, he was still blatantly active in amorous intrigues. He believed that the masses liked and admired a colorful Casanova more than a prude in such matters, and he made promiscuity a Fascist principle.

When a correspondent once asked him, "What do you do when you wake up in the morning?" he replied:

"I jump right out of bed, no matter how beautiful the face beside me."

He set the pace in multiple amours, and his example was followed by party leaders.

From one cause or another the Duce probably commanded the undivided loyalty of less than 10 per cent of the country by the time we left Italy. The remaining 90 per cent were filled with discontent over the present and anxiety as to the future. And the discontented ones included millions who were themselves members of the Fascist Party. Unlike the Nazis in Germany, the original Fascists never tried to keep their party exclusive; they made it easier to join than not. There was always, therefore, a large body of the Italian public who wore the Fascist emblem as a matter of convenience and not from any deep-rooted conviction.

Yet there was, we decided, little chance of a popular uprising in Italy. The Italians had never shown themselves to be a revolutionary people by nature, and, between the Italian OVRA and the Gestapo, it was nearly impossible for anti-Fascists to plan and carry out the overthrow of the Duce regime. The only kind of *coup d'état* that would have a good chance of success in Italy would be a "palace revolution"—that is, an agreement among the most prominent Fascists to remove Mussolini and put another Fascist in his place. In an event of this kind, the Nazis probably would not use their troops stationed in Italy as they would in the case of a popular revolt. The practical results would depend entirely on the character of the successor. The three likeliest men would be Farinacci, Grandi, and Ciano.

The King of Italy enjoys the affection of his people, but he himself is not without the taint of Fascism. The heir to the throne, Umberto, Prince of Piedmont, also is not sufficiently a leader to head a rebellion. A royalist-led revolution, therefore, is not within the range of practical possibilities.

But there is a huge Anglo-American fifth column in Italy, many millions strong, a great potential source of aid to us. It would be a blunder not to try to harness it up. To employ it might shorten the war. And these fifth columnists would be willing to work for us if we were to give them help, but they are not going to rise up and risk being killed in a revolt that does not have at least a 75-per-cent chance of success.

Capomazza, who was second in command of the foreign press, once remarked to Reynolds, "Italian babies are born with old eyes." It was just a catch phrase, but it struck us as being true, and it explained much in the Italian character which was difficult for foreigners to understand.

Invasion in Italy?

THE Italians are an extremely old and disillusioned race which has already lived through every known phase of human development, including triumphs, decadence, and disappointments. Fourteen hundred years of living under various conquerors of one race or another has rubbed away much of their idealism. They are inclined to look out first and foremost for their own skins and worry about moral principles afterward. Now they are not going to spill their blood for liberty and democracy unless they know just what they are sure of, specifically, in return. They are bargaining horse dealers. We believe, however, that the great mass of discontented Italians, despite the lethargy of their political passions, would rise up if Anglo-American troops (with accent on the American) should make a landing in force, but really in force, in an all-out invasion attempt.

If the invasion were timed to the psychological moment, the conquest of the peninsula would probably be achieved within a few weeks, with the help of the local population. There is even a strong possibility of an army revolt in favor of the invaders if the political ground is correctly prepared in advance.

The northern half of Italy would probably offer the most favorable landing spots. We believe that up to the summer of 1942 Mussolini had on the northern coast only a few coastal batteries, pillboxes, and a few outmoded fighting planes. Most of the soldiers were ordinary infantry without specialist training. In general, the region between Genoa and Viareggio presents the best strategic advantages. The mountains are narrower here and, once over them, Anglo-American troops would be able to swarm down the valley of the Po River to the Adriatic. A wedge of Anglo-American occupied territory across the breadth of Italy would cut Italy off from Germany. Without the Germans to prod them on, the Italian soldiers would not be inclined to fight very hard.

Such an invading force would, of course, have to be prepared to resist a terrific German assault from the direction of the Brenner Pass, but that would certainly be no worse than trying to land on German-held territory. The number of German divisions already in Italy would not be enough to stem a large invading force. Once Italy was in Anglo-American hands, the French and Yugoslavs would probably facilitate our entrance into their countries and thus would begin the reconquest of Europe.

If Italy should be chosen for the second front, it would be desirable to change American propaganda beamed on Italy somewhat before the attack is launched. We think America should lay more emphasis on the role of America and Britain—particularly America—in this war. Anti-Fascists in Italy would revolt, we believe, in the name of America and Britain, who represent tangible and real fighting forces.

The Italian fifth columnists know that the fighting in Europe is being done by America, Britain, and Russia, but what they do not know is whether, in case of an Anglo-American invasion, they can with confidence throw themselves on the mercy of the Americans and the English without being afraid that their fate is going to be decided by the Russians, Czechs, Poles, Yugoslavs, Norwegians, Dutch, and so on. If they think there is the slightest chance of this happening, they will not abandon the Duce or the Germans.

America and Italy

AMERICA is the one major power in the world today with a reputation for trying always to be just and humane. This is a precious reputation which should be exploited, and its effectiveness should not be diminished by our giving too much prominence to the war roles of exiled governments. We think the American publicists should also go warily in the importance and support they give to personalities in these exiled governments.

Several rulers and leaders who are today being lionized by the American public are far from being considered heroes at home. Their peoples' preferred leaders are the ones on the spot, leading subversive movements against their conquerors and sharing the hardships of their fellow citizens. Their names are not known to the American and British governments. Their only protection lies in complete anonymity. But when the war is over these leaders will be difficult to brush aside in favor of those now enjoying the hospitality of England and America.

Non-Fascist Italians in North and South America have endeavored to set up a sort of committee to work for a liberated Italy. Such a movement, if organized on a sound basis, might prove most useful to the American government as forming a liaison body between America and potentiial revolutionaries in Italy. The sincerity of most of these Italians in their adherence to the democratic cause is beyond doubt. Naturally, they are interested in trying to save Italy from suffering too greatly after her military defeat at the hands of America and America's allies, but that does not mean that they will work for our cause any less wholeheartedly.

There is also, of course, the possibility that Mussolini himself will want to break away from Germany, taking the whole nation with him. Such a course seems outside the realm of political probabilities, however. The people in Italy today are anxious to overthrow him. They accuse him of two grave crimes: he crushed democracy in Italy, and he lined up Italy with Nazi Germany.

The Italian people are right, and we should encourage them to revolt at the opportune time and join our side, but not with the inducement of complete forgiveness. As Secretary of State Hull has said, democracy is something that must be worked for and struggled for. This the Italian people failed to do, and this failure must stand as a black mark against them. But the Italian people have more to hope for by coming over to the side of America and Britain than they have by continuing their alliance with Germany, and many of them realize it.

We believe that if the American people just carry on as they are now doing, adapting themselves to every new sacrifice that must be borne, there is no need to worry about the outcome of the war. America is bound to win if it just remains American. Ideals are not so much ballast to be tossed overboard in a storm. After seeing how that was done in Axis Europe, we have only one modest word of advice: Cling to the American way of life and American democratic principles as far as it is possible to do so without impairing the war effort. Then, we believe, the greatest fifth column in the history of the world will rise up to revolt against their masters in Europe and welcome our invasion. But let's make that invasion as American as possible.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

HEARD any good rumors lately? They're a dime a dozen these days, and the supply as well as the market seems to be expanding. Too bad they can't be rationed.

Not a mail comes in that doesn't bring at least one rumor letter. With our men scattered all over the world the rumor field has been tremendously enlarged, and our enemies are evidently taking full advantage of it. For instance:

A relative in New Jersey of a soldier now in North Africa informs me that only one of every six men in that area is permitted to write home. That one soldier gives the names and addresses of the other five and the recipient of the first soldier's letter is supposed to get in touch with the relatives of the rest and tell them that their boys are well and getting plenty to eat. But equally important is the "news" that five of every six men are not allowed to correspond with their folks.

Rumor

Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. The Army knows that a constant flow of mail between its men and their families is, next to food, the very best morale builder. The Army does everything it can to encourage and facilitate, not discourage and delay, such correspondence. But the inevitable wartime delays in mail delivery, with consequent anxiety, seem to give some basis in fact for such a rumor as is reported above. And our enemies are plenty smart enough to take full advantage of such situations.

Only recently the War Department issued a special bulletin warning relatives not to place credence in telephoned notifications of death or injury. In one case a mother was notified by telephone that "this is Western Union and we have just received a message that your son was killed on the rifle range at Fort Meade." The distraught mother got in touch with the Maryland post. She found that her son was alive and uninjured. The anonymous message was entirely false and perhaps part of an enemy campaign of "nerves." Such messages are never telephoned.

That goes beyond the rumor field, but not by much. It does show to what lengths and pains our enemies are prepared to go to break down America's civilian morale. Let's not help them in their work.

The director of the Syracuse University rumor clinic (a fine idea, too) reports that "the origins of most war rumors examined by the clinic have been traced to well intentioned loyal American citizens. Americans who start rumors never investigate the clear source of the story, never question its logic, and sometimes jump to conclusions when they hear snatches of a conversation between officials."

It takes guts *not* to repeat a rumor. Have we got them? Then let's use 'em.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I had been in the Navy a year or more before Pearl Harbor, and since then I engaged in the Coral Sea battle as well as the Midway battle. Directly after the latter I was sent to a hospital and spent more than three months in it. My trouble was caused by a near-miss of a bomb on my ship. I didn't lose any arms or legs, but the near-miss gave me a pretty bad case of psychoneurosis, as the medicos term it. Several weeks ago I was given a medical discharge (honorable, of course) against my wishes, and told to do my part by getting a civilian job—the Navy couldn't use me any longer. Now I have a fairly good job doing the same sort of radio work I was in before entering the service.

Because I am not in uniform and appear to be in the very best of health some people look at me as though I had leprosy or something. My fiancée, relatives, and close friends know that I was in the service and didn't want out, but others don't. I am not unduly sensitive, but it certainly is embarrassing. Why doesn't every man who receives a medical discharge get a pin or some distinctive emblem signifying that fact? It is not only for myself that I ask this but also for the many others—and there'll be more—who have served their country faithfully during the present war.

Our records are in the departments' files in Washington and it wouldn't take very much time or very much money to send identifying pins or bars to us. That would help our peace of mind greatly, as others would then know that we have been doing our parts even though we are not still doing them. If you agree with me, will you see that my suggestion reaches the proper authorities?

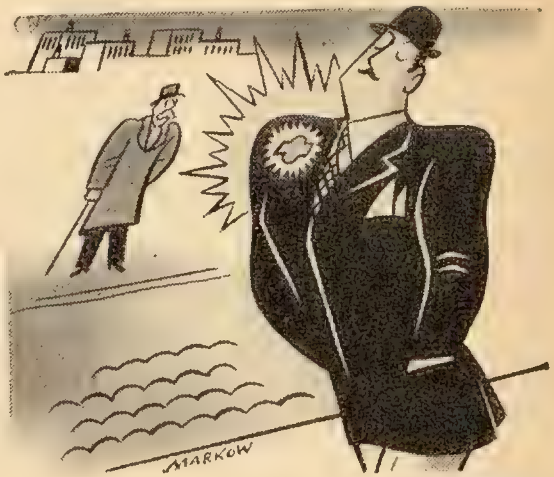
"Sparks," Gulfport, Miss.

I do agree with you and the "proper authorities" will see your letter here. An identifying pin such as you suggest is authorized, but only for men who have seen at least three years' service.

* * *

How about tipping off this bunch of lonesome fellows as to where and how we could get hold of a ping-pong table and, if possible, a pool table? (Any condition acceptable.) We are stationed on a very deserted island with no recreation facilities. We could pick up the ping-pong and/or pool table at Portland Pier, Portland, Maine. Any efforts you care to make in our behalf will be greatly appreciated.

S/Sgt. Raymond W. Fish,
Jewells Island Detachment,
Battery "D," Jewells Island, Me.



Identified

Any reader want to do a good deed? Here's your chance. Please communicate directly with S/Sgt. Fish, *not* with me, and he'll let me know what happens.

* * *

Since April, 1942, there has been an Officer Candidate School for the Corps of Military Police. At present there are 200 new officers graduated in each class; classes are graduated at two-week intervals. The school is located at Fort Custer, Michigan. You would do the Corps a great service by correcting the misconception shown in your answer to the letter on this subject in November 28 Liberty. Incidentally, application for Military Police O. C. S. is made through the same channels as applications for O. C. S. of other branches of the Service. Any communications relative to application may be directed to the Commandant, the Provost Marshal General School, or to the Director, Officer Candidate School—all at Fort Custer, Michigan.

Beards

T/Sgt. H. H. D., C. M. P.,
Hq. P. M. G. School.

Glad to oblige, Sergeant, but just to keep the record straight, *I* didn't say there was no M. P. O. C. S.—that was what the writer of the letter said. Anyhow, it's all clear now, and I hope this supplementary item results in lots of applications, if that's what you want.

* * *

I say an enlisted man can grow a beard if he so wishes; my buddy says only in a combat zone can a man sport a beard. There doesn't seem to be any regulation covering it. Is there?

Pvt. C. R., Pine Camp, N. Y.

Look up A. R. 40-205, paragraph 7, Personal Cleanliness, which says, ". . . the hair will be kept short *and the beard neatly trimmed*." The trouble is to get by inspection while you're growing the thing. I tried to raise a mustache once, and it died several deaths while still a pup, thanks to an eagle-eyed top kick who regularly every Saturday morning gave me a choice between *that thing* or being gigged.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

DIGGING down in the snow, Russian kids say they'll come out in America if they dig deep enough. The war has stirred up keen curiosity about us among the Russian people, who now speak of America as "that great country across the sea." . . . These interesting side lights on life in wartime Russia were told to me by Lawrence Lesueur, Columbia Broadcasting correspondent who returned recently after a year and a day in the U. S. S. R. . . . Shapeliness of the Russian girls attracts every visitor's attention. Next to American girls, they have the world's best figures. . . . Though clothing is hard to get, patterns are stylish and becoming. Knitted hats of Angora wool are gifts most appreciated by gals in Russia. . . . Along rivers and lake fronts many Soviet factories have organized fish nurseries and packing plants for their employees, to aid the food situation. . . . All dogs are trained for army duty; must drill once a week. Russian dogs have English names, Rex, Jack, and Don being the most popular.

TWO *timely novelties:* Bring your own coffee ration and be a welcome guest. Special kit has tube container in red, black, or tan case. Holds 2 tablespoons coffee ($1.50). . . . Flower earrings that glow in a blackout. Ten seconds' exposure to sunlight recharges 'em ($2).

FOR winter meals that consider rationing I picked up several good ideas from kitchen memories of a small-town home years ago, as described by Herman Smith in his excellent book, Stina—The Story of a Cook (published by M. Barrows & Company. $2). . . . In cold weather serve *Hot Prune Juice* flavored with lemon, very little sugar, stiffly beaten egg white, sprinkle of cinnamon on top. . . . In pan 1 inch deep spread 6 mashed potatoes mixed with 1 fried onion minced fine, yolks 2 eggs, salt, pepper, dash nutmeg or mace. When cold and firm, cut in 3-inch squares. Brown these *Potato Squares* in frying pan and serve piping hot. . . . Rich with vitamins is this *Red Cabbage and Cranberry* dish: To 3 slices crisped bacon diced in its fat add 2 peeled and quartered apples, 1 cup cranberries, ¼ cup vinegar, 1 cup red wine, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt. Pour this dressing over 1 red cabbage shaved fine. Simmer until tender, adding wine or water if needed to keep 1 inch liquid in bottom of pan.

ON the street I saw Lotte Lehmann, the opera singer, looking in a jeweler's window, trying to select a gift for a bride. All of a sudden she said dramatically, "There is only one way. We must forget ourselves. We must *be* that girl." She shut her eyes and chanted, "I am young. I'm in love for the first time. I am full of dreams. I'm romantic. Everything I wear is for *him*." . . . Then Lotte opened her eyes and exclaimed, "*There's* the gift!" 'Twas a marguerite brooch with pearl petals, and in she swept to buy it. Temperament *can* be of use, I observed.

AUSTRALIAN flyer, here not long ago, called on a girl who gave him a letter to mail for her. He mistook a fire alarm for a mail box, and in the excitement that followed he forgot to mail her letter, carrying it all the way home to Australia, mailing it from there. It was a letter to one of her boy friends in the United States Army—and *he* is also in Australia now. Imagine his confusion. He thinks she's in Australia, too!

"PROOF of a Japanese pudding isn't in the eating but in the fuss the cook makes getting it ready." So says a lady of my acquaintance after years in the Far East. "A Jap cook," she declares, "does a wonderful job laying out the ingredients, all arranged to perfection. But as a rule the finished product isn't much to brag about." . . . She's sure this war of theirs, so carefully planned, will follow the same line, leaving them an elaborate mess.

LADY WITH THE HAUNTING VOICE

Continued from Page 25

dryly. "Oh, you know who I am—Elaine Barrie's little sister."

The death of Charles Frohman—he went down on the Lusitania in 1915—was an irreparable loss to Miss Barrymore. She scored many more successes: in Zoë Akins' Déclassée; in W. Somerset Maugham's The Constant Wife; in Julia Peterkin's Scarlet Sister Mary; in Mazo de la Roche's Whiteoaks; and finally in The Corn Is Green—to mention a few of the plays in which she has appeared in the last twenty-five years. But her approach to the stage underwent a radical change.

While Frohman was alive she never worried about any part but her own. She knew that he would supervise the direction and would never stand for an actor or actress delivering an inferior performance. With Frohman gone, she became a combination of star and self-made manager. Officially she did not direct her plays—there was always a manager—but unofficially she took it upon herself to act as non-profit-sharing producer.

Her shyness prevents her from criticizing other members of the company, but one look at her and the manager knows she is dissatisfied. He tries a different interpretation. Then he steals another glance at her.

She added years to her age in Whiteoaks, in which she played a century-old grandmother.

WHEN asked whether or not Miss Barrymore gets along well with her colleagues, a well known Broadway manager smiled and said, "There are no other actors or actresses, so far as Ethel is concerned. What she would really like to do is to play every single part."

A perfectionist and a taskmistress, Miss Barrymore despises players who cannot deliver their best performance unless the house is full. When The Corn Is Green was entering its concluding month on Broadway, and the thermometer climbed up to 98° in the shade, the attendance fell, as it always does in August in New York. Some nights only one quarter of the house was sold. Much to the stupefaction of the younger performers, who had never worked before with a Barrymore, those were precisely the nights on which Ethel dazzled the audience with her brilliant performance.

Herbert Shumlin, the producer, suggested that it might be a good idea to close The Corn Is Green for the last two weeks of August to give the company short respite from the heat. Miss Barrymore hit the ceiling. She would not dream of dropping a single performance. The theater, she declared, never had been and never would be a "weather-permitting" proposition. If the public was ready to pay hard-earned dollars to see the play, heat wave or no heat wave, there was no earthly reason why the actors should be pampered. The trouble with present-day Thespians, she went on sternly, was "too much comfort and too long runs on Broadway." Let them go on the road and spend a month or so crouching in hard seats of a dirty day coach, and then they'd learn what the theater was all about.

"Yes, Miss Barrymore," Shumlin said meekly.

Though she is a rugged individualist and possessor of a considerable supply of venom, Ethel Barrymore does espouse a "cause" once in a while. In 1919 she was the leader of the actors' strike which resulted in the formation of the Actors' Equity Association and a closed shop on Broadway. She wanted nothing for herself. She admitted, only too willingly, that she had always been well treated, but how about those poor chorus girls? It was a scandal the way they were mishandled, short-changed, and abused in every fashion.

The strike turned out to be a long one and Miss Barrymore ran short of cash. She went straight to the manager against whom she was striking and said, "Look, my dear. If I am to go on working for the success of the cause, I must have some money."

He opened his mouth wide. "But, Ethel, don't you realize that I'm the fellow on whom you walked out?"

She ignored his question. "I can not and dare not fail. I repeat, I must have some money."

He produced his checkbook.

"Logic does not faze a Barrymore," he explained afterward.

George Kaufman, co-author of The Royal Family, a farce which burlesqued the goings on of the Barrymores, is another man who had the opportunity of studying the workings of a Barrymore's mind. After his play became a tremendous success, he felt a bit uneasy. What, he wondered, would Ethel think and say about the fashion in which he handled her? He asked a mutual friend to mention the subject in her presence. The friend obliged. "Ethel," he said, "I hope you're not sore at George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. They really meant no harm. The whole thing was done in the spirit of good, clean fun."

"My dear," said Ethel, "I don't know what you are talking about. Fancy my being sore at any one for writing a play about the Barrymores. What else is there to write about?"

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Bearing gifts, Uncle Charlie (after a fast getaway) arrives for a visit with his unsuspecting family.

Horrified, Young Charlie admits to her uncle that she knows the truth about him.

Young Charlie is saved from a horrible death that would have left no clue to her murderer.

BY HARRIET GOULD

SHADOW OF A DOUBT

ALFRED HITCHCOCK has done it again. This latest offering of the now famous director of such film triumphs as Rebecca, Thirty-nine Steps, and The Lady Vanishes is an exciting film, filled with magnificently dramatic moments, hair-line tension, and superior acting.

One distinguishing characteristic of all Hitchcock pictures is complete simplicity of plot, and Shadow of a Doubt follows the formula. The story is concerned with Charles Newton (Joseph Cotten), a man with a mysterious and criminal background who is forced to flee from his home in the East. He decides to visit his sister (Patricia Collinge) and her family in California. They love and respect him as a smart business man and a good uncle—knowing nothing of his real life. Everything is serene until "Young Charlie" (Teresa Wright) finds out that her uncle is a murderer. Her efforts to make him leave, her own danger at his hands, and her fear that her mother might find out the truth make for some terrifying and thrilling sequences.

Hitchcock took over the little town of Santa Rosa, California, for four weeks to shoot this picture. Edna Mae Wonacott, who plays the precocious ten-year-old sister of Young Charlie, is the daughter of a Santa Rosa grocer. She was spotted by Hitchcock on a street corner, tested, and put under contract—with good reasons, as you will see.

It is hard to put your finger on all the things that make a Hitchcock picture so gripping. But music plays a large part. It is not used for background, as in most films—it is an integral part of the picture. In one sequence a man runs up a flight of stairs with the camera following his back. The music mounts to a tremendous crescendo and a crash as he stops—and turns around. Nothing has happened—except that you are being led by emotional leaps to the climax of the picture.

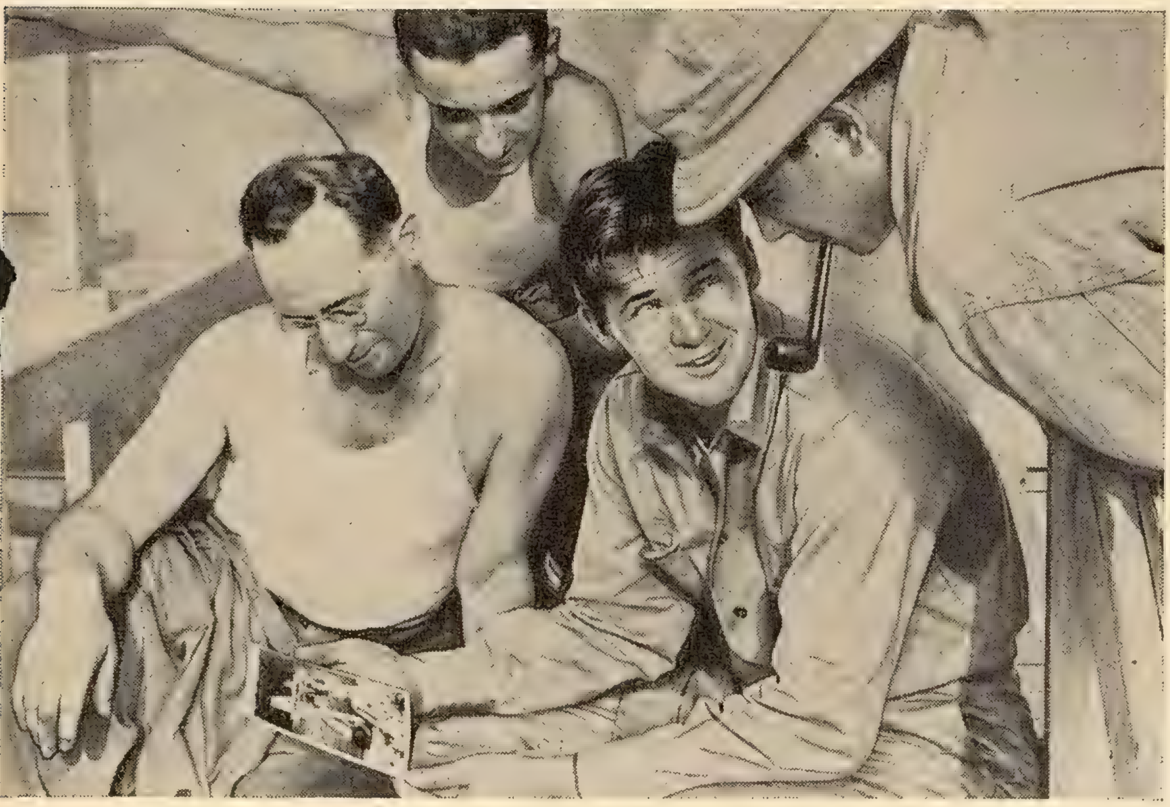
Then, too, Hitchcock's choice of casts helps considerably. Many of his people are recruited from the stage. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, Macdonald Carey, Patricia Collinge, Henry Travers, and Hume Cronyn do a superb job of acting under his very able direction.

Shadow of a Doubt is a must for those who like really good thrillers. (Universal.)

When Johnny Comes Marching Home

(Universal)

A "SLEEPER"—a movie that turns out better than expected—is the term best applied to this picture about swing-struck adolescents. The Johnny of the title (Allan Jones) comes home on furlough only to have his friends think he is a deserter. They try to straighten him out, and get things into a complete muddle. Gloria Jean, Donald O'Connor, and Peggy Ryan—three of the friends, who are also talented youngsters (with the aid of Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra)—deftly handle the musical numbers that slip leisurely into the loose weave of the story.



This Is America

(RKO-Radio)

THIS series of shorts on various phases of life in an America at war is a definite contribution from Hollywood to the war effort. The three completed ones—Private Smith of the U. S. A., showing the first thirteen weeks of life in the army; Women at War, presenting a broad view of what women can and are doing; and Army Chaplain, on the clergy's role in the army—are all informative, entertaining, and well worth seeing. A fourth in the series, Boom Town—about Washington in battle dress—will be shown soon.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's The Lion's Roar

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

When "Cabin In The Sky" was playing Broadway a couple of years ago, we went to the Martin Beck three or four times to hear the cello-voiced Ethel Waters singing "Taking a Chance on Love" and all the other melodies by Vernon Duke.

★ ★ ★ ★

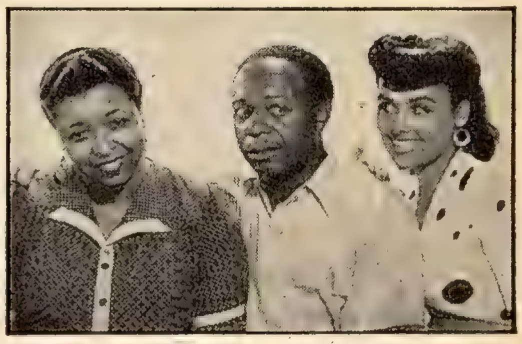
Here was a musical play with a real plot, a touch of poetry, too. What a film it will make, we said to ourselves, lion to lion.

★ ★ ★ ★

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is getting set to release "Cabin", happy in the knowledge that preview reports have branded it "a honey", "a dream" and just plain "excellent."

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M rules the raves.



The trio of star entertainers heading the cast are Ethel Waters, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson and Lena Horne.

★ ★ ★ ★

Lena is a find. She is destined to become another Florence Mills.

★ ★ ★ ★

Nor must we fail to tell about Louis Armstrong, Rex Ingram, Duke Ellington and his orchestra, The Hall Johnson choir. They're all there in "Cabin In The Sky".

★ ★ ★ ★

It's another excellent musical production by Arthur Freed. The screenplay is by Joseph Schrank. It is the first film that has been directed by the talented artist Vincente Minnelli and he is to be congratulated.

★ ★ ★ ★

A few additional numbers appear in the film by Harold Arlen and E. Y. Harburg. One in particular is entitled "Happiness is a Thing Called Joe."

★ ★ ★ ★

No more paragraphs on "Cabin" for the moment. Turning to other films, we recommend emphatically the current Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn "Keeper of The Flame".

★ ★ ★ ★

If you liked "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest", you will recognize the same M-G-M touch in this adaptation of the novel by I. A. R. Wylie.

★ ★ ★

How are the New Year's resolutions coming?

★ ★ ★

Well, they were too tough at that.

—*Leo*

ALAN LADD

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

BRIAN AHERNE

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM Ladd, Hope, Lamour, Lake, Goddard, etc. (Paramount)	*Musical comedy* (Paramount in revue—stars, producers, sets).	Almost too much of a good thing . . . pace and polish of a Broadway musical but with more plot. (1-30-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN Paul Muni Cedric Hardwicke (Columbia)	*Drama* (Norway fights back at the Nazis).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS Donald Duck Goofy (Disney-RKO)	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America).	Very amusing and palatable dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent use of color. (1-16-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION Robert Taylor Brian Donlevy Charles Laughton (M-G-M)	*Navy drama* (life on a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together. (1-16-43)
RANDOM HARVEST Ronald Colman Greer Garson (M-G-M)	*Love story* (amnesia brings two worlds together).	As tender and touching as Goodbye, Mr. Chips . . . poignantly performed . . . directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
CASABLANCA Humphrey Bogart Ingrid Bergman Paul Henreid (Warners)	*Thriller* (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . exciting . . . colorfully staged . . . extraordinarily well acted. (1-2-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE Noel Coward Two Cities Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war...Coward's talents shine ...magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET Robert Young Laraine Day (M-G-M)	*War drama* (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
THE BLACK SWAN Tyrone Power Maureen O'Hara (20th Century-Fox)	*Sea thriller* (bold buccaneer doings in the Caribbean).	Lusty thriller . . . will linger in your memory as more than a routine costume piece. (12-12-42)
FOR ME AND MY GAL Judy Garland Gene Kelly (M-G-M)	*Musical drama* (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
THE HARD WAY Ida Lupino Joan Leslie (Warners)	*Drama* (a grim and powerful piece on the theater).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter performances. (11-14-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO Bob Hope Bing Crosby Dorothy Lamour (Paramount)	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings on the African desert).	Will have reasonable number of moviegoers rolling in the aisles...Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)
ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING Korda Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (compelling film of the R. A. F. in action).	Perfect acting . . . terrific authority and suspense . . . plenty of melodramatic excitement. (10-3-42)

MAN WITHOUT A HEART

Continued from Page 10

"I won't argue." She laughed. "Just so you take me off when you leave."

The skipper motioned us to get one of the rubber boats ready, and I hopped to it with Fred Keller. We felt the girl was our own property, so to speak, since we'd seen her first. Then I noticed Lieutenant Farrel in the conning-tower hatch. He looked worried. I had an idea *he'd* have liked to take Miss Hurst ashore. Only it was obvious the skipper intended to do it himself.

Fred and I got the oars into the water when Lieutenant Commander Bright, smiling at the girl, said, "You've gone through more war than most of us, Miss Hurst. There must have been times in the past seven weeks when you cursed the day you became a nurse."

"Oh, no. I've never regretted that."

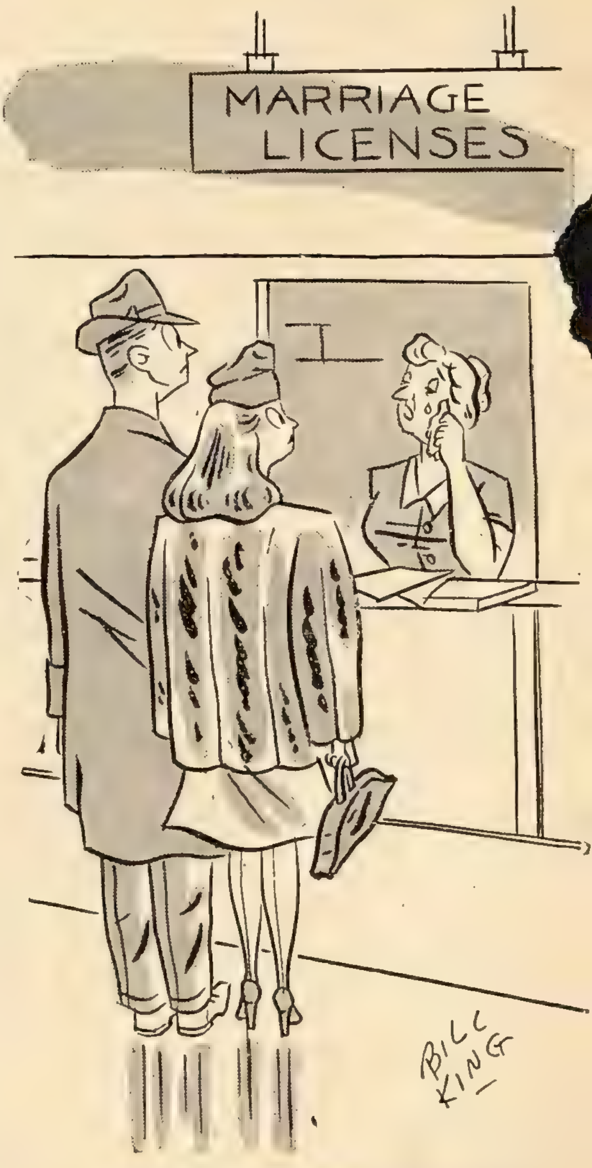
"How'd you get into it?"

"I suppose I wanted to make more money. Nurses were getting seven dollars a day when I began training—a lot more than I was making as a waitress."

The skipper looked startled. He seemed to grow taller. "A *waitress?*"

"That's right. In Seattle."

I was watching the skipper. With the moonlight on his face, he looked as if he'd bit into something sour.



"Excuse me—it always affects me this way."

He held Edna Hurst's arm while she got into the boat. Then he said, "I hope you have a pleasant night. Lieutenant Farrel will escort you ashore. . . . Lieutenant, take along a blanket for Miss Hurst."

The girl seemed surprised when she sat down. I guess she too had expected the skipper to take her ashore. But young Farrel jumped to his job with an eager smile. We rowed them to the beach, and later we rowed the lieutenant back alone. He looked happier than he'd been since the day we drew Bright as our commander. But I knew who'd have taken Miss Hurst ashore if she hadn't said she'd come from the wrong side of the tracks.

IN the morning we went to bring Edna Hurst aboard again. She was to have breakfast in the wardroom. What we hadn't counted on, however, was the radio report that reached the skipper just as she jumped to the deck, smiling, with Lieutenant Farrel holding her hand.

The skipper's face became a kind of rock as he read the message. He turned at once to the girl.

"Sorry, Miss Hurst. You'll have to go ashore. We're putting out to sea right away."

She stared as if she hadn't understood his words.

Farrel's eyes brightened. "The convoy, sir?"

The skipper nodded. "Take Miss Hurst back, lieutenant. Give her all the rations she wants."

Edna Hurst's face lost color. "You don't mean that you're *leaving* me here!"

"I do, Miss Hurst."

"But I thought—you said—"

"A submarine in combat has no room for a woman."

She cried, "I won't be in the way! I'll stay back in some corner—in some bunk—"

"Out of the question. Please hurry, Miss Hurst."

I was afraid Edna Hurst would become panicky. But I misjudged her. She stiffened, very pale, and talked back to the skipper in tones as steady as his own. Only, hers came in a whisper.

"You're planning to return for me when you're finished with this—this action at sea? Is that it?"

I was jolted deep, and so was everybody else, when Lieutenant Commander Bright shook his head. "No, Miss Hurst. That won't be possible."

"But you can't just abandon me—" She checked herself, her face full of disbelief. "What *will* you do? Radio for another ship to come and take me off?"

"We can't radio, Miss Hurst. It would betray our presence to the Jap convoy."

"Then what—"

"I'm afraid that after we've gone" —Bright spoke carefully—"you'll have to trust to luck. Maybe another ship will find you, as we did."

That was when Lieutenant Farrel found the breath to protest: "I don't see, sir, how we can desert Miss Hurst like this! If we took her along —why, I don't believe she'd be in greater danger on board than left alone here for the Japs to find!"

The skipper gave Farrel a frown that would have curdled milk. "Do I have to *discuss* my orders, lieutenant?"

"Why, no, sir; but—"

"Then stop wasting time! Break out rations for Miss Hurst and get her ashore. We leave in ten minutes!"

He turned his back on Farrel and the girl. Still frowning, he disappeared down the conning-tower hatch. The rest of us didn't move. It seemed inhuman, to put it mildly, to leave this girl alone, as we'd found her; to leave her stranded on an island where she'd already spent seven weeks. I hated Bright worse than ever. I could see every other man agreed with me, the way they were scowling.

But of course we couldn't mutiny. We couldn't waste time. Not with a Jap convoy out there, and our nerves hammering for action. Lieutenant Farrel, his skin bleached and drawn, turned to the girl.

"I'm sorry, Miss Hurst. I don't understand it, but—there's nothing I can do. Will you get into the boat?"

THAT'S how it was. We left Edna Hurst on the beach while the Diesels pushed us out of the lagoon. Every man of us, glancing back, felt like a dog. She stood straight and quiet, dressed in the skipper's trousers and shirt. She watched us without moving until we were out of the lagoon.

I saw the other men frown, their heads turned away from the girl as if they were ashamed. I know *I* was ashamed. I cursed the skipper, but there was nothing I could do.

Then we were in the open sea, with the conning-tower hatch down, the steering transferred to the control room, and the men at diving stations. We ran along the surface for some two miles.

"Ten degrees dive on the bow diving plane!" said the skipper. "Level off at periscope depth."

The Diesels died and the batteries took over their job. When we were under, the skipper snapped, "Up periscope!"

Lieutenant Farrel, with a storm in his eyes, relieved the skipper at the periscope, and we went ahead for an hour that seemed like a day. . . .

When at last Farrel spotted them, I listened to his report. Four de-

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

REFRIGERAIDER: Midnight marauder.

AVOIRDUBOYS: Stout fellas.

SQUIRMINALS: Our crowded railroad stations.

WINDYVIDUAL: A nobody who blows ill wind good.

SHOWSIERY: A WAAC parade on a windy day.

PIGAMIST: A guy who eats two pork chops.

ASHOE! The shoemaker sneezes.

TWOTHBRUSH: For cleaning twincisors.

DWHARF: An undersized pier.

SCORNBEEF: A dish for meatless days.

(Contributors to this week's Fictionary in order of words listed are V. J. Musac, J. E. O'Grady, Mrs. E. V. Bragdon, Gertrude M. Jenkins, Duncan Tabb, Mrs. F. A. Murray, Diana Miskjian, Mrs. C. R. White, D. G. Caywood, Al Curtis. In duplication of accepted words the first to reach us is the one paid for and used.)

stroyers, three transports. Maybe there were more; he couldn't yet see them all.

"Bearing zero eight zero relative," he said. "Speed eighteen."

The skipper himself had a brief look, then straightened. "Down periscope!" And a moment later, "All ballast vents open! Pressure!" And with the swish and roar of the Kingston valves he ordered a full dive. "Level off at a hundred!"

I whispered to Fred Keller, "This is it, boy."

We proceeded at reduced speed for a while, then stopped all motors. We lay still maybe ten minutes, every man listening. Then it came. A muffled distant roar above us; and another. Those were the Jap destroyers rushing over us. We waited until the sounds had gone. Then the skipper drew an easier breath.

"All ahead normal," he said. "Periscope depth."

If we had calculated right, we were now between the destroyers and the troop transports behind them. We might, of course, come up in time to have one of those transports plow into us. It could happen.

"Up periscope!"

It slid audibly. We stood tense, ready for anything, while Lieutenant Commander Bright had another look. His face became grim. We listened as he exchanged information with the fire-control assistant. Then he said, "Fifteen degrees left rudder to course two five zero. . . . Steady as you go. . . . All tubes ready for firing."

There was a stale dryness in my mouth. I guess every man felt the same way.

"Stand by!"

We were at battle stations, obeying like automatons. I thought of the four destroyers that would soon be back for us, and all of a sudden I was glad we didn't have the girl along.

"Fire one!" The skipper's voice was a bark.

We felt the jolt. As the torpedo left, the diving officer sent the bow down to avoid breaking the surface on the recoil.

"One fired, sir."

"Fire two!" Another shaking.

"Two fired, sir."

"Take her down! Full left rudder!"

We went down like a fish making a turn. Up forward the torpedo tubes were already being reloaded.

"Level off at one hundred," said the skipper. "All ahead three thousand a side!"

Then we heard it. A dull detonation that shook us gently. I saw a new tenseness come into Bright's lips; a glint of satisfaction in his eyes. He nodded to Lieutenant Farrel.

"Got that one," he said.

"Aye, sir. Got her." Farrel was terse.

"The destroyers will be back for us now." The skipper let the sub race on a while, then called, "Stop all motors!"

We lay still again. I began to wet my lips, to try to suck saliva out of my cheeks. With one transport torpedoed, the destroyers would come roaring back to give us hell—and to pick Japs out of the sea. All we could do was to wait and pray. We couldn't run our motors; they'd betray our position. This was a time when you trusted in God.

It wasn't long before we heard the thuds. They seemed far away. Ash cans. The Japs dropped them all around us. As they came nearer, I looked at Fred Keller, and he didn't appear to be breathing. Just listening. His eyes were round and his face was chalky and there was sweat on his forehead. I wondered if I looked like that.

WE could hear the steady drone of the destroyers getting nearer, nearer—

Then there was a blast that threw me off my feet. Our pigboat leaped and trembled from bow to stern. I sat down hard, and when I blinked the dazedness out of my eyes I saw that everybody else had fallen, too. Miraculously, the lights were still on. I got to my feet—and there was Lieutenant Farrel, very pale, bending over the skipper.

Lieutenant Commander Bright lay on his back, with an ugly deep gash in the side of his head. In the electric light his blood looked purple, and there was plenty of it. The queer part was that he opened his eyes once. He looked up into Farrel's strained face.

"Take over, lieutenant," he whispered.

"Aye, sir."

"Go up again when you can. Get another one."

"I will, sir."

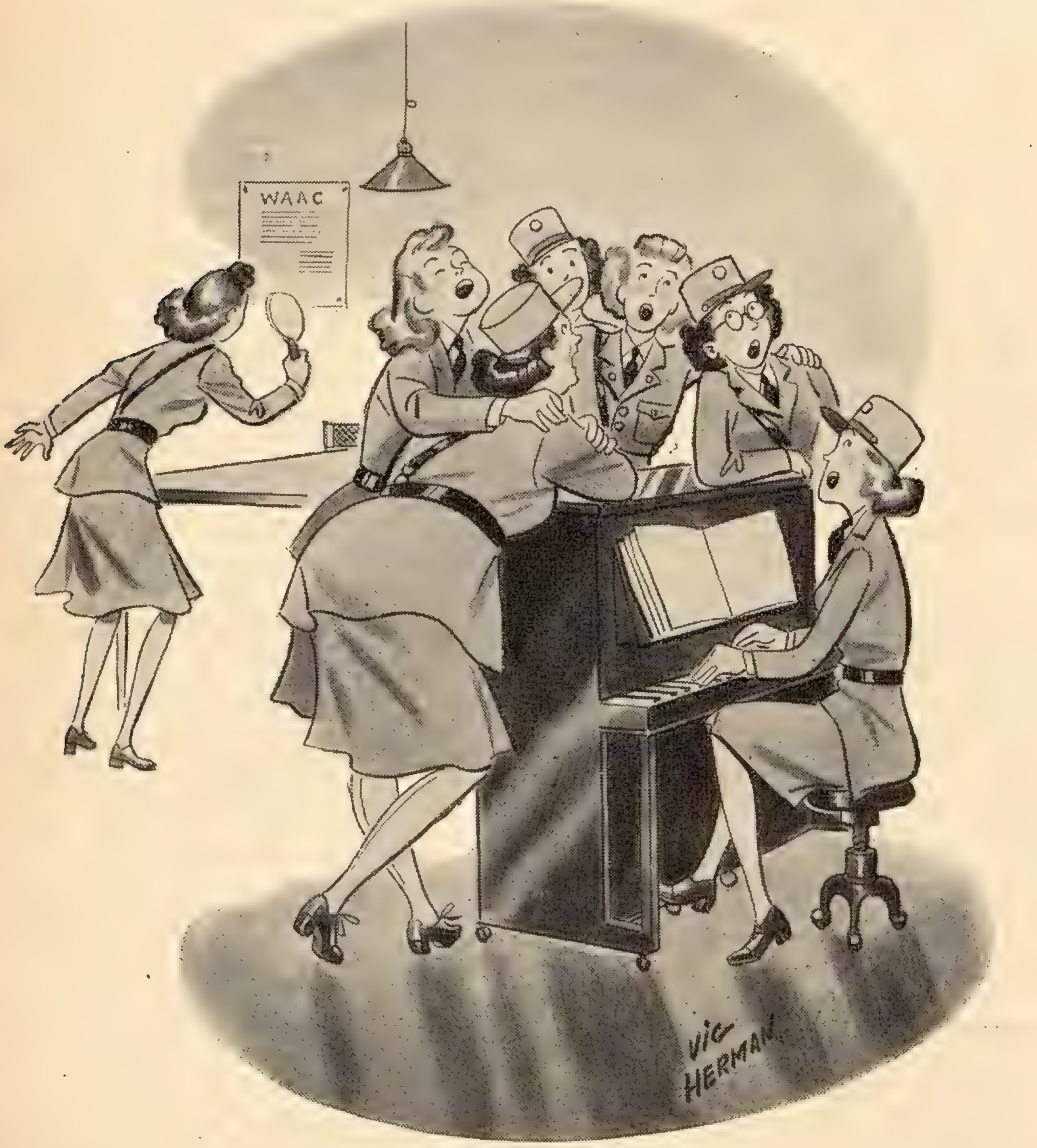
"Don't quit. Give them every torpedo we've got. When the torpedoes are gone—"

That was all he could say. His jaws sagged and his head rolled over. I thought he had died, and I looked at Farrel without being able to make a sound. But the skipper wasn't dead. His hand twitched.

"Get him to the wardroom," said Farrel. "Bind up his head."

"Aye, sir."

"Then back to your stations. We're



"I didn't raise my girl to be a soldier; I brought her up to be my pride and joy."

going to make 'em pay for this one!"

For more than two hours we played a suicide game with those Japs. We'd come up on one side of their transports, fire a couple of torpedoes, then dive and race away while the destroyers came thundering to annihilate us with their ash cans. Pretty soon we'd bob up on another side, fire again, and crash-dive before the destroyers could turn. They tried to get us with their deck guns, too.

But Farrel was smart. He never showed our periscope in one place long enough to let them get the range. Our torpedoes hit a second ship and possibly a third—we weren't sure of the last one, because ash cans were making thunder of their own all around us and we couldn't hear anything clearly.

Two hours later, when we'd fired our last torpedo, we knew we'd done everything possible. We'd spilled a thousand Jap troops into the sea—troops that would never get to our marines at Guadalcanal—and we were satisfied.

We spent a few hours lying on the bottom to give the Japs a chance to lose us. They must have thought they'd destroyed us, because in the end their propeller sounds faded in the distance.

Lieutenant Farrel came out of the wardroom, his face tired and white, his red hair rumpled.

"Blow one," he said. "We're going up. All ahead normal."

Maybe he saw the question in my eyes. As he wiped sweat from his forehead he said, "The lieutenant commander is still alive. We'll rush him to the base hospital."

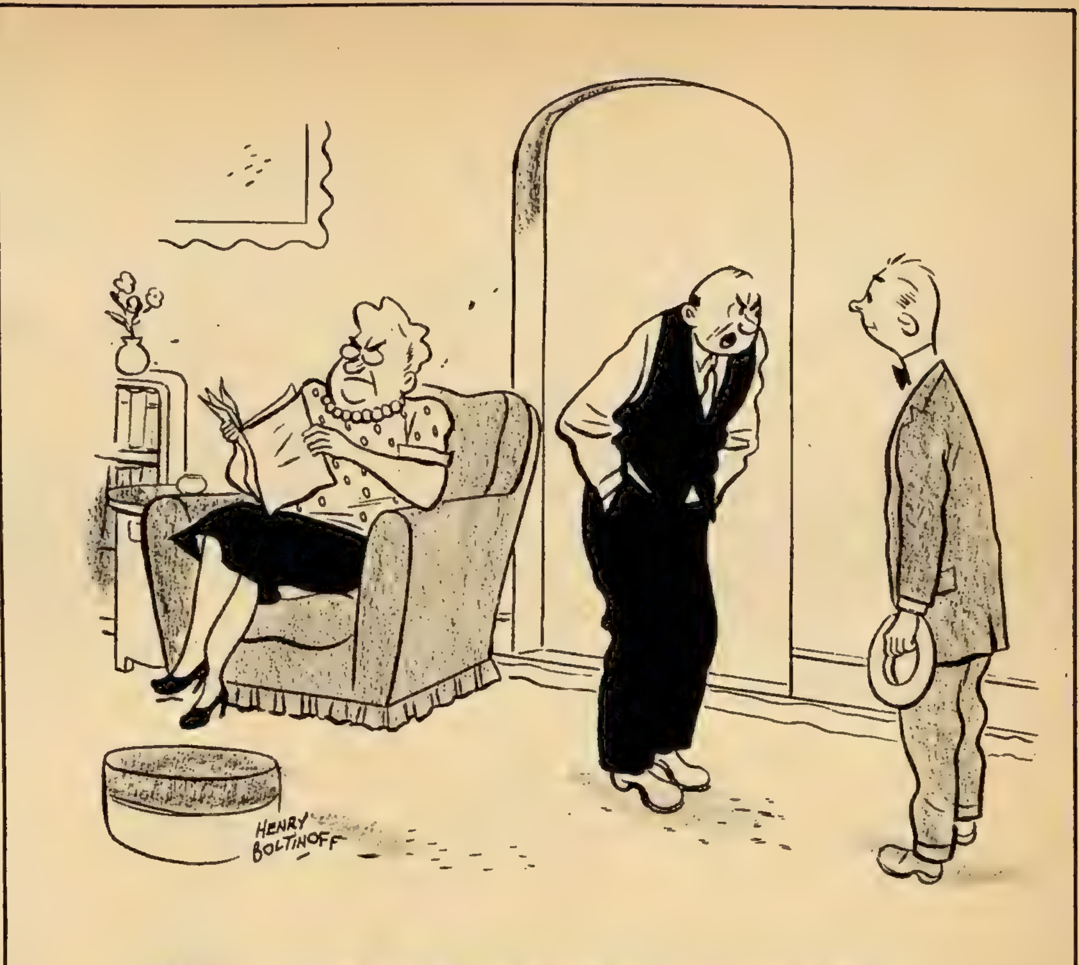
It was Fred Keller, very uneasy, who said, "That nurse, sir."

"I haven't forgotten her." Farrel sounded harsh. "We'll have to send a plane for her. Can't go back, with the skipper the way he is. He'll die if we don't get him to shore."

I DON'T know what brought the skipper back to consciousness that night. It could have been the throbbing of the Diesels after we surfaced. It could have been the rush of wonderful night air, cool and sweet and clean, that flowed through the sub like a blessing after we'd opened the conning-tower hatch. Anyway, we heard the croak of his voice calling. I wasn't on watch then, and I got to him almost as quick as did Lieutenant Farrel.

The skipper's face was as white as the bandage around his head. In his eyes, not yet fully focused, there was anger—a blazing, bewildered anger. And his voice was hoarse when he asked:

"Where are we, lieutenant?"



"Whenever I do something wrong, my wife makes me live with my mother-in-law for two weeks!"

"Making for Guadalcanal, sir."

"Guadalcanal! What's become of the Japs?"

"We hit three of them, sir. With our torpedoes gone, we had to quit."

The skipper tried to lift his head, but he winced, dropped it back again. "Damn it, lieutenant! Didn't you hear my orders?"

"Orders, sir?"

"When the last torpedo was gone, you were to surface and ram the biggest of the transports that remained afloat!"

Lieutenant Farrel stared, his eyes full of bewilderment. After a while he said in a low voice, "No, sir. You didn't tell me to do that, sir."

"I *tried* to!"

"I—I'm sorry, sir. You lost consciousness before you issued such orders."

They were silent, looking at each other. Then the skipper stirred in his bunk, groaned a little, and turned his head.

"My orders were to disrupt and delay the enemy at all costs," he said. "*At all costs.* You know what that means? We were expendable. I intended to shoot as long as possible, then use ourselves as the final torpedo."

I held my breath. All of a sudden I saw why he had refused to take Edna Hurst off the island. Taking her would have meant killing her, the way he saw it. And he couldn't explain that without letting the rest of us know the truth. . . .

"Lieutenant Farrel," he said then.

"Sir?"

"What's our position? Nearer Guadalcanal or that—that island where we left the girl?"

"The—the island, sir."

"Then put back for her."

"But your head, sir—"

"Never mind my head. She'll look after it. She's a nurse."

"But, sir, we—"

"Damn it, lieutenant, when are you going to learn to follow orders without arguing? I said, put back for her!"

Farrel looked at me, and I stumbled out of the wardroom with orders. I must have been pale, because Fred Keller gave me a queer look. I kept thinking, The skipper knew he was going out to kill himself. But he stayed as calm as he's always been. He put the girl ashore to save her life.

Fred Keller asked, "What's the matter, Pete?"

I stopped and looked at him. "I just found out something, Fred," I said. "About guts."

"Guts?"

"Yeah. You—you can hate a man's guts, but when it turns out he actually *has* guts—why, you don't hate him any more."

Fred Keller asked in amazement, "What in thunder you talking about?"

"Fred," I said, "we've got ourselves a skipper!"

THE END

A FAR, FAR BETTER THING

Continued from Page 15

owed Harry Chew ten dollars and Bruce How seven. His budget was shot for a month and his room rent was due as of that Monday morning. He was sick and weary. But Sallie's pompadour was as high and as brave as when they had innocently started out to see Mr. Charles Boyer. Even as he kissed her a blurred farewell, she smiled reminiscently. "That Butch," she breathed, "he's terrific!"

Though three and a half hours of sleep brought renewal neither to the soul nor the body of Charley Loy, the day was launched in a shower of good omens. His uncle ignored or failed to notice that he was thirteen minutes late. There was an envelope from the telephone company on his desk returning a nickel he had forfeited on a wrong number. The fog lifted and the day was bright.

Suddenly Charley felt good. The incomparable Sallie Chong was still his girl. Willie Wong was but a clumsy barge that passed in the night. He would never mention him. He could barely wait for noon that he might call her. As if nothing had happened he would greet her with a jaunty "Hello, Beautiful! What's cookin'?"

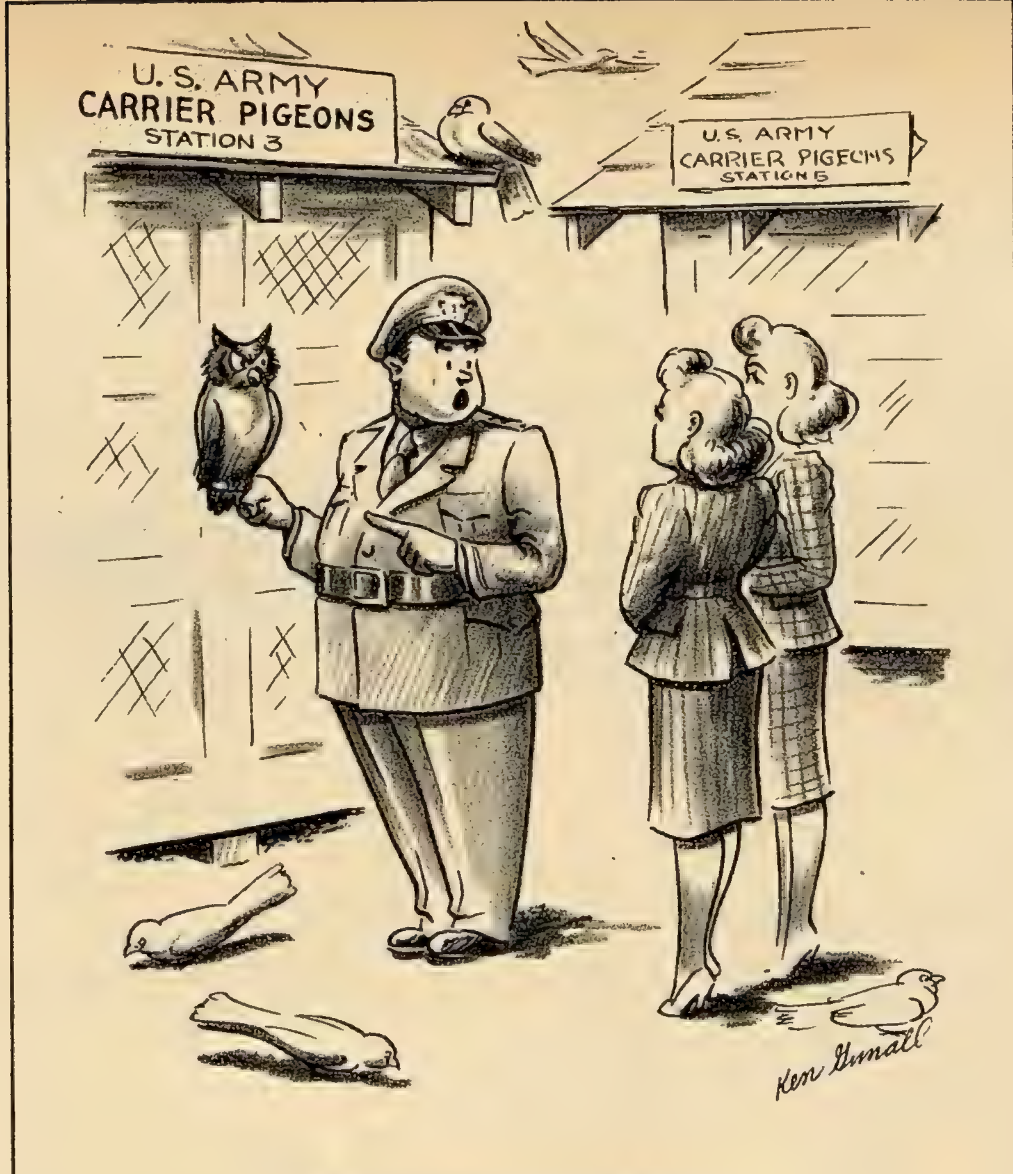
But the voice of Miss Ruben's secretary informed him that Miss Chong was not at the shop that day. She was not feeling well.

Charley was suffused by a glow of ignoble satisfaction that champagne cocktails had taken their toll. But instantly he was ashamed. He looked at the clock and reached for his hat. If he skipped lunch he could be over to her house and back at his desk in the space of an hour.

HE was back at his desk in much less than an hour. From the statements of her numerous little brothers and sisters he had learned that Sallie wasn't really ill. She had gone to the races in a big yellow car. With Mr. Wong.

There was a throbbing in Charley's temples like the drums of doom. He told himself it was because he hadn't had any breakfast nor any lunch. What else could it be? Supposing Sallie had gone to the races with Willie Wong? Did it mean that he wouldn't be seeing her that night? Did it mean that anything could threaten his dream of a flat with a view of the bay and a wife smelling always of Chanel Number 5?

Somehow the afternoon passed and the house of Loy closed its books and its doors on another day. Charley purchased a hamburger and bore it off to his furnished room. Computing the earliest second Sallie could be back from the track, he called her. A small Chong disposed of him swiftly and callously: "Sallie's not home. Gang Busters is on. Good-by."



"We use him for night flying."

By eleven o'clock he had dropped twenty nickels in the pay telephone in the hall and Mr. Chong was becoming testy.

Deciding to allow a full hour to elapse before trying again, Charley lay down on his bed with his desperate thoughts. He didn't remember closing his eyes, but when he opened them it was six o'clock. In three leaps he was out of bed, down the stairs, and at the telephone.

After a long interval, Sallie herself moaned a sleepy "Hello." Then: "For crying out loud! What's the idea of calling me at this ungodly hour?"

He knew he should be reading her the riot act, but he was too relieved at hearing her voice. "You didn't come home," he said. "I was worried stiff." And then he spoke the fatal words: "Why did you go out with that guy anyhow and stay until all hours?"

As from an arctic clime, came Sallie's voice. "Well, rilly," she said, "I don't quite understand . . ."

"*You* don't understand?" he exploded. "We're engaged, aren't we?"

"Rilly, Charley, I'm not quite sure," she told him calmly. "Haven't you noticed that we don't get along any more? The situation between us is puce. Something has to be done about it, and here's what I've decided: For a couple of weeks you date anybody you want to and I'll follow my fancy and we'll find out how we rilly feel about each other."

"But I know how I feel about you!" Charley shouted.

Sallie laughed maddeningly. "There you go—inflicting your ego on me. That *you're* satisfied should be enough."

Charley hung up the receiver. She couldn't mean it. By noon she would be herself and making plans for the evening. A harrowing possibility presented itself. Maybe she *had* plans. There was no point in pretending that behind all this there did not loom the sinister shade of Willie Wong.

Promptly at twelve o'clock he phoned. In his best brisk, modern, tomorrow's-another-day style he inquired what was cooking. Plenty was cooking, but not a stale crust or an old bone for Charley Loy. And that night Sallie followed her fancy to the Silver Lotus, where she and Willie Wong won the rumba contest.

Then there began for Charley Loy the sunless days and the black nights without moon or stars. He couldn't eat and he couldn't sleep.

He learned that Willie Wong had made her the gift of a compact. It was big and flat and terrific and on one side was the word Yes and on the other side No.

On his lunch hour Charley drew out twenty dollars of his savings and bought a bigger bottle of Chanel Number 5 than Sallie had ever owned. He dispatched it by special messenger to the shop and waited developments.

Every time the phone rang that afternoon Charley leaped from his desk. But it was never Sallie. What was face? What was pride? Charley called her.

She was neither thrilled nor rapturous at the gift. "Rilly, Charley," she chided, "you're not keeping your part of the bargain—"

"I never made a bargain," Charley interrupted wretchedly.

"—you're not trying your wings," she continued. "Now, why don't you take out some nice girl? Margaret Sen, for instance. I'll bet you two would be as ham is to eggs."

Charley reeled. Margaret Sen was a plain serious-minded girl who was studying medicine at the university. As far as he knew, no fellow had ever given her a tumble.

"I don't want to take out Margaret Sen," Charley wailed.

"All right, dee-ah," Sallie laughed. "It's your problem. Good-by, now. I'm busy."

Charley stood staring at the telephone. It seemed to him that the rest of the world dwelt in a bright warm room from which he was barred. His friends seemed to have forgotten his existence, for who was Charley Loy but a thin bespectacled young man who had glowed briefly and sadly in reflected glory?

SOMETIMES on his wanderings he saw the big yellow car that had belonged to a Hollywood celebrity several owners back. Sometimes he caught a glimpse of Sallie. She was prettier than ever—always laughing. And Willie Wong looked sleek and arrogant.

How did a man triumph over his foe? How did a man grow stronger than his enemy?

Something that was old and half forgotten was stirring in the breast of Charley Loy, San Francisco born. Something that had come over the sea with his ancestors. There were little ghost voices in the wind that night. How did a man triumph over his foe? How did a man grow stronger than his enemy? He drank the blood of a wildcat while it was still warm, the voices whispered.

Charley shuddered and stood still. Drink the blood of a wild cat! He was losing his mind.

But there were tales and legends and they were not all the prattle of old men looking backward. There was the case of the Chinese prizefighter doomed by the sports writers to go down before a tough little Filipino who had challenged him. But the morning of the bout he had come to that mysterious market of which tourists had never heard. He bought himself a wildcat. He drank its blood while it was still warm. And that night, against odds of ten to one, he laid the little Filipino low in the first round.

And in the days of the tongs, how did the fearsome Sai Ham Sun maintain his leadership? He had a standing order for the fiercest wildcats.

Your ancestors are always watching over you, the old men believed. So did Charley, now. He bowed three times toward China. "Thank you, fathers of my grandfathers' fathers," he said reverently. "Thank you for showing me the way to grow strong."

Through the mists of a cold gray dawn he followed a maze of alleys to the wildcat market. It was all true. There were the wildcats brought down from the hills and there were the customers waiting to buy—shadowy figures with hats pulled low.

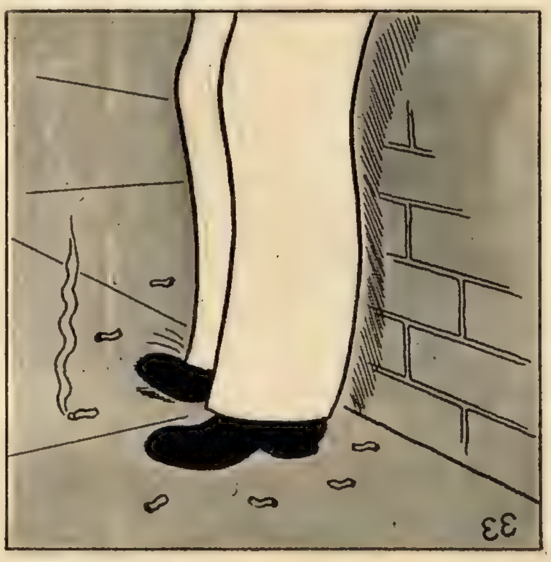
Charley asked himself what he was doing there—a young man in a gray hat and studious horn-rimmed glasses? But as he moved toward the door and the concealing mists he found himself gazing into yellow eyes filled with hate and noble scorn and he knew that he had found his wildcat. "That one," he said.

"He'll come high," the dealer shrugged. "Not once a year do we get such a wildcat."

"I want him," Charley said firmly.

He was a very heavy and a very angry wildcat. Charley could hear him snarling as he carried the tightly wrapped cage back to his room. It was still so early in the day that no one was on the streets.

FOOTNOTES



Late date.

He set the cage on the floor. The wildcat was lying on his side, his four legs securely tethered. The yellow eyes watched balefully and unblinkingly as Charley spread papers over everything, tested his old Scout knife and with a queasy feeling in his stomach brought a glass from the bathroom.

Charley rolled up his sleeves and knelt on the floor. The wildcat flattened his ears. From his tethered paws little swords were sheathing and unsheathing. Three times Charley's arms went out. Three times they stopped just short of the wooden slats. Charley decided that he needed his breakfast. There would still be time to kill a wildcat before he was due at his desk.

He pushed the cage into his clothes closet. As he went down the stairs he met his landlady. "I slept out last night," he lied. "Nothing to do in my room."

CHARLEY was ordering sausage and hot cakes when a girl entered. She laid a pile of books on the counter and asked for coffee. Charley glanced at her. It was Margaret Sen. She looked better than he remembered her from high school. "Hello, Charley," she said.

It was funny to run into her after Sallie's suggestion. He greeted her cordially and asked what she was doing up so early. She said something about a class and picked up the paper to frown at the war dispatches. "We have to get into this," she murmured almost to herself.

Charley was rather pleased—because he felt that way about it. Only the war bored Sallie and they never discussed it.

Margaret Sen wasn't a girl a fellow would think of taking to the Silver Lotus, but he could talk to her without worrying whether his line was corny. Charley found himself walking beside her to the bus stop and carrying her books. By that time it was too late to return to his room. But with deliverance in his hands, a few hours' delay meant little one way or another.

The day slipped by. The hour of closing brought to Charley no feeling of panic at the emptiness ahead. He had something vitally important to do. His one prayer was that the wildcat had not been making a fuss.

All was quiet as he entered his room, but as he opened the door of the clothes closet the wildcat growled deep in his throat. He wondered if he sensed that he was to die not as wildcats die but with dignity and significance. Charley remembered the final words of somebody in a book he had had to read in high school. "It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever done." If he ever had time he would like to read that book again.

He repeated the words aloud and turned away from the unwavering yellow eyes to flex the blade of his knife. It didn't seem very sharp. Better have his dinner and buy a new knife.

But while he was eating, Harry Chew and Johnny Li came into the restaurant. They seemed glad to see him. They were going bowling and they asked him to come along. Incredibly enough, he had a good time.

Leaving the bowling alley, he ran into Willie Wong and Sallie. "Well, long time, no see," Willie said, and Sallie smiled.

"Hi!" Charley responded. He could be as nonchalant as they, because almost immediately it would be Willie Wong they would be long time no seeing and he and Sallie would be again as ham was to eggs.

A cloud of Chanel Number 5 floated back to him and he remembered why he had come out. But all the hardware stores were closed. It would have to be tomorrow that the wildcat died. But even a wildcat whose hours were numbered got hungry. He walked five blocks before he found a butcher shop.

The wildcat coldly disdained the liver he pushed under his nose. But in the small hours of the night an unfamiliar sound pierced Charley's slumbers. It was some time before he realized that it was the wildcat smacking his jaws over his supper. Lying in the dark, Charley grinned. And as he dozed off, the name of the man in the book came back to him. It was Sydney Carton.

Sunlight was streaming in the window when he opened his eyes. He had forgotten to set his alarm clock and he was due at his desk in a scant fifteen minutes. Then a fresh complication presented itself. During the night the wildcat had removed the thongs that bound his legs and he was sitting defiantly upright in his cage. "Oh, my gosh!" Charley groaned and pushed the cage with his foot into the clothes closet. "Arr-RRR," challenged the wildcat.

He was locking his door when his landlady passed. "I made my own bed," he explained idiotically. "Anything to save you trouble."

At recurrent intervals during the day Charley faced the problem of a wildcat in full use of his four armored feet. He would have to get chloroform or something. That way, all pain and struggle would be eliminated. And suddenly he was telephoning Margaret Sen. A girl studying medicine ought to know about such things. They started to talk almost as if they were taking up where they had left off the previous day, and she said that an interesting man was dining at her parents' home that evening, a friend of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, and would he like to come?

It was a different evening. After dinner every one sat around the parlor and just talked. Margaret was smart. Stride by stride she kept pace with the learned friend of the Generalissimo. She looked nice, too, in dark green pajamas embroidered in gold threads, and earrings that were three hundred years old.

Charley hadn't been bored. On the contrary, as he walked home he felt fit and alive as after a plunge in the ocean. He had borrowed the book about Sydney Carton, but he had forgotten to find out about rendering a wildcat unconscious.

THREE days passed. The aroma of wildcat was becoming quite definite, but his landlady was still in ignorance of the strange tenant. A bottle of ether and a new knife stood on Charley's dresser. But that first night, lying on his bed, he had reread A Tale of Two Cities.

The next night he went to the theater. Margaret had mentioned that she wanted to see a play at the Geary, and Charley felt it only gentlemanly to return her hospitality. Instead of going any place afterward, they returned to her house and she made coffee. And they talked. Margaret felt that they were living in exciting and exacting days and that unexpected people would arise and do great things. "What do you want to do, Charley?" she asked. "What do you want from life?"

He almost told her about the flat looking down at the bay and Sallie smelling of Chanel Number 5, but something held him back.

He entered his room that night to be greeted by a deep interrogative growl. "Yes, I got it," Charley growled back.

Yet there was something cozy about lying in bed listening to the wildcat doing himself well in the dark hours of the night. For obvious reasons, he had been named Sydney Carton.

The next day Charley's uncle showed him an account of the Sen dinner in the Chinese paper. The man who had been there, the friend of the Generalissimo, was a big shot. He had been entertained by the Mayor of San Francisco. "That's nice," his uncle beamed. "I didn't know you were the friend of such people."

And Sallie had called to laugh her tinkle-bell laughter that his name had been in the paper. Charley's heart had leaped at the sound of her voice, but he didn't beg her to see

GEORGE WOLFE

"Shall I serve the cooked-over coffee grounds now, ma'am?"

him that night. With all that was amiss between them so soon to be righted, why not salvage some portion of his pride? Then she regaled him with an account of the fun she was having. She might even go to Hollywood. Butch had a friend who supplied Chinese talent to the studios.

Sallie in Hollywood. Sallie far from Grant Avenue. He could put it off no longer. Sydney had smacked his jaws over his last pound of liver.

Charley was three paces into his room before he realized that something was wrong. He had left the door of the clothes closet slightly ajar to allow the wildcat a breath of air; but now the door was wide open. There was the cage with the slats pushed outward. And there was Sydney crouched in a corner of the room.

One backward leap and Charley was in the hall with the door locked on the wildcat. Shaking, he sat down on the stairs to review the situation. The window was open. There was a small balcony outside and a fire escape that ended within a few feet of the alley. The way to freedom was easy. Sydney was smart. And who would connect a strolling wildcat with Charley Loy?

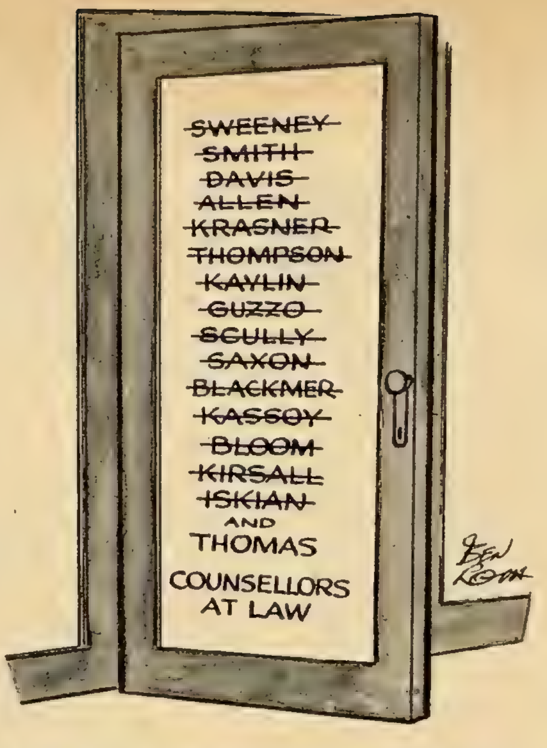
So Charley went to the movies. He sat through the entire program twice to allow Sydney plenty of time.

There was no sound as he unlocked his door; no sound as he turned on the lights and peered in. He inspected the clothes closet. He looked under the bed. He crossed to the window and surveyed the alley. No living thing stirred. Of Sydney there remained only his personal odor and the battered crate.

BESET by a flood of emotions, Charley sat on the edge of his bed. He was a weakling, a procrastinator. Not even his ancestors could do anything about him.

A soft thudding sound caused him to turn—and caused his blood to congeal and his body to grow numb. Silhouetted by bright moonlight, Sydney was perched on the windowsill. For a moment his yellow eyes met Charley's. Then he leaped lightly from the windowsill to the bed. Sharp vengeful claws dug into Charley's back. And suddenly the whole plan seemed to have gone into reverse. It was the wildcat who was going to taste the blood of Charley Loy.

Surprisingly, the claws relaxed their hold. The wildcat came around by Charley's elbow, voiced a guttural inquiry and jumped down on the floor. For what seemed like hours, he walked around in a circle arguing with himself. Then, almost experimentally, he rubbed his head against Charley's quivering shins, and there came a sound like wood being sawed. Sydney was purring!


~~SWEENEY~~
~~SMITH~~
~~DAVIS~~
~~ALLEN~~
~~KRASNER~~
~~THOMPSON~~
~~KAYLIN~~
~~GUZZO~~
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~~SAXON~~
~~BLACKMER~~
~~KASSOY~~
~~BLOOM~~
~~KIRSALL~~
~~ISKIAN~~
AND
THOMAS
COUNSELLORS
AT LAW

"And has the draft affected your firm, Mr. Thomas?"

And to express his awe Charley could find only such helpless phrases as "I'll be darned!" and "My gosh, Sydney!" Then, almost choking with pride, "Sydney, you came home!"

Though Sydney was a problem, with the passing of days their friendship waxed. As debonairly as a French poodle, he learned to walk on a lead up and down the narrow confines of Charley's room.

Sallie and Willie Wong were still doing the town, and Sallie still talked about going to Hollywood. And Charley continued to miss her as he would his right arm.

One night he took Margaret to a lecture—or, rather, she took him. He pretended to understand more of what the speaker said than he really did and Margaret told him he had a good mind. It was funny how he could fool Margaret. He could never fool Sallie.

Sunday came. Charley donned his freshly pressed gray suit. He noticed Sydney regarding him wistfully, and succumbed to a sudden impulse. "You would like to go walking, Mr. Carton?" They made their exit by way of the fire escape.

Charley Loy was a simple young man. He had never considered the effect of ambling peacefully along Grant Avenue with Sydney on a leash, but before they had gone a block they were the center of a curious and admiring throng.

Children squealed, danced, and asked questions. Would he bite? Was he a wild wildcat? What was his name? A policeman approached to see what was going on and remained to admire Sydney. Then, as if they were a duke and his duchess curious to discover what amused the masses, Willie Wong and Sallie pushed their way through the crowd. Sally stopped short in astonishment. "Charley Loy!" she gasped. "Well, if you aren't out of this world!"

"Stand aside, miss," a lady tourist requested. "I want to take the young man's picture."

Sallie moved with an angry flip of her black hair.

Thus far, every one had kept a respectful distance. But not Willie Wong. He stepped forward to steal the show with a gusty, "You think you're wild? Shake hands with a wolf!"

Flattening his ears and tensing his claws, Sydney spat such a stream of insult that Willie Wong fell back a full six feet and made no response beyond a startled "Ugh!"

"Come on," Sallie ordered furiously as a sailor guffawed. "We have places to go."

THE next morning there was a picture of Charley and his pet in one of the San Francisco papers. Charley's landlady seemed relieved to find that it was only a wildcat he was harboring. For an extra dollar a week and Charley's word that he would keep him securely caged and the room clean, Sydney was accorded the privileges of a guest.

Margaret wanted to see the wildcat; so Charley took him out to her house one night. They sat on a divan with Sydney between them.

"Why didn't you drink his blood?" Margaret asked slyly.

Charley stared at her. "You know about the wildcat market?"

"Of course," Margaret said.

And suddenly he was telling her about Sallie and Willie Wong. As he talked she stroked the wildcat.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked when he had finished.

Charley looked at the carpet. "I don't know. I couldn't kill Sydney—not in a million years. And I can't afford another wildcat."

Margaret smiled and for a moment her cool fingers touched his cheek. "You don't need another wildcat," she told him.

She was a funny girl. A nice girl. He thought about her after he got home that night. But he didn't call her again.

It was another Sunday. On his way to breakfast, Charley met Harry Chew and inquired what cooked along Grant Avenue.

Harry looked at him dourly. "I guess you heard about your ex-girl friend's boy friend?"

Charley shook his head.

"Well, he blew town," Harry related. "And my old man's stuck with one of his checks. Mr. Alcibidades is holding six. And the finance company got his car. What a phony!"

Three times the buzzer sounded in Charley's room that morning. Some one wanted to talk to him on the telephone. But Charley didn't move from his chair. Again the buzzer sounded. Charley scratched the wildcat's head. "Let's go for a walk," he said.

They strolled along Grant Avenue, past the little flower wagons with their cargoes of gardenias.

And then he saw her coming toward him. She didn't come humbly. She advanced with banners flying. "I thought I'd find you down here, showing off," she greeted.

"No," Charley said; "just walking with Sydney."

"Sydney," she scoffed. And then she was smiling at him roguishly, confidently, adorably. "Get rid of your smelly flea-bitten Sydney and you can walk with me."

Charley stared at her. He recalled a proverb: "Never make a wish. It may come true."

"Well, rilly. Charley," she flared, "to stand there gawking, after the torch you've been carrying . . ."

BUT Charley continued to gawk. He was trying to visualize a little flat looking down at the bay and a wife who smelled ever of Chanel Number 5. Oddly, the vision eluded him. He found himself thinking of Margaret and all she had said about changing values and all that was vital and uprooting going on in the world. And all at once he was curious about himself, Charley Loy. Maybe he could be one of those unexpected people who would arise and do great things. Or maybe he'd never do anything. But he wanted to be free to try. And suddenly and mysteriously Sallie became just another girl with a high pompadour and red lips.

Charley reached down and touched the wildcat's ears. "I couldn't give up Sydney," he said.

He didn't look after her as she spun around and walked rapidly away. He stood with his eyes toward China, remembering the night when there had been ghost voices in the wind. He bowed three times. "Thank you, fathers of my grandfathers' fathers," he said reverently. "Thank you for showing me the way."

And then he and Sydney continued along Grant Avenue. They turned in at the first drugstore. Charley wanted to call Margaret Sen, to find out if she would go down to Fisherman's Wharf with him to eat a bowl of shrimp and drink a bottle of beer and watch the fishing boats putting out to sea.

THE END

MISSION

Continued from Page 17

ish officiousness, let the machine gun go, took the K-20. They were dropping bullet-like now. Looking down, a lump of terror rose in Tom Murdock's throat. The earth and the inlet water were very clear. Men who appeared to be huge dolls were working at miniature guns down there. Sheets of flame rose to greet them.

He threw back the canopy, jerked the camera up and over the side, aimed. The wind cut his face; he could not immediately get the vessel inside the view-finder. Hurriedly, frantically, he swept the camera back and forth. The smokestacks yawned up at him for a split second, were gone.

He fell back into the cockpit. Once inside, he was wet with sweat. The plane streaked away, leaving the ack-ack behind. "Get it?" Winston called through.

"No."

There was a long silence.

Murdock knew what the kid was thinking. If he'd been ready they'd have got it for sure; they couldn't have missed at such a daringly low altitude.

"Repeat performance," Winston said. There was no rancor, no anger in his voice.

Looking back, Murdock saw the Messerschmitts still tailing them. He did not reach for the gun. There was a cloud block. Winston drove into it, kicked the ship over suddenly, took her on the stairway. The Messerschmitts were gone. A wide patch of blue—but they swept across and were in cloud again before Fritzie could spot them. They went up, up.

Murdock's hands bit hard into the sides of the camera, held now on his knees as Winston leveled. Below, far below and behind, Murdock saw the Messerschmitts, lost, streaking about searching the sky like angry bees.

He heard the pilot's exclamatory whistle. Ahead and flying at about the same altitude, coming toward them, were two Focke-Wulfs. He felt the power as Winston let the plane all the way out. "They've seen us," the pilot said. "We're too short to tip her down. Miss the boat. And we haven't time or gas to play hide-and-seek. We'll go straight on, and duck. Once we start going away, they won't be able to stick."

"I'll catch you a picture for your kids ten years from now, showing the amazement in Fritzie's face as we go by."

Winston's laughter flooded back, warm and vibrant. Laughter that told how happy and relieved he was that the pressure was off, that their feud was ended.

Racing at each other now, they zigzagging and the two Fockes coming in straight, guns blazing. Now there was fire at them, under them, all about them. All kinds and sizes of fire.

Head low, Murdock griped, "Cheeristmas! The whole Heinie army out after two little ol' Yanks!"

Winston's soft chuckle blended with the drumming of the bullets against and through the plane. The kid dove. Nose down, the ship screamed at the earth. Murdock knew they'd been lucky to have got this far again. Well, they said you started with a bag of luck and when it was empty there just wasn't any more.

He took the camera off his knees. Gripping it firmly, he held it out over the side, his chest supporting it, his cheek resting caressingly against it.

The wind tore at his arms, a shoulder, seared the uncovered parts of his face. He didn't feel it. He had the vessel in the finder, tiny but growing ever larger as it came up.

Not yet! Hold it! A split second. Another. There it was—the whole cockeyed thing, clear and bright and sharp. His thumb pressed the trigger.

The ship was gone. He knew without question of doubt that he'd got it. The way Winston had set it up, he could have got it with a box Brownie. He told Winston so in the intercom. The pilot waved back cheerily.

They were out of the flak, streaking for the Channel. The Messerschmitts spied them and gave chase for a while, but the stripped plane soon outdistanced them and the Fockes.

NOW that it was over, it was hard to believe they'd gotten out. Winston had gotten them out, really, with superb flying—with daring, cool-headed, beautiful flying.

"Jim—"

Winston moved his head a little in a gesture that said he was listening.

"It's darn good for both of us, and the army too, I guess, that you were up front today. I could never have made it."

No reply came back. But Tom Murdock expected no reply. For this was a moment too deeply precious, coming rarely in the lives of men, for use of words.

There were the bright white cliffs under them, not far below. A machine-gun crew waved up and, though he knew that they couldn't see, Murdock grinned and waved back.

The plane rocked, fell suddenly away into a loose spiral as Winston grunted what might have been his name.

The kid's head was back, lolling against the chair. His body swayed heavily sideways with the movement of the ship. Instinctively Murdock grabbed the dual stick, rode it lightly, leveled out.

He could feel the throbbing, pulsing power of the plane course through his arm and into and through his body. Oddly, he knew none of the godlike superiority he'd known before, in other years, at this same thing. This was to be the shortest flight of his entire pilot career, and he wasn't at all sure that he could land this plane that was a stranger to him.

Yet he must. He must bring it in, as he'd brought himself in so many other times, safely. Not for himself this time, but for another, with no ticker tape, no cheering or applause, at flight's end.

Before him lay the rolling grass, the triple sets of trees hiding the hangars, the lake which was not a lake at all but the landing field camouflaged to look like water.

All right—downwind leg now. He touched the hydraulic button, releasing the landing gear—let the flaps down; took her along the base leg, swung into the approach. Throttle back, she fell quickly—200, 180, 140, 120— The glide broke, he dropped it in over the trees. She touched lightly, rolled. He took a long deep breath.

A jeep came racing out to meet him as he slid back the canopy. From the jeep Jones asked: "Get it, sir?"

"Yes." He handed the camera to the tech man, leaped out and around toward the front cockpit.

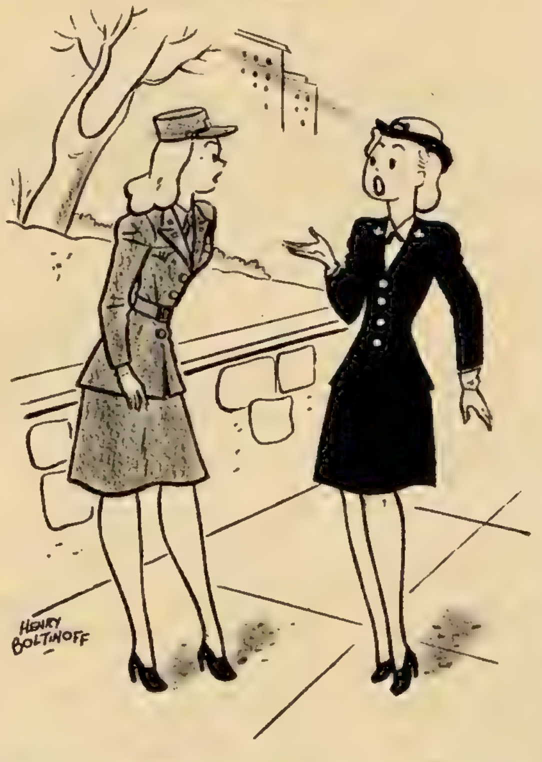
"Good, sir! Captain Winston said you'd get it, sir, if any one could. Asked the major for you on this mission, he did, sir."

"He's hurt," Murdock said. "Get help quick."

The jeep jack-rabbited away.

Murdock cradled the kid's head against his shoulder, disengaged the headgear. The blond hair tumbled out. Blood flowed from a high wound, and he knew that if this was all, then Winston was going to be all right. "Jim," he murmured—and his voice was not his own—"Jim, old boy!" His hand tensed happily about the young pilot's shoulder as Winston's eyes opened again to the brilliant English morning sunshine.

THE END



"With your brown eyes you were smart to join the WAACS! But I figured the blue uniform is better for my coloring!"

GUESS WHO SAID IT

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

MAYBE silence is golden, but we like to hear what a man thinks. Below, you will find various words put together into ideas by people who are well known. The game is to find out who's talking. Consider the clues carefully and it's easy. Answers on page 67.

1. "Grin and wear it," is good advice to all who feel restricted by war shortages. Said by a movie actress of a famous acting family. She was once married to a titled foreigner.

2. Take it easy, my friend, for, as one of our best Presidents said, "Delay is preferable to error." He was a planter, designer, author.

3. Do you remember the youngest man ever to be made the president of a big American university? He said, "The college graduate is presented with a sheepskin to cover his intellectual nakedness."

4. Remember the woman who served time for the shows she produced? A buxom actress, wise and witty. "Don't be too dumb. An empty attic never attracted anything but bats."

5. This Allied general is an expert desert fighter. He is a knight and greatly respected by the Germans. "Have you ever thought what a world we could make if we put into peace endeavors the same energy, the same self-sacrifice and co-operation we use in wastefulness of war?"

6. A French author, refugee now in this country, his first name the same as the last name of a famous spy in our Revolution, observes, "A happy marriage is a long conversation that always seems too short."

7. Maybe you didn't like what they had to say above. So we give you this: "Silence is deep as eternity, speech is shallow as time." An English author, expert on the French Revolution. He wrote a piece about a Scotch song writer you probably studied in school.

DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Global war contrast: Here at home we stand in line at the candy counter, griping at the sugar ration. In the steaming jungles of New Guinea our boys stand thankfully in line waiting for one cup of ice water made from a captured Jap ice machine.

Global war oddity: Three years ago one of the largest printing orders on record was for a 1,000-page mail-order catalogue, designed to persuade a million or so customers to purchase several thousand items. No limit on purchases, cash or credit.

Today's all-time printing record is for 130,000,000 ration books telling us explicitly how much food we will be permitted to buy.

Times change in money matters, too. Under Theodore Roosevelt's administration Congress staggered the world with history's largest peacetime appropriation: three hundred-odd million dollars to build the Panama Canal. That was in 1912.

Three decades later, during December, 1942, the American public purchased more than that amount, *each day* of the month, in war bonds and stamps.

Interest at 2 per cent on appropriations approved by the Seventy-seventh Congress (adjourned December, 1942) could build seven Panama Canals each year forever.

All strong men have their own philosophies. A few have expressed them tersely.

Andrew Jackson: “One man with courage makes a majority.”

Napoleon: “An army of sheep led by a lion will defeat an army of lions led by a sheep.”

Abraham Lincoln, having voted “aye” when his entire Cabinet had voted “no”: “Gentlemen, the ‘ayes’ have it.”

Some of our orators commit logical mayhem when embarked upon such subjects as “economics,” “social reform,” and “geopolitics.” Their enthusiasm, undimmed by lack of knowledge, is remindful of an applicant for a teacher's certificate in a Southern state.

One subject in the examination was: “Name two Indian tribes of the Southwest and give details as to their customs and habits.”

The applicant wrote: “Two Indian tribes were the Casseroles and the Semicolons. They wore feathers in their customs and their habits was *bad*.”

Why is butter worth its weight in gold? Dairymen were impaled on the horns of the now familiar dilemma: a price ceiling too low to enable them to hire labor. Dairyman Jones, for example, had one hired man, one son, and milked thirty-five cows daily a year ago. Today his hired man is working in a dollar-an-hour war industry, his son is in the armed services, and Jones, unable to hire help, has reduced his herd to the ten or twelve cows he can milk himself.

Or—as has happened in thousands of instances—Jones has slaughtered his entire herd and himself hurried onto the war plant, further cutting down the producer army and swelling the consumer army.

Michelangelo was walking down a street of Genoa one day and saw three stonemasons plying their trade on the same job.

He said to the first: “What are you doing?”

The man said: “I am breaking stones.”

He said to the second: “What are *you* doing?”

The second man said: “I am supporting my wife and family.”

He said to the third: “And you?”

“Maestro,” said the third man, “I am building a cathedral.”

Much depends, in peace or war, on the point of view.

Not only is Benito losing the interest of his audience, but it occurs to us that he'd better hurry with that last balcony speech before the industrious R. A. F. demolishes all the balconies.

The Imperial Russian Ballet was a hobby of the Czars, and all things Czarist are foresworn by Stalin's warriors. Still, they're taking the Nazis through some difficult steppes.

The question is: How strong is Hitler's stomach now he's had to start eating his words?

PAPER CHASE

Continued from Page 21

girls in identical red hats and navy veils going in the opposite direction that Elizabeth realized it was a special $2.97 model from Macy's that had haunted her and not a spy.

At the next Childs they walked in, purposely chose a table in the window, and ordered breakfast. With great surface indifference they scanned their fellow breakfasters in the restaurant and the people who walked by outside. There was not the least reason to suspect any of them. Jeff was disappointed.

Elizabeth tried to comfort him. “After all, they're not amateurs. They'd do it skillfully enough so that we wouldn't be able to tell.”

“But do you have a *feeling* you're being watched?” asked Jeff.

“Truthfully, no,” Elizabeth admitted. “Not since the hat sale. Do you?”

“No. It's damn funny they'd take the trouble to search your apartment and not consider us important enough to watch.” Jeff poured syrup onto the pancakes the waitress had set in front of him. “I wonder if they were looking for the memo book.”

“MAYBE they were looking for Mercer's inheritance. How do they get these pancakes so nice and brown without sticking?” Elizabeth gazed admiringly at the fragrant stack on her plate.

“You'll have to learn if you want to continue to spend time in my company. Why would they think we had Mercer's money?”

“I bet these are plenty fattening. Maybe they think we killed him.”

“As soon as we're done we're going over to see the prof again. I want to ask him a few definite questions this time.”

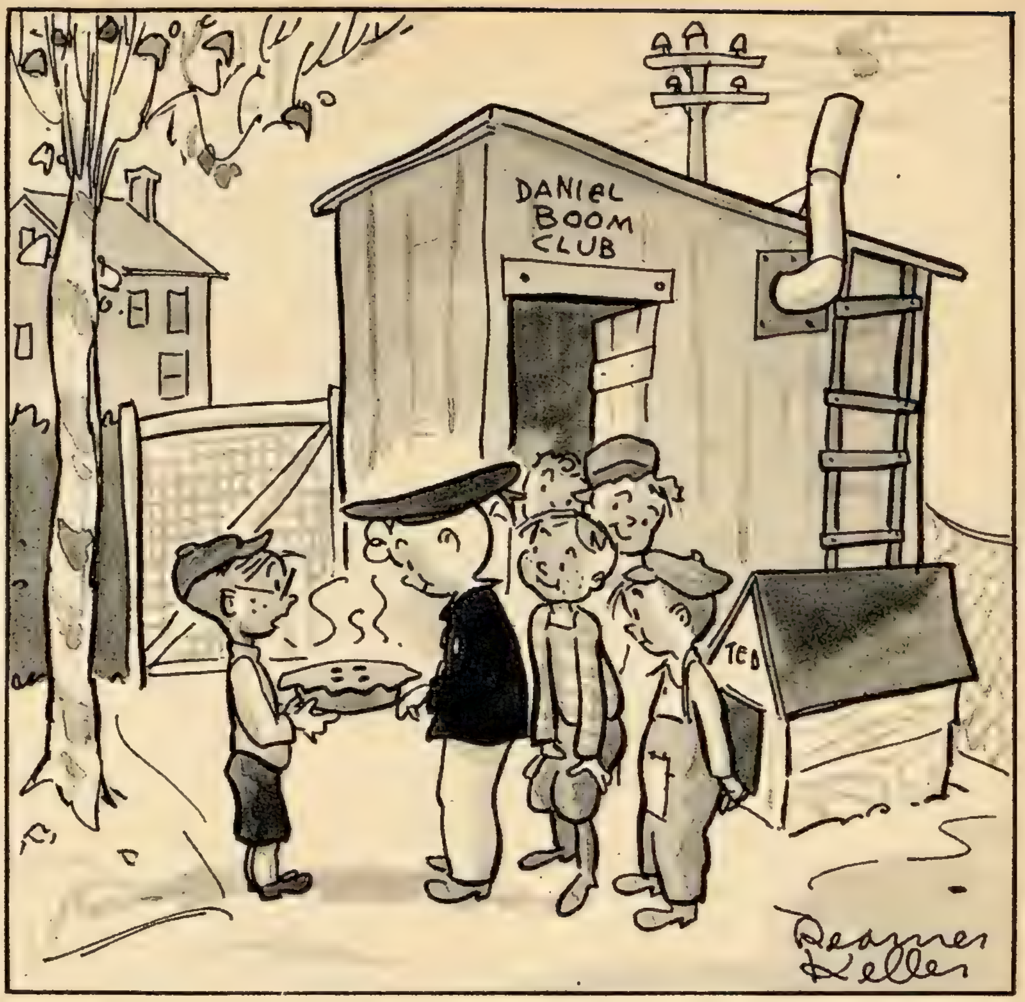
Elizabeth put her fork down. “Oh, no, Jeff. I—after that awful look on his face—”

“We'll refresh his memory. Then the next time he sees us, he'll recognize us.”

It was the same apartment, the same weathered-brick red, with the same ornately carved stone doorway and the monogrammed gray marquee leading down to the sidewalk in front. But today it had a look unlike that of the afternoon before, a look both ominous and secretive, all of its windows staring out upon the street like spying eyes.

Elizabeth held Jeff's arm tighter as they turned up the walk. The doorman who had yesterday been only another New York doorman in an operetta uniform was now a baleful figure set there to find a

HARDTACK



"I'm kinda suspicious of this pie. Mom went out and left it where I could reach it."

target in their backs. She was glad when she heard the click of the entrance door behind them.

Jeff pressed the bell beside the professor's name and held his ear close to the speaking tube. There was no answer. He rang again.

"They're out," said Elizabeth with relief.

"Or not receiving today. I'll ask the doorman if he saw them go."

The doorman proved to be courteous enough.

"The professor and his secretary left early this morning, sir. They had suitcases, so I guess they were going out of town. They didn't leave any word about when they'd be back."

"Do you know when the gentleman whose apartment the professor is using will be back?"

"What's that, sir?"

"Mr. Mercer—the professor's friend. When will he be back?"

"I don't know of any such person, sir."

"Oh, I understood the professor was using his apartment."

The doorman looked honestly puzzled. "No, sir. The professor rented this apartment himself. From Mr. Perine—he's our renting agent. There's no Mr. Mercer in the building, sir."

"Well, well, darling," Jeff eyed Liz, "you must have misunderstood the professor."

Liz beamed back at him. "I guess I did, sweet."

Jeff turned to the doorman. "This young lady is a former student of the professor's."

"Is that so?" The doorman was politely attentive.

"He's got a very important paper of hers upstairs. Her Ph. D. thesis. She's supposed to read it to the Phi Beta Kappa Society this afternoon."

"That so?"

"I guess the professor forgot that this young lady was coming for the paper today. You couldn't let us in to get it, could you?"

"No, sir." The doorman's expression changed perceptibly. "What did you say your name was, sir?"

"Faracini," said Jeff. "Tulio Faracini. Good-by."

THEY turned and walked rapidly away from the apartment. A block farther on they joined a crowd boarding an open-topped bus. They climbed to the second deck and sat down.

"Tulio Faracini," mused Elizabeth. "I thought it was a nice name. It has a rhythm to it."

It was another sunny day, but the breeze from the river neutralized the heat and up there on the bus Jeff breathed deeply. He would have been feeling fine if it were not for the Lombroso-skulled man with the hat on a few seats behind and to the side of them.

"If," Liz was saying, "the professor is as much of a fan of mine as he pretends, he may read a message into that name. Tulio was a murderer. He did it by loosening the trapeze ropes his partner was about to perform on. He was very cruel and sadistic. Maybe you'll even scare the professor away."

"I don't want him scared away. I want him to stick around where I can get at him. Damned inconvenient, these disappearances."

Jeff bent to tie his shoelace. Even from an almost upside-down eye view, the big-headed man looked familiar. When he had straightened up, Jeff said, "Don't look now, but I think I have what I wanted. The high-brow is following us."

From the corner of his eye he saw Liz's profile stiffen.

"What do we do now?"

"What do you usually do on Sundays?"

"Sleep till noon. Read the Times till dinner. Work till I get sleepy."

"I'm afraid he'd be bored. How about some variation?"

"This is plenty of variation already!"

"How about a walk in the park to begin with?"

"All right."

Jeff reached for her hand. It was cool and compact in his. He could feel the firm pads of her fingertips, the rounded nails kept very short for typing.

In the seat ahead a sailor rode with his arm around a girl. Her black hair spread out and glistened on his stiff white sleeve. Behind them a little girl wanted to stand up on her seat.

"Lillian, sit down. Sit down, Lillian," her mother insisted petulantly.

Lillian, Lili. And from Lili to Mercer. And what was it all about? Jeff had a feeling of looking down from somewhere quite high onto the whole vast teeming city; on himself and Elizabeth and a young man with an exceptionally large head only partly concealed by the rough brown-straw hat he wore. He could see it like a wall map. All of the other people were black pins and the three of them red pins, signifying what?

The people who had come in contact with Mercer were red pins too. That meant Lili and Kempen and himself and Elizabeth and the couple on the train and the professor and his man of all work. Who and where were the rest of them? There was that woman, Marie something, on an island off the Massachusetts coast, and the chophouse king, Ben Walters, in Washington, D. C. But what was their connection? More apparently unrelated types of humanity it would be hard to find.

Somewhere there must be one word or one sentence that could clarify the whole tremendous tangle. Somehow he must find out what one thing all these people had in common. He must keep eliminating until he found it. There was a glimmer of an idea in his head now. Something the doorman had said.

"Liz," Jeff spoke softly. Her hand returned his pressure. "What was the name of the renting agent the doorman mentioned?"

"Perine?"

"Right. Let's get off now."

They got off, after staggering down the aisle, brushing unavoidably close to the man in the brown-straw hat, but he neither moved away nor looked up at them.

JEFF headed for a drugstore on the corner. He held the door for Liz. "Come in a minute. I want to make a call."

"All right," said Liz. "I want to buy a pancake griddle."

"In a drugstore?"

"Naturally."

When Jeff came out of the phone booth, Liz had a package under her arm.

"Want me to carry that?"

"No, it's not heavy. I might as well get familiar with it."

"See any one you know?"

She shook her head.

"Well, let's walk for a while."

They crossed the street and entered the crowded park, joining the throngs on the wide shady walks.

"I just called Mr. Perine's office," announced Jeff. "What do you think Rowe's apartment rents for?"

"Not hay."

"How much do you suppose he paid for that room you said he had on West Hundred and Tenth?"

"It wasn't worth seven a week. Ten, if he got breakfast."

"Say thirty a month, to make my story come out pretty. Thirty a month is three hundred and sixty a year. How would you account for the fact that he's been paying thirty-six hundred on Riverside for the last couple years? Probably more than his entire salary at the university was."

Again Jeff saw Liz's profile become set.

"Once upon a time there was a salesman in Cleveland who made a bare living selling chemicals and stuff to factories. By and by he set up a small jobbing outfit of his own, employed a stenographer, and cleared maybe six thousand a year if he was lucky. Somehow, about four years ago he got hold of a lot of money." Jeff stepped aside to make way for a little boy with a hoop. "Enough to rent a terrace apartment, fill it full of bright *objets d'art*, including a Viennese torch singer, dress in a hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar suits, and in general live the life of a poor man's dream of a millionaire."

LAW
Chon Day

"No, not a divorce, really. I just want to scare him."

Their eyes met, probing for an answer.

"Maybe there'll be a letter from Miss Peck tomorrow. If there's anything to be found out, she'll find it, I hope."

A young girl and a boy in shirt sleeves and suspenders went by, pushing a baby carriage. Jeff stared in obvious admiration at the baby. Pleased, its parents hesitated.

"Look, Liz." They turned to peek into the carriage.

The chubby baby, clad only in a sun suit, regarded them with wide unwinking eyes. A bubble formed on its lips and grew slowly larger until it burst. They all laughed, and the parents, grinning proudly, pushed on.

"Did you see him?" said Jeff, as they continued up the walk.

"He was a darling."

"Good Lord, you weren't actually looking at that infant, were you? I thought I saw him back there, but I wasn't sure."

"Oh," said Liz, crestfallen, "I forgot to look."

"When we come to the next baby, please pay attention."

Liz said after a while, "Jeff, I can't believe it. Here we are walking in the park with all these people. The sun is shining, the birds are singing. A week ago we were just two people going about our lives as usual, and now," she made a gesture of bewilderment, "now that we are together some unknown enemy is following us—a murderer maybe. And we don't even know why or what for. I can't believe it. It's too fantastic."

"That's what these guys count on sometimes. They're so fantastic they think no one will take them seriously. That's why I'm worried about you. You've murdered so many people in make-believe, you don't realize what an actual murder is."

"But, Jeff," Liz's voice was incredulous, "you don't think we're in—in that sort of danger, do you?"

"I don't know. I can't tell. I'm in a fog about the whole thing. Whoever concocted this mystery didn't leave many clues about."

He guided Liz toward some benches just ahead. They were crowded, but a plump man smoking a cigar amiably moved over to make room for them. The man with the big head and the brown-straw hat was nowhere in sight. They sat on the bench for several minutes and he did not come.

"Let's go over to the zoo," said Liz. "I feel like looking at some friendly animals."

"All right; but stay here a minute, will you? I want to get a drink."

Jeff got up from the bench and strode rapidly down the walk. There was a drinking fountain just around the bend. Now that he was gone, Liz felt unprotected and afraid. She strained to keep her eyes on him, but he vanished in the crowd. Liz laid the paper-wrapped pancake griddle down on the bench beside her and regarded it doubtfully. She didn't exactly know what she was doing with it. Jeff liked pancakes. So what? She and Jeff were partners in detection. He had made that clear enough, and it wasn't for her to tack on any side shows featuring romance. Such goings-on would only distract them from their main objective, which was to untangle the web they were caught in and come out alive.

THE fat man beside her sat contentedly, his plump hands clasped over his stomach, puffing on his cigar. Once in a while a whiff of the strong smoke drifted over to Liz. She turned her head away and watched anxiously for Jeff. When she finally saw him coming, she picked up the pancake griddle and went to meet him.

"Nothing doing," he informed her. "I think he's abandoned us to our innocent diversions. Still want to go to the zoo?"

Liz nodded. "It's fun. I haven't been for years. I read that they've built some new cages—animals right out in the open in their natural habitat."

The zoo was packed with slowly moving spectators. They duly visited the lions, the tigers, and the wild boars from South America.

They stayed the longest in the monkey house, watching the chattering little animals swing back and forth on their bars, scolding the crowds. Bit by bit the crowd moved onward, out of the monkey house to the new open-air bear exhibit.

A narrow railing guarded the pit. Below it a sheer concrete wall dropped perpendicularly for about twenty feet and then gradually sloped upward and leveled off like a table top. On the level place there were huge slabs of rock and a small pond, and, of course, the bears. Six of them, very black, lolling about at the pond's edge.

Liz and Jeff were crushed tight against the railing as the curious crowd pushed and shoved to get a closer look at the exhibit. Actually there were only a few feet separating the people from the animals, but no bear, however clever, could scale the perpendicular concrete wall. Even as they watched, one of the animals vaulted a few rocks and ambled slowly down to the bottom of the wall.

As they leaned over to see this errant bear, Jeff felt a sudden terrific pressure on his back. As he half turned to protest, the pressure increased. All the breath was throttled out of him as his stomach was squeezed up against the railing. In an instant he would have catapulted headfirst onto the animal below.

But before the instant could come, Liz gave one agonized shriek and raising the hand that held the pancake griddle, she brought it down smashingly on the man behind Jeff. Because she was so crowded her aim was not good. She saw the man's hat tip back ludicrously on his head and a throbbing red streak appear on his cheek where she had struck him. She saw, too, the pain and fury in his beady little eyes and the half-smoked cigar in his mouth. It was the fat man they had sat next to on the park bench.

There was a general hubbub among the people around them, here and there a swinging fist and cries of "Call a cop!" By the time the fat man got free of the mob and was dashing through the park, Jeff and Liz were trapped in the center of a small riot. But it was too hot. Suddenly the crowd stopped its battling, drifting away by twos and threes. How or why the fuss had started they didn't care. The boredom of the afternoon had been broken and they were satisfied.

JEFF was satisfied, too. Satisfied that staying longer in New York would mean another attempt on his life—perhaps a successful one—and nothing else would be gained. They had come up against a blank wall since their only contact, the professor, had vanished.

They were back in Liz's apartment nursing their bruises and swearing at their own stupidity. Liz paced around, flicking her cigarette into every ash tray in the room.

"It was clever of you to think of this—my feet were killing me!"

Her knees were still wobbly from the afternoon's experience. Before her eyes swam a vision of the powerful animal leaping against the wall of the pit and the fat man's infuriated expression when the griddle struck him, and, for no reason, the red face of a boy who had cheerfully pummeled the fellow next to him when the riot began.

"Ye gods!" Liz ground out her cigarette with disgust. "And I thought just because that swelled head had disappeared, we were spending a happy Sunday at the zoo! Why, we were being passed like a—like a football from one teammate to another!"

Jeff leaned his elbow against the mantel and scowled as a tattered cuff fell away from his wrist.

"It was my fault for thinking I could buck a gang of cutthroats. The whole thing has been my mistake in the first place. Where did I get the presumption to think that I could play sassy little David?" He kicked crossly at the white fringed rug he was standing on. "The trouble with me is I've seen too many movies. It was probably staged in my subconscious—lasso them in one try and drag them through the streets to the sheriff. When Kempen died I should have gone to the police with my theories. Then we could have had a nice laugh together and I'd still be sitting in my office in Cleveland watching the mail—which is where I belong."

LIZ crossed the room and planted herself firmly in front of him. She looked up at his smudged face.

"Jeff," she said, "you aren't going to quit now? They haven't frightened you off?"

"What if I said they had? Would you draw up your bosom, yell coward, and point to the door?"

"You're not fooling me. I know it's me you're worried about. But you didn't get me into this. I forced myself in. Why don't we go to the police now?"

"And tell them what? Some fairy stories about a fallen statue and a push in the zoo? Or about a murder with all the circumstantial evidence pointing to me and how we concealed information? When they find out who you are, they're liable to think it's a publicity gag. Lizzie, the only positive idea I've gotten out of this mess is negative. Don't go to the police."

Jeff lifted the lid of a candy dish standing on the mantel and ate three chocolates in rapid succession. He spoke with his mouth full. "If I weren't so damned mad, I'd wish I had never started this."

Elizabeth smiled. "It has its compensations. You met me."

"I would have met you anyhow. One day I would have read your books and written you a fan letter: 'Dear Miss Neff—I am a constant reader of your fascinating mysteries and—' "

"What makes you think I would have answered?"

"My handwriting. I have the most compelling—that's the word she used — 'compelling' handwriting. Once when I was trying to kill time waiting for a train in the Cleveland terminal, I consulted a handwriting analyst. She was set up in a booth in the station drugstore and she analyzed signatures for a quarter."

"What else did she say?"

"Oh, it wouldn't be modest to tell you. She said that my handwriting would involve me with a beautiful dark female."

THEY sat down on the chintz-covered couch and faced each other across a streak of afternoon sun. Elizabeth's face was bright with teasing.

"Let's see," she said. "The 'beautiful' eliminates me, so that leaves Lili and the lady on the train. Three dark females. What this case needs is a blonde."

Jeff shook his head disapprovingly. "Lizzie, it's no good. You've murdered too many people in your books. You think this business rolled off the end of your pencil. I'm worried."

"Well, don't worry about being pushed again. We won't go to the zoo. We won't go up on top of tall buildings. We won't stand near open manholes. Let's go to Martha's Vineyard."

"Do you mean that?"

"Of course. New York is just a maze now as far as we're concerned. Besides, it's the next place on the list and it's nice up there in the summertime. Lots cooler than Washington."

"You're right. It might be a good idea to change the scene of their activity. We might find out something up there. They probably expect us, though. It's a dangerous way to do research."

"When do we start?"

"Careful. You're using that plural again."

"You'd be no good without a car and I have a car. We'll leave early in the morning."

"Always bargaining."

"I promise I won't be in your way at all." She walked over to her desk and showed him a heavy brown envelope. "You know what's in here? Opus Number Seven. More thrills and chills for the dear public. I can work on it up there. Maybe the sea air will do it good. That's the only reason I want to go with you."

"Then I can't possibly refuse you, can I?"

AT the hotel that night Jeff found a special-delivery letter from Miss Peck. It said:

Dear Boss:

Now you can safely approve of Mike. If I had fallen for a C. P. A. or an insurance peddler, how would I have gotten out to the German Sports Farm? And if I hadn't gotten out to the G. S. F., how would you know more about your former client than you did before?

In case you're thinking of giving me a raise, this is how I earned it. I went up to the office in the Unity Building and found the stenographer packing up. Mr. Mercer's lawyers were closing the office. Incidentally, it was an agency for lots of Eastern and Southern industrial chemical manufacturers. I have some of the names, if you want them. The stenographer says Kempen was a tightwad, underpaid her and his two salesmen. She says she could tell he had a lot of dough by the way he dressed and the way he smelled. She thinks he made it in the stock market, he was always calling brokerage offices but he never let her hear much. That's all she knows.

RATION RHYMES

Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet—
Wasn't it!

Simon went fishing and caught himself riches,
A goal to which many aspire;
For he hauled to the shore an aluminum pan,
And he snagged an old retreaded tire!

We'd save a lot of rubber, too,
If all of our nice residents
Who operate our plants would fire
All rubber-stamp vice-presidents!

—MILES OVERHOLT.

I got the name of his tailor from her and went to see him on the pretext of inquiring about a suit for Mike. (Mike would faint at the thought of owning a suit that cost more than $25.) I told the tailor Mr. Kempen had referred me to him. The tailor started to moan. Seems Kempen was his best customer and quite a dude. Had ordered dozens of expensive suits from him in the past four years. I asked him if he knew anything about Kempen. He yelled, sure he knew every damn measurement in his body. Then he asked me if I was from the F. B. I. That struck me funny, but he didn't say any more. I would guess that he might have found something in Kempen's pockets once that prompted the question. The reason I would so guess is because of what happened later.

The apartment house, as you predicted, knew nothing. Kempen lived the life of a clam except for the few open moments he spent with the warbler. I made Mike take me dancing at the Forrest to see her. Languid is the word for Lili. She didn't give Mike a tumble, although he was the best looking man in the house.

Now we come to something. The German Sports Farm was wrecked by vandals the other night, and the paper told Mike to go out and get a story. He called me, and on your time we had a lovely drive in the country. There were lots of broken windows, broken dishes, and broken furniture out at the Farm. All the desks and tables in the place had the drawers pulled out of them, and while we were wading through the mess of papers I spotted the name Kempen on an empty envelope.

The head guy of the Farm came out to estimate the damage. When the reporters got around him he was scared silly. Per instructions, Mike got near him and whispered, "What do you know about George Kempen?" The guy turned like a flash and said he didn't know a thing about him. Mike put on the tough act. "Don't give me that; we know he was active," he said. But the guy insisted that Kempen hadn't been around for four years.

MIKE finally got him to admit that Kempen used to come every week-end because he was so fond of *le sport,* but he had absolutely stopped coming in the last few years.

"He probably paid the expenses of this place," I said to Mike. The head guy laughed. "Him?" he said. "He didn't have any money. He was behind in his dues half the time."

Now, what do you make out of this? He's a poor little goose-stepping brown shirtie, and all of a sudden he quits and starts buying $125 suits and his tailor wants to know if I'm a G-man.

I'm sending you a bunch of mail and stuff from the office tomorrow, but there's no other special-delivery news. You aren't in the army yet. Colonel Knowles says he's doing everything he can in Washington.

Mike says if you stay in New York there's a bar on Fifty-third Street you should visit. It's called Alphonso's and you'll learn some Spanish there you'll never learn at Berlitz.

Respectfully submitted,
MISS PECK.

Jeff stood reading the letter in

front of the dresser. When he was done he looked up and met his own staring aghast eyes in the mirror.

He went to his room's single window and pulled down the shade. That he was on the eighteenth floor didn't seem to matter. Then he read the letter over again.

THEY talked about it during the whole eight hours of the drive up to New Bedford the next day. That Kempen was a Bundist suddenly grown rich cast an entirely new light over the affair. Now it had countless implications. The violence they had witnessed took on a meaning beyond mere violence. Hour after hour Jeff and Liz gave their imaginations full play, trying to put the puzzle together in a way that looked credible. There was no basis for believing that Kempen had made the money in his business or had inherited it. The premise they kept returning to was that he had earned it for some service he had performed or was performing for the Nazis.

"But they made him will it all back to them in case of his death," suggested Elizabeth. "They made him will it to a Mr. Mercer so any collector they sent out would be called Mercer for the convenience of the will. When they found out he was trying to change the will, they killed him."

"How could they have found out?" countered Jeff. "Mercer had phoned a dozen times before Kempen ever mentioned a new will to me."

"He might have mentioned it to other people."

"I don't think so, Liz. It seemed to me that Kempen was forced to a showdown by them. Maybe they wanted the money back and he threatened to expose them. What could he have done for them to rate such an enormous sum anyway?"

Jeff tried to remember every word that Kempen or Lili had used, every expression on their faces. "Lili said that Kempen wanted to marry her but something had been holding him back. Maybe he had to forfeit the money if he married. The Nazis weren't taking any chances of having the money claimed by a wife. She said Kempen had been worried for a couple of months. He might have been figuring how to change the will then and beat it on a long honeymoon."

"And just at that point Mercer happened along, checking up?" interrupted Liz. "Isn't that too much of a coincidence?"

"It isn't a coincidence at all. Kempen didn't see me until he knew Mercer was in town. I'm sure those fellows are working out of a central Mexican office. At lunch Mercer said something to Kempen about Mexico. Said it would interest him and he ought to go there."

Jeff frowned, trying to remember. "He was definitely afraid of Mercer, afraid they had some one watching him. He was even suspicious of me at first because of my haircut. Kept asking me if it was a German cut."

They drove a few miles in silence, trying to squeeze more information out of the facts they knew.

"What I would like to know," Liz said finally, "is why he dropped his pals out at the Sports Farm so flat—if he was mixed up in practically the same business."

"That's easy. He was on something big. Maybe some kind of huge sabotage plot that was a deadly secret. They wouldn't want all the little Bundists to know about it. That's why he had no friends. And I remember Mercer saying something unpleasant to him about Lili. They didn't want him to have a woman."

"Maybe Lili was from the F. B. I."

"Not a chance. She didn't know anything about him. Besides, if the F. B. I. is working on this we would have run into them in the last two days."

"I wonder where that couple on the train first muscled in on Mercer?"

"I've been thinking about that and I believe I know. When Mercer told me he was in a plane crash, he mentioned a couple of people who took care of him. It must have been our friends from the train. No wonder they took such good care of him—if they expected to steal a million bucks from him later."

"Well," Liz leaned back against the leather seat, "it's a comfort knowing the big bad wolf's after those two little mice as well as us."

"We're in greater danger, Liz."

"Why? We didn't steal their money and murder their agent."

"How do they know? Besides, if they're who we think they are, it isn't money that matters. It's the threat of exposure. They think we know too much."

Liz laughed. "It would be kind of ironic if they killed us for that."

"No one would appreciate the irony but we, and we'd be dead."

"Do you figure my friend the professor is in on this in the same way that Kempen was? That would explain his sudden rise from rags to riches."

"It might explain also why, when you were a callow college girl, he impressed you with his liberal attitudes. That was probably his line—to be violently anti-Fascist. If you'd had more experience you might have thought there was something fishy about his insistence. That's what's disappointing about your little story, Death Takes a Somersault. The guy who was guilty screamed about his innocence too much. It's a dead giveaway. Rowe was a Nazi the day he landed here, and you sent him a Christmas card every year!"

"I did not. I was lying."

THE sign on the road said, "You are now entering the municipality of New Bedford, Mass. Welcome. Drive slowly."

"Head over toward the water front," instructed Elizabeth. "We'll try to get the car on the next ferry to the Vineyard."

"What kind of place is the Vineyard?" asked Jeff.

"I was there once when I was a little girl. It's not a very big island. About twenty miles long, I think. I remember the marvelous beaches. Katharine Cornell has a summer home there and a lot of other people more or less famous. Maybe Marie Lange is a somebody. I can understand this Nazi network having agents in New York and Washington, and Cleveland too, because it's a big industrial center. But why would they have a woman stuck out here on a summer-resort island?"

They were up on the dock by then and Jeff got out of the car to inquire at the ticket office about schedules.

He came back in a hurry. "There's room on the boat leaving now. It gets to the island around four." He backed the car and drove it to a place in a line of waiting automobiles.

The car next to them was a sedan. Two men in the front seat, two women in the back and all the windows rolled down. Jeff and Liz could hear their conversation clearly. They were talking about the war.

"Listen," one man was saying. "We can leave the boat in dry dock all summer, for all I care. Don't forget submarines were sighted right off this coast during the last war and the Cape itself was shelled."

Jeff nudged Elizabeth.

"That's what I was going to tell you. That's why they've got a woman stuck out on a resort island."

What will Liz and Jeff find at the Vineyard? Have they been followed? Swift action and plenty of surprises crowd next week's installment.

Answers to Guess Who Said It! on page 61.

1. Constance Bennett.
2. Thomas Jefferson.
3. Robert M. Hutchins.
4. Mae West.
5. General Sir Archibald Wavell.
6. André Maurois.
7. Thomas Carlyle.

WHY "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE"

Continued from Page 23

of newspapers which he does not like. Another may care little about economic freedom but insist upon his right to speak freely. Yet all these spheres of liberty are equally protected by the Constitution.

Cultural liberty includes freedom of speech, press, and worship; the right to read, hear, and learn; and all the other dearly won privileges of the independent spirit, the inquiring and creative mind.

Cultural freedom does not, of course, stand alone; it overlaps the others. Freedom of speech and press, for instance, is essential to the conduct of a free government; where the press and speech are not free, government easily slips into a tyranny. Such freedom is also necessary to the conduct of progressive business enterprises, the making of inventions, the adjustment of relations between employers and employees, and commercial intercourse generally. If cultural liberty were suppressed, all other forms of freedom would be curtailed.

Under the heading of *economic liberty* falls the freedom to choose a job, the right to wages, and the protection of property, subject to laws enacted in the general interest. These laws must apply equally to all persons similarly situated. When property is taken from an individual, it must be for "a public purpose" and the owner is entitled to just compensation. This does not make private property "supreme," as some claim; it merely protects property against arbitrary, discriminative, and vindictive actions by government.

Within the domain of *personal liberty* are the immunities of persons against arbitrary treatment by government officials, particularly the police. With the development of modern machines, such as the automobile, the number of crimes a citizen may unwittingly commit has been increased greatly. If police officials were not constantly restrained by the knowledge that all citizens have personal privileges, cases of police brutality and oppression would be multiplied. Riots, lynchings, and sporadic outbreaks of police brutality in the United States warn us that even here the safeguards of personal liberty are to be maintained only by vigilance in upholding our form of government.

Once police officials felt free to break into anybody's house at will and do about as they pleased. The Fourth Amendment preserves the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures. No search warrants shall be issued except when supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized by federal officers. Similar rules restrain state officers.

In the United States no one can be secretly thrown into prison and kept there indefinitely. The humblest of the accused is entitled to the writ of *habeas corpus,* which gives him a quick hearing before a judge, testing whether there are just grounds for holding him for trial. At his trial, which must be public, he is entitled to have counsel, to compel the attendance of witnesses on his behalf, to confront his accusers, to be heard in his own defense, and to receive impartial treatment at the hands of the presiding judge. Unnumbered millions in other countries sigh for such privileges.

The quartering of soldiers in private homes was among the grievances which led to the American Revolution. The Third Amendment to our Constitution provides that no soldier shall, in time of peace, be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner; nor in time of war except in a manner prescribed by law.

AMERICAN citizens are aware that many public authorities derive their powers from the voters in their various constituencies. They also know that this dependence tends to restrain elected officials from becoming highhanded. The terms of all elected persons are limited in time, and elections must be held at specified dates. Few citizens, however, appreciate the meaning of the ballot and the responsibility of keeping it. Nevertheless, knowledge of this dependence on the people stays the hand of ambitious officials and, amid the free discussions of campaigns and elections, reminds them of their masters' voices.

GOVERNMENT is power. The holders of power—executive, legislative, and judicial—*might,* theoretically, combine against the people from whom they derive their power. The framers of the Constitution knew and feared that possibility. Indeed they believed that it would come to pass unless restraints were devised to prevent it.

Consequently they pitted the powers of office and the ambitions of men in office against one another, while allowing for the co-operation of public authorities in the discharge of their duties. If men were angels, it is written in the Federalist, there would be no need of government; this may be "a reflection on human nature. . . . But what is government itself but the greatest of all reflections on human nature?" Election by the people is "the primary control" over the arrogance of officials, but "experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions." Here is a list of the chief

"My girl!"

precautions that appear in the Constitution:

The legislative, executive, and judicial powers are vested in three distinct departments so interconnected that they act as checks on one another.

The President has the power of veto over acts of Congress. Although he is the chief executive, he cannot execute anything until Congress has provided the money. The President is independently elected, but Congress, by the process of impeachment, may remove him or any of his administrative agents.

Federal judges are nominated by the President. The Senate, however, passes upon his nominations and may approve or reject them. These judges are "independent," but Congress, by the impeachment process, may remove them, too. Congress has the legislative power, but the federal courts may set aside acts of Congress as contrary to the Constitution.

While Congress is set against the Executive and the Judiciary, it is also divided against itself. The members of the House are elected for two years and the senators for six years. All members of the House, unless re-elected, lose their office at the end of the two-year period. Only one third of the senators are retired biennially.

IT may be said that the people, in whom all power is vested, may in a great passion and uproar one day resort to a tyranny. Many despotisms in history have sprung from popular unrest and have been swept into power by popular approval. That of the first Napoleon did. So did the tyranny of the third Napoleon, and of Hitler.

So long as the Constitution prevails, this cannot happen in the United States. Under the Constitution the voters at no single election can, by a mere majority or plurality vote, choose all executive, legislative, and judicial authorities and thus force the enactment of any law they please, either in the states or throughout the Union. Only in making amendments to the Constitution of the United States is the power of the voters limitless and for this high act special processes and extraordinary majorities are necessary.

In broad outlines this is "the American theory of limited government." If this theory disappears from the minds and affections of the people, American government will decline and fall. So long as it is widely understood and resolutely cherished, American government will endure upon the earth.

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK

By FRANK W. BROCK

"PAPER HANGERS"

FORGERIES have greatly increased since the war started. The craftiest forgers are the "paper hangers"—forgers and passers of pay-roll checks and other commercial paper. Knowing how to protect yourself against them, if you're in a position to cash checks, is important.

Remember, the forger has a well prepared story, often backed up with identification papers including Social Security and Selective Service cards—all forged. Better Business Bureaus suggest precautions:

Do not be afraid to ask questions. After all, it *is* your money.

Professional check passers always work fast. You be deliberate.

Do not cash pay checks on Saturdays, holidays, or when you cannot verify the passer's employment status.

Make sure that the endorsement on the back corresponds with the payee's name on the face of the check and demand that the check be endorsed in your presence. If it has been endorsed, insist that he endorse it again.

Do not cash bank counter checks.

Certified and cashier's checks are frequently forged. Be careful in accepting them.

A favorite trick of check passers is to enter a store, order merchandise sent to a local address, and present a check for more than the amount of the purchase, requesting the difference in cash.

A phony in uniform should give little trouble. Ask to see his "dog tag." Make notes of what it says on the back of the check. Commissioned officers carry identification cards with their photograph under an official seal.

One last suggestion: Ask the passer to impress his thumbprint—right hand—on the back of the check. Criminals with records will usually balk; honest men have nothing to fear.

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FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

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TRICKS of TRADES

Man Trapped by Cheese

IN the University of Lausanne is Professor R. A. Reiss, who teaches criminalistics—the scientific detection of crime. The police once called him to solve a burglary. Reiss inspected the scene, picked up a hunk of Swiss cheese which had been taken from the refrigerator and out of which a crescent had been bitten, poured plaster of Paris into the crescent and obtained a good cast of a set of teeth.

"Do you know a second-story man with one tooth gone in front?" he asked the police.

"Sure, that's Red Mike," was the answer. Red Mike couldn't explain where he was on that fateful night. He finally broke down and confessed.

Edison's Punctuality

WHEN he was still in his early twenties Edison was a railway telegraph operator. To make certain that he was at his post, the central office made him send a signal every hour. Exactly on the second every hour his signal came in. No other operator on the line was so punctual. The suspicious central office sent an inspector around. Instead of an Edison on the job, he saw only a clock electrically connected with the key. Promptly at the appointed second the clock sent the required signal. Which explains why Edison was fired. "I couldn't be bothered with all that nonsense," he told one of his biographers.

Welding Magic

WELDING is the latest magic in fastening pieces of metal together, and therefore the greatest aid in getting out guns, bombs, shells, torpedoes, submarines, ships, planes, and tanks. Hitherto it was necessary to rivet an airplane together. Installed, each rivet cost about five cents, and an expert riveter and helper did well to hammer home between 3,000 and 4,000 in nine hours. Today, machines served by two men shoot electric "stitches" through metal at a cost of only a cent a weld, and at the rate of 12,000 welds in nine hours. It is expected that welding machines will soon be making 30,000 electric stitches a day.

"Dubbed" Song

PERHAPS you have often wondered why, when you see such singers as Jeanette MacDonald or Nelson Eddy on the screen, they are able to sing so effortlessly and without facial contortion? It is possible for singers to do this because the song is "dubbed in" to synchronize with the lip movements after the scenes have been shot without sound.

X-Raying Planes

A PORTABLE X-ray machine is now standard equipment on many of the flying fields of the army air forces. When a bomber or fighter lands after an arduous flight, the X-ray is brought out and critical portions of the plane are examined. In this way hidden breaks and fractures are quickly discovered and accidents due to failure of some part of the plane during the next flight are prevented.

Origin of the Stethoscope

THE doctor listens to your heart and lungs with his stethoscope, but if he is at all doubtful about something he hears, he puts his ear directly against your chest or back. The stethoscope is a convenience and not an aid to hearing. The first stethoscope was made by a French physician, René Théophile Hyacinthe Laënnec, shortly after 1814. The story goes that he saw some children playing on a seesaw. One boy put his head close to one end of the board while another boy signaled to him by scratching on the other end of the board with a pin. That gave Laënnec the idea for listening to the sounds inside the chest with the aid of a simple wooden tube.

Profitable Sand Sifter

DURING the depression a business man whose firm had failed, devised a machine to sift the sands of the beaches near Santa Monica. This project was immediately profitable, as it was discovered that the week-end crowds on the beaches lost jewelry, coins, and other articles often to the value of as much as seventy-four dollars during one week-end.

ON GUADALCANAL WITH THE MARINES

Continued from Page 19

baby. He'd rushed around trying to buy up cigars—said he'd be wanting them to hand out one of these days.

Well, we went up to Gizo, and did one of our most successful jobs so far. On the way back, over the radio Charlie was humorously speculating on how old his child would have to be to listen to the tale of how he'd shellacked Mr. Moto this fine Sunday. Then up ahead of us I saw a sudden squall. We all split up to try to keep out of it.

The sun was shining brightly on Henderson Field when we got back. After noses were counted, Colonel Mangrum brought out the brandy. We all drank to Major Fletcher Brown and Lieutenant Charlie McAllister. The major had written his last letter to his wife, and Charlie would never see his baby. The squall had gotten both of them.

WE drank that day, too, to Lieutenant Archie Smith. Archie had gotten through the squall all right, but had been forced down on an island. We knew there were many Japs on that island. We had just one faint hope. We knew the natives not only hated Japs but had been taught by English missionaries that the white men were their friends. Most of them had never seen a white man, but they had seen plenty of Jap yellow men; the Japs had been ravaging the native women and bayoneting native men. So our hope was that Smith might have been spotted by a native before any Jap got to him.

A gloom descended on us that we couldn't dispel, until Colonel Mangrum took a hand. "Boys," he said, "there isn't anything I can do or say that's going to make you feel the loss of Major Brown and the other boys any less. But I think you might be able to bear your burden a little easier if you'll just not think of them as being dead. Just regard them as having been transferred."

From that time on, whenever anybody was lost from either the Red Devils or the fighting group, he was "transferred."

War is war, I suppose, but those Japs were getting more inhuman with each passing day. What they did to some of our ground men whom they took prisoners can't be told here. But when one of the ground men, naturally enough, wanted to pay back a Nip prisoner in kind, a superior officer stepped in: "That's just the sort of thing we're fighting to stamp out for all time. No matter what the Japs do, we can't mistreat any of them. Kill them in battle, yes, but don't mistreat them as prisoners."

It was good advice. But it was especially hard to follow on the day the boys got hold of some prisoners after one little Nip had run out of the jungle waving a white handkerchief, calling in English, "Me from Los Angeles. Come, we want to surrender," and had led a group of marines into ambush. Only two of them had lived to tell the story.

I was personally burning up on September 11 when Lieutenant Bob Fleener and I hopped up to Rekata Bay to take care of some gas and oil stores and an ammunition dump that the Nips had there.

"Do you see what I see?" Bob asked me as we came down on the bay. Yes, I saw. Some little yellow men were playing baseball—*baseball!*—on the beach right near the stores. Bob laid an egg for Major Brown and Archie Smith, and I dropped one for Oliver Mitchell and Charlie McAllister. Deadeye and Bob's gunner took care of all the baseball players the eggs didn't get.

WHEN we got back we received our first good news in what seemed like ages. Archie Smith was back!

"I got a break that day I was forced down," he explained. "I dashed into the jungle just as a lot of Japs got hep to me. I kept going in deeper and deeper, and all I saw was Japs. How I managed to dodge them, I'll never know.

"At night I stumbled onto a hut. Inside, a man was sitting beside a lamp. His face was yellow but he didn't look like a Jap. I figured he was Chinese."

Archie took a chance and went into the hut. The man said in English, "Welcome."

"This Chinese," Archie said, "was a well educated man. When I told him what had happened, he made me some broth and gave me blankets and I had a good night's sleep."

The Chinese took Archie to a friendly tribal chief, and the two escorted him to a spot on the coast where there weren't any Japs. Then the chief and Archie put out in a motor launch belonging to a white missionary. After ducking Japs here and there, they made Guadalcanal!

Things were pretty quiet for about a week. Too quiet. We all felt that this was the lull before a storm.

The storm broke about midnight on September 13. In a squall, some warships came in and began blasting Henderson Field. The second shell that came over was the closest call I'll ever have until I get it. We heard a yell from the next tent, and when Colonel Mangrum and some of the rest of us went in we found that flying fragments had killed my pal Baldy and Lieutenant Don Rose, another of our best men.

All night long the battle went on. We took off and went up to do as much as we could. The rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the moon and the stars came out. We dropped our eggs, came in, got more, and went out again. There were great shell holes on the field, which didn't make things any easier.

The Japs, reinforced by fighters secretly landed at night, had successfully massed. They began pressing toward the field from three sides. Our ground forces, holding it, were suffering heavily, but so were they.

It was down again, up again, down again and up again all night long for the Red Devils. The night passed like a nightmare. Once, when I was standing near my tent taking a breather, a couple of bullets from a sniper's gun missed me by inches.

The struggle went on for two days. The details of it will not come out until after the war is over, but it was a major victory for our side. Toward the end, three Japs broke through the lines and got onto Henderson Field—the first Jap fighters to get that far since the marines had taken over. This suicide squad raced across the field toward our headquarters. They got right up to the encampment before being cut down.

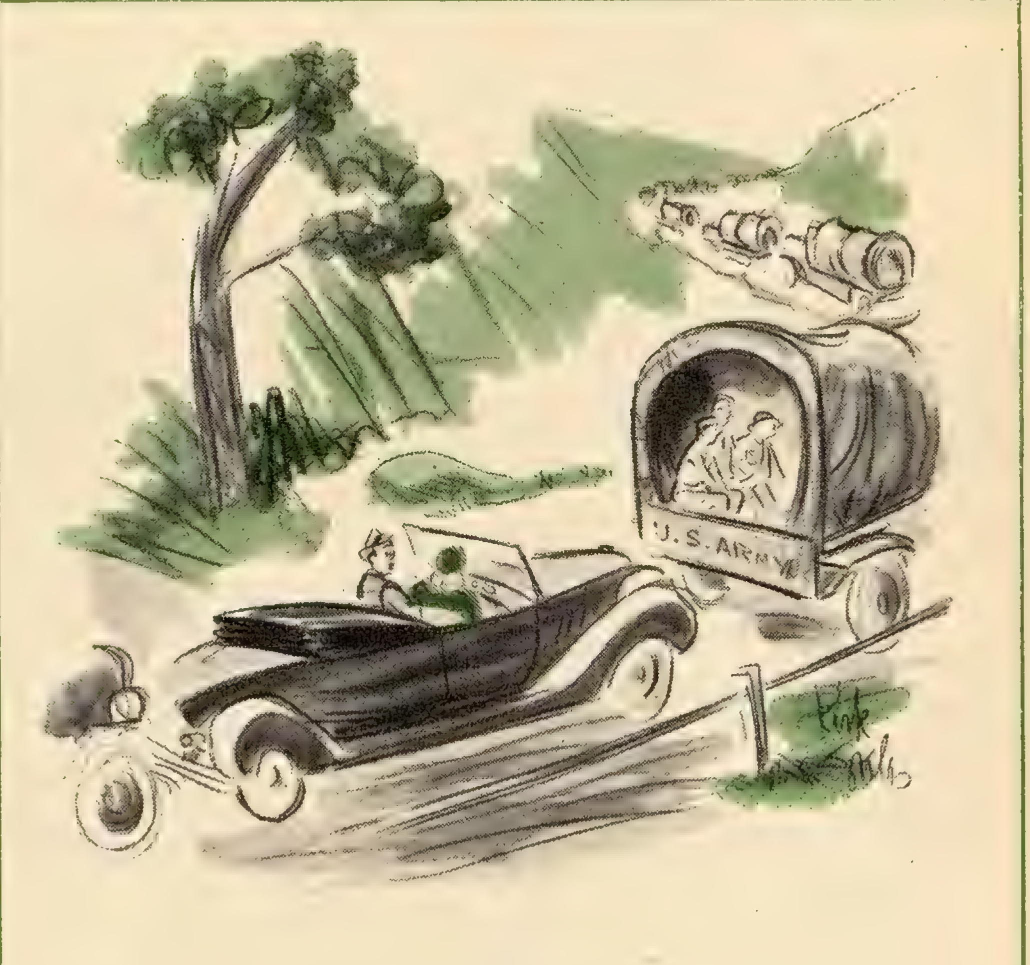
And that's the way it's been going ever since. A lull, a storm; another lull, another storm. But the marines continue to have things well in hand.

The Red Devils and the fighting group, badly decimated, were recently replaced. When I got back to San Diego, I went into a cocktail lounge and ordered a drink. I'd always thought I looked my twenty-three years and perhaps a good deal older after Guadalcanal. Yet the waiter asked me if I was a minor.

I WANTED to get my uniform pressed, so I called the valet shop from my hotel room. I mentioned that I had a date and wanted the job done in a hurry. "Say," came the voice over the phone, "we're short-handed here and can't do a job in a hurry. Don't you know there's a war going on?" An hour or so later I was walking along a San Diego street. A moving company was hoisting some office furniture to an upper floor of a building. Just as I was passing, a rope snapped and a small desk crashed to the sidewalk, as close to me as those two bullets from the sniper on Guadalcanal.

Yes, I thought, this is a great country, well worth fighting for and dying for—but if life here was going to be like these first few hours back in San Diego, I'd take the Solomons! It's nice out there between half past six and seven at night. That's when Station WCKY puts on that radio show I wrote and asked them for.

THE END



"I just can't help it, Elaine—never could resist a parade."

LOOK OUT FOR ENEMY MONEY

Continued from Page 13

Hitler has been paying for the gasoline, oil, and food supplied to his submarines operating off our coast, as well as for the services of his fifth columnists in this country, with counterfeit American dollars.

It is inside this country that we face the greatest counterfeit danger. It lies in a possible Axis attempt to debase our own currency here at home. Millions of dollars' worth of counterfeit greenbacks would be dropped over American cities. Almost immediately they would be suspected of being counterfeit. Nevertheless, with many people unable to tell the difference, storekeepers and many other persons would decline to accept any greenback for fear it might be worthless. If Axis plans worked out, the value of our currency would drop. Business would be at a standstill. Financial panic might follow.

Only a wider knowledge of the difference between genuine and bogus money, and promotion of the habit of examining bills carefully, can thwart such a plot. That is why Secret Service Chief Wilson is willing to have so many of his men devote so much time to "educating" us in counterfeit detection. Not that he expects a bombardment of phony bills. The government simply isn't taking chances.

The idea is not to make each of us a skilled money detective. All we need to learn is how to recognize a counterfeit by comparing it with the genuine bill *after* our attention has been called to it. That is not difficult. The initial spotting of well made counterfeits will be done by bank cashiers, trained storekeepers, and Secret Service men. Any new counterfeit issue is usually caught within twenty-four hours of its appearance; at once a Secret Service warning notice is issued concerning it.

The warning may advise storekeepers to keep an eye out for a ten-dollar green-seal bill of the Second Federal Reserve District, marked with a "B" and the check letter and number K-154 in the lower right-hand corner. Storekeepers post the warning cards beside their cash registers, and pass the word along to customers. Each green-seal, "B," K-154 bill is compared with a known-to-be-genuine bill and the counterfeits are picked up as fast as they appear. *So are the persons attempting to pass them.*

Acting with customs officials all along our borders, Secret Service men are on the alert to spot the first indication of a counterfeit attack backed by an enemy government. Complicating their work is the fact that since 1939 American currency has been in tremendous demand for Polish and other European fugitives. No price is too great to pay for American money on the Black Bourse that has flourished in the former capitals of all conquered countries as well as in Vichy, Budapest, and Berlin itself.

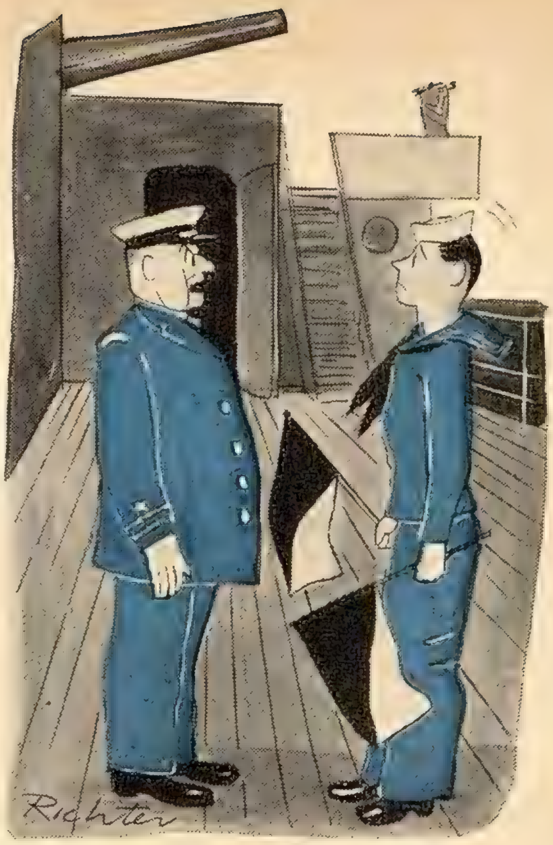
Recently the telephone jangled in the Secret Service offices in New York. A Czecho-Slovakian refugee was being held at a big city bank. Agents hurried to question him.

The Czech presented at the bank two American bills purporting to total $1,500. He had bought them on the Black Bourse at Prague. Sympathetically the agents showed him how crudely the figures on one bill had been changed from two to a thousand, and on the other from ten to five hundred. For his $1,500 he was given just twelve dollars and advised to report to immigration authorities as an impoverished alien.

If this unfortunate had been familiar with United States money he would have known that a portrait of Alexander Hamilton appears only on genuine ten-dollar bills, and that Thomas Jefferson's picture adorns the two-spot. When he saw Jefferson on what was supposed to be a $1,000 note, he would have known something was fishy. The denomination of any bill may be determined from the portrait it bears. Washington is on the one-dollar bill, Lincoln on the five, Hamilton on the sawbuck. A good $500 bill would have borne the picture of McKinley; a good $1,000 bill, a portrait of Grover Cleveland. Americans can learn all they need know about detecting ordinary counterfeit money for only a dime. The Secret Service has published a thirty-two-page booklet, Know Your Money, which is sold for ten cents by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C.

Examine carefully every piece of folding money that passes through your hands. That advice has wiped out numerous domestic counterfeiters. Against Axis-borne counterfeit floods it will work equally well.

THE END



"You are going to wigwag 'I'm a bad boy' five hundred times."

Collection Of J. Peterbridge Dorgan Jr.
Robinson

"Er—we're just looking."

BLOOD SUBSTITUTES

Continued from Page 27

seconds. The old-type frozen plasma was far too slow.

Dr. Cohn extracted albumin from human blood. He demonstrated how tiny particles of this protein-albumin drew water from the body into the blood vessels surely and rapidly. The balancing process of osmosis was then set up; red corpuscles began building more of themselves; in a few hours poison was routed.

According to Captain D. B. Kendrick, Jr., and Lieutenant Commander L. R. Newhouser, army and navy blood experts, albumin is five times as effective in raising blood pressure as plasma, and ten times as effective as blood. It can be carried in a small syringe in the pocket of a uniform and injected in a matter of seconds. A unit contains the sustenance of six porterhouse steaks.

Navy doctors are especially excited about it, thinking as they do in terms of storage space aboard submarines and destroyers and the weeks of time these ships are in waters distant from based supplies. They tell of recent Solomon Islands engagements when badly wounded sailors were brought in as fast as the hospital staff could clear the operating tables. In the days before blood substitutes, half the men would have died. Now albumin is administered first; operating and bandaging come second. In all but 14 of 183 shrapnel cases with severe hemorrhage, shock coma was prevented.

Rescue planes in the South Pacific and in Atlantic waters regularly drop parachutes holding albumin for torpedoed ship survivors.

The process of reducing pooled human blood to albumin is secret, released only to government-licensed laboratories. But more and more albumin is being produced.

THE development of the new form of powdered plasma is the other major achievement of the past year. Plasma—the colorless blood liquid which remains after red cells are removed—has been converted into a concentrated essence. This has been done under the direction of the National Research Council—a step in one laboratory, an added step in another—until today it is an inert chemical powder being packaged in individual field kits for soldiers.

The kits are about the size of a cigar box. They contain a half pint of powdered plasma, an equal amount of water, a rubber tube, and a hollow needle. The solution can be mixed and administered in 180 seconds in a shell hole.

The popularity of quick-frozen foods and powdered milk has been a great stimulus to the production and distribution of plasma. Refrigerated trains, trucks, and storage tanks were already equipped to handle shipments of frozen plasma. Dry ice was available in large quantities. Hence almost overnight we had adequate supplies of frozen plasma at key cities and on transports.

The demand for the even faster-acting powdered plasma followed. Giant separators began removing red cells from the plasma. Vast fans blow a mist of the residue into sterile drying rooms, where it settles in the form of powder.

The generally accepted procedure on the powdered-plasma assembly line is: (1) The pooling of whole blood from collection centers; (2) mechanical separation of plasma by centrifugal force; (3) solid freezing; (4) drying from the frozen state into a cream-colored powder.

Even double concentrations of the new form of plasma can be given without ill effect to "hyper-reactors" —who shake with fever and chills, break out in livid rashes when given an ordinary blood transfusion.

A METHOD of bone transfusion has been worked out for cases of extreme vein mutilation. The new plasma is injected into the marrow of breastbone, collarbone, thigh, or shin. From there it makes its way into body cells.

Civilian supplies of it have been mailed across the country to become a universal hospital remedy.

In the South an eleven-year-old colored boy was brought into a hospital after a kerosene burner had exploded in his home, resulting in third-degree burns on most of his body. Within five minutes after his admittance a pint of the new plasma was administered. The boy did not sink into shock, and his blood proteins increased. He was given a pint and a half the following day and three pints more during the next two days. His blood pressure returned to normal and from then on, his condition—ordinarily a fatal one—was no longer critical. He is whole and sound today.

A few weeks ago in a Philadelphia hospital an infant was born with abdominal obstructions. Immediate plasma injections enabled it to recover from three major operations. It is now a normal child. A year ago, the operating surgeon says, the baby would undoubtedly have died.

Blood is ammunition. After Pearl Harbor, the Surgeon General of the United States estimated we would require 100,000,000 quarts of blood during this war. Donors from all

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

"THAT LOOKS LIKE my dog," said Eugene E. Hutchison, apprentice seaman at the Naval Training Station, Sampson, New York, as he held up our December 5 Liberty cover. He owns a German police dog, Fang, now a first-class private in the army, in training at Fort Devens, Massachusetts. The pretty girl in the picture above is Gene's wife, who is at Daytona Beach, Florida, where she's slated to become a second lieutenant in the WAACs.

Seems like the whole family's in for the duration. Our congrats!

IT IS A GREAT PLEASURE to welcome Charles A. Beard, the distinguished historian, to our pages with his Why It Can't Happen Here analysis of the shrewd checks and balances in our threefold form of government which would prevent dictatorship. He held the chair of professor of history and politics at Columbia University, and was president of both the American Political Science Association and the American Historical Association. With his wife, Mary R. Beard, he has written many important works, including four volumes (with his wife) on Rise of American Civilization. The professor and his wife are confirmed globe-trotters, and a glance at a travel folder of any strange place will give them "an itching foot."

GENERAL ROBERT LEE BULLARD points out to us that his article in September 13, 1941, Liberty on How to Save Billions in Defense anticipated the government by a whole year in proposing that schools and colleges be used in creating a national army. Are we ahead of the times!

THE EDITORS

walks of life crowded to hospitals and Red Cross collection centers, urging nurses to "take more—take twice as much!" Considerably more was offered than could then be processed, and donors were turned away.

But they returned later, and now donor blood is coming in at the adequate rate of 20,000 quarts a week. Following the Battle of Midway and the invasion of the Solomons and French North Africa, additional thousands of donors turned up. More than 700,000 civilians have given their blood, and not one has been harmed by it. Since human blood is still the foundation of acceptable blood substitutes, it is imperative that men and women continue to donate blood. As the war enters its decisive stage, vastly greater quantities may be required.

In Russia cadaver blood has been used for blood banks ever since a would-be suicide and an accident victim were brought into a Moscow hospital at the same time. The surgeon tapped the veins of the dead man and hosed his still warm blood into the dying one, who recovered and lived. Sentiment is against the use of cadaver blood in this country, but the doctors say in the event of an extreme bombing emergency hospitals would have to resort to it.

BOVINE albumin, made from cow's blood, is not yet fully accepted as an ideal blood substitute because it produces in some people an acute beef sensitivity.

Fruit pectins can be made by the ton. Pectin is found just below the skin of citrus fruits as well as in cranberries and apples. Most of the experiments made so far with this type of substitute have been on animals in laboratory-produced shock. In the few instances in which it has been injected into humans, the reaction was favorable enough to justify further experimentation.

Isinglass is made from the swim bladder of the hake, a salt-water fish, and a solution of this, fed intravenously to persons in hemorrhage with blood pressure as low as 25, has rallied circulation to a recovery point. Casein digests, it has been found, are capable of prompting an abundant new protein supply within the blood. The experimenters themselves are quick to point out, however, that these latter substances stimulate circulation for a short time only because they contain no oxygen-carrying properties.

The development of new blood substitutes has given new meaning to the saying: While there is life, there is hope.

THE END

FEBRUARY 6, 1943

WE WANT NO MORE WAR

ONE war aim on which we all agree is: no more wars after we win this one. We resolve never again to be in a position where the whole country has to take a couple of years off from its own development to knock over some would-be conqueror of the world.

How can we make sure we will not again be drawn into war in another twenty years or so?

It's plain now, even if it wasn't a while back, that America is too much a controlling factor in world affairs to escape major wars once they get going. The only way, then, for us to avoid war is to nip it in the bud before it has a chance to start.

This means the use of small force early in the game instead of great force later. It means moving in, with our allies or alone if necessary, on little Hitlers, Mussolinis, or Tojos before they have a chance to grow big. It means, in short, joining with other peace-loving nations to "police the world."

This has been a political catch phrase for many years and will be again. It sounds ominous to most Americans. Yet, we can only assure peace by assuming our share of the job of enforcing it.

Keeping up a fair degree of military strength is a burden we would avoid if we could, but we will have to bear it until we are assured of peace by other means.

We hope, of course, that after the war some international organization will be formed to settle disputes, promote co-operation, and preserve peace. We'll do our best to get it formed and to help it operate successfully. We have faith in its ultimate ability to keep the world from war.

But it will be many years before a new League of Nations can prove its effectiveness. Meanwhile, let's keep the reins of power in our hands. Let's not again get in a position where, for years, we have to put up with the struttings, posturings, and threats of some ridiculous rabble-rouser who thinks he has a divine mission. Let's keep ourselves ready to knock the sawdust out of him promptly.

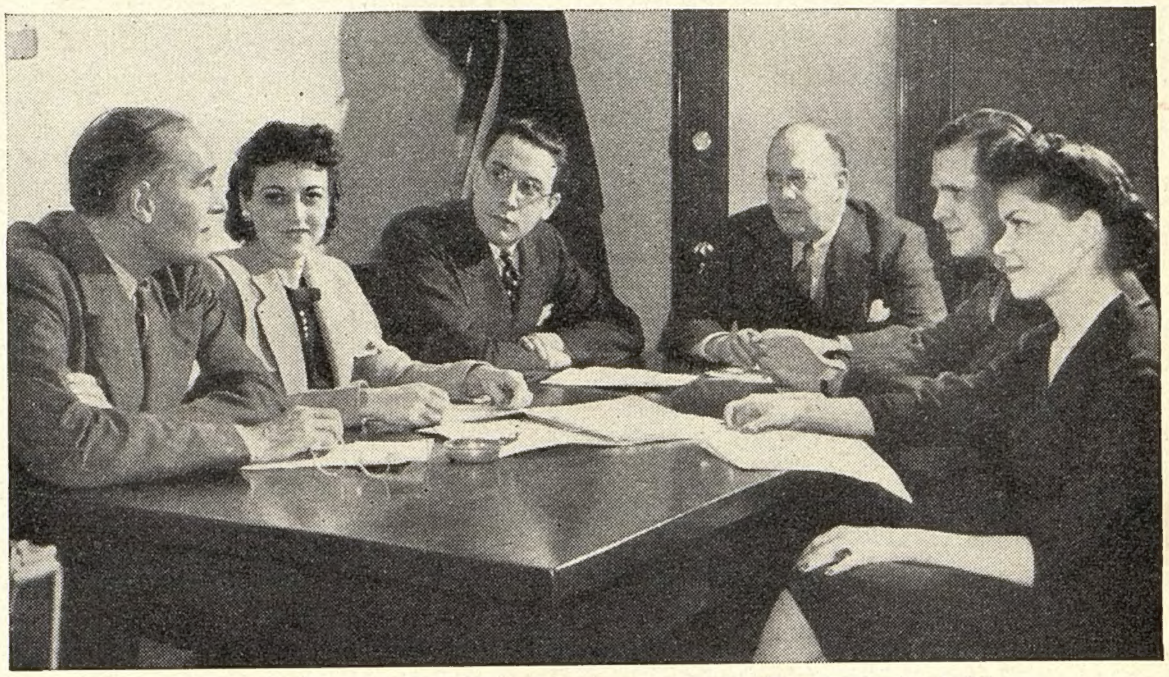
Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Paul Hunter

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

VICTORY CENTER

BY HELEN HOVER WELLER



These are the Center's idea-sifters, headed by Dr. Abel (at left).

LAST spring Nathaniel Singer, an ordinary American citizen, tried to get an idea of his listened to in Washington. He wanted the words of The Star-Spangled Banner flashed on the screens of every theater and auditorium in the country, so that audiences could get the full emotional impact when they sang. But Washington had bigger things to take care of.

Back in New York, Singer spoke to friends about his experience and learned that nearly all of them had wartime ideas, too—but they didn't know what to do with them. Last July Singer decided to set up a clearinghouse for all the public's ideas. He called it Victory Center. He himself foots all the bills—office rent, clerical help, and expenditures. "I don't want to take the chance of receiving money from prejudiced sources or from some one in business who might want to profit by Victory Center's connections," he says firmly. He even resigned as president of an optical company for the duration because he didn't want his business to influence his work at the Center.

Although he is a man of means, friends still can't understand what prompts him to lay out more than $2,000 every month on an investment that will bring him no returns. "No returns?" he snaps indignantly. "I expect it to pay back in victory. What good would my money do me if we lost the war?" Singer saw overseas duty in the last war. He is past the age to wear khaki today, so this is his way of serving without uniform.

Every idea that comes in to Victory Center is studied by three readers. If it has possibilities it is passed on to specialists. A volunteer corps of experts headed by Dr. Theodore Abel, professor of sociology at Columbia University, helps sift out the good ideas and develop them. Then the Center contacts the government or civilian agencies that can put them to work.

A woman in Chicago suggested that the elimination of standard table d'hôte dinners would save food, because patrons who order them usually don't finish some of the courses. Victory Center sent the plan to an organization of restaurateurs and many have adopted it.

From North Carolina came the proposal for a "V Christmas card"—a simple card with a large V in the center allowing space for stamps or a bond. The idea went to fifty large stationery concerns throughout the country, and you yourself might have received such a card this year.

A schoolgirl in Woburn, Massachusetts, pointed out that many people keep used toothpaste tubes at home as reserve for future purchases. This withholds precious tin. "Why not have drugstores give coupons for all used tubes turned in?" she asked. Victory Center passed the idea on to the WPB, which is now considering it.

The Center is careful not to harass Washington with crackpots—like the woman who recommended a law to compel every one to kneel and pray for three hours every afternoon. Or the one who proposed that we all learn lip reading and then, armed with telescopes, detect Nazi spies.

The soundest ideas are usually those which stem from a contributor's own experiences. An Indiana huntsman wrote that fur buyers who get the animals whole usually throw away the fat. He suggested that they be asked to save it in cans, and take it to the local butcher. The Center spread the word, and thousands more pounds of fat are now employed to fry the Axis.

A retired seaman from Catonsville, Maryland, noticed in news accounts of torpedoings that survivors suffered from salt-water sores and festering wounds. He proposed that a small waterproof floating kit containing the needed medical supplies be attached to each lifebelt, raft, and rubber boat. His idea was sent to the Maritime Commission.

Singer himself thought up a winner. When he learned that the public was slow to sell binoculars to the navy for one dollar, he suggested having each one tagged on its return to the owner at the end of the war. The tag would state where it saw service. The navy expects to thaw out a few thousand more reluctant binocular owners that way.

The Center likes to keep a good idea rolling. When Rochester merchants held a Heroes Day celebration and bought War Bonds with one day's receipts, V. C. sent the plan to more than 1,000 Chambers of Commerce.

A New York City office building set up a Bond booth in the lobby and had it operated by the secretaries in the building on hourly shifts. V. C. heard about it and spread the idea to other large cities.

So if you have a plan which may shorten the war by an hour or raise morale by an inch, don't keep it to yourself. Send it to Victory Center, 745 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE END

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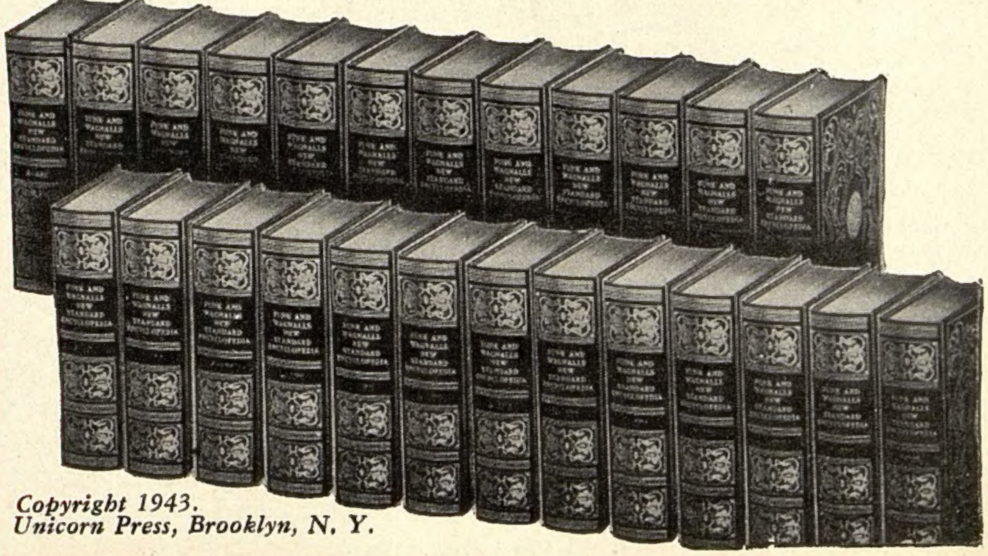

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